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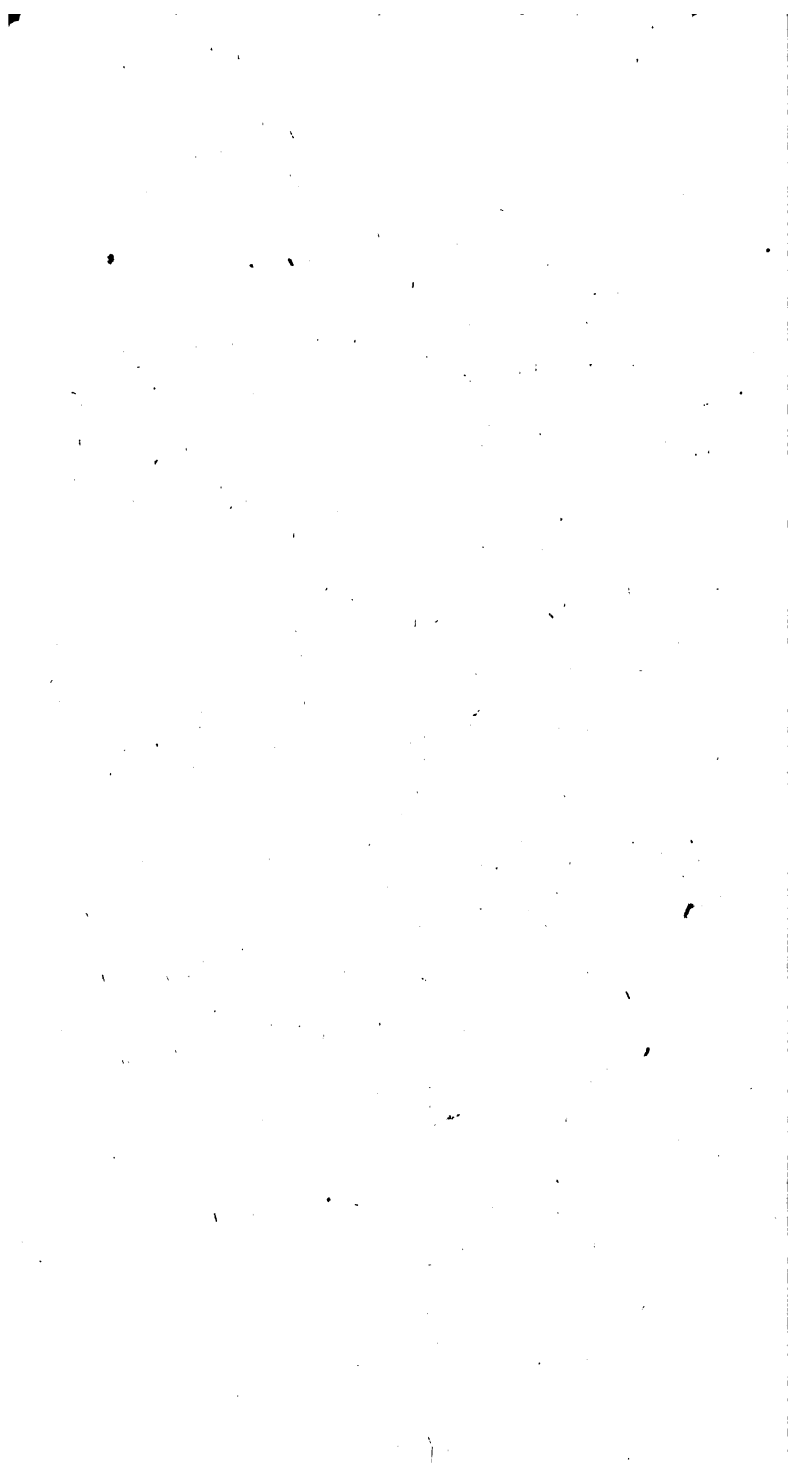


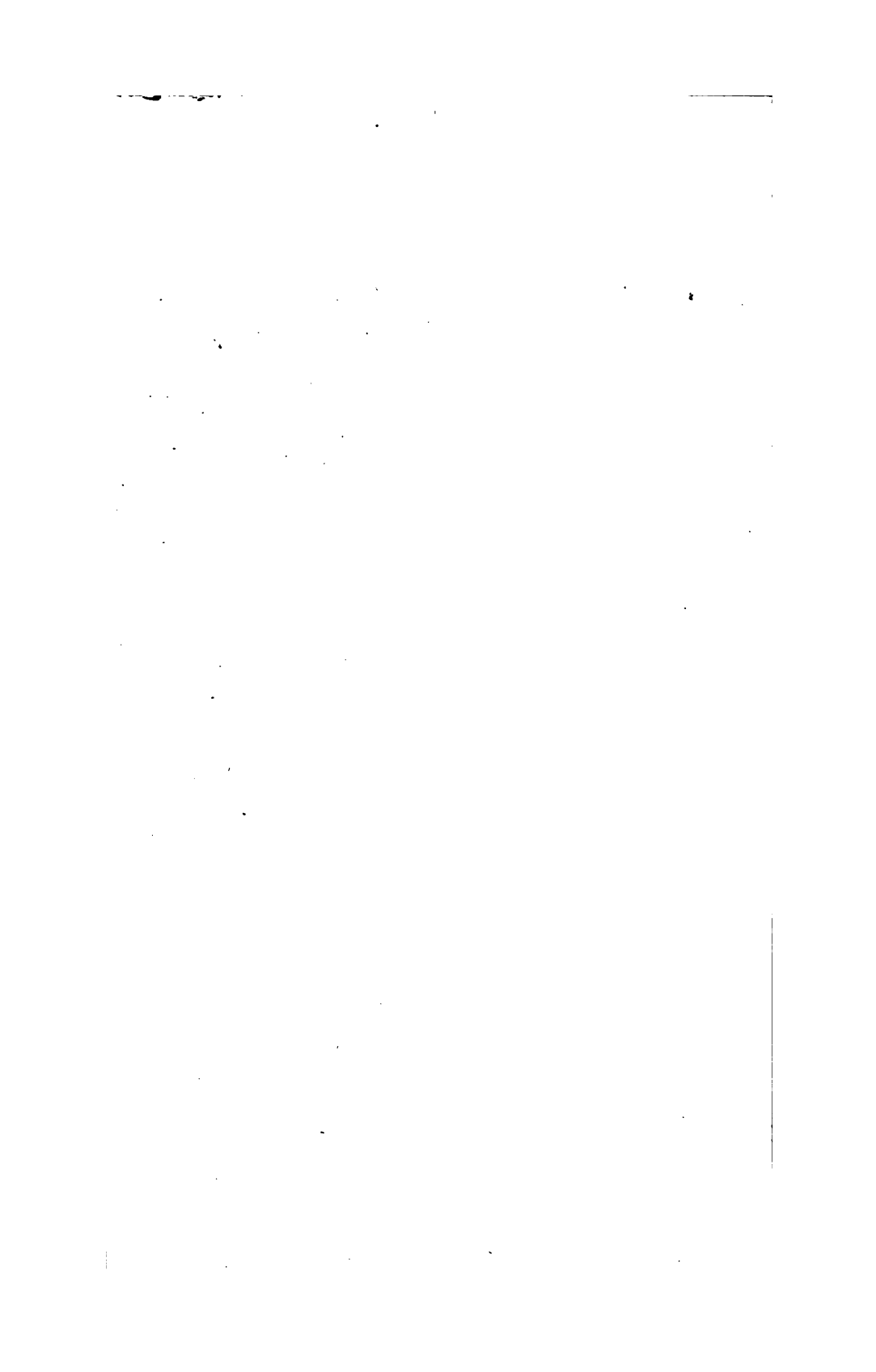
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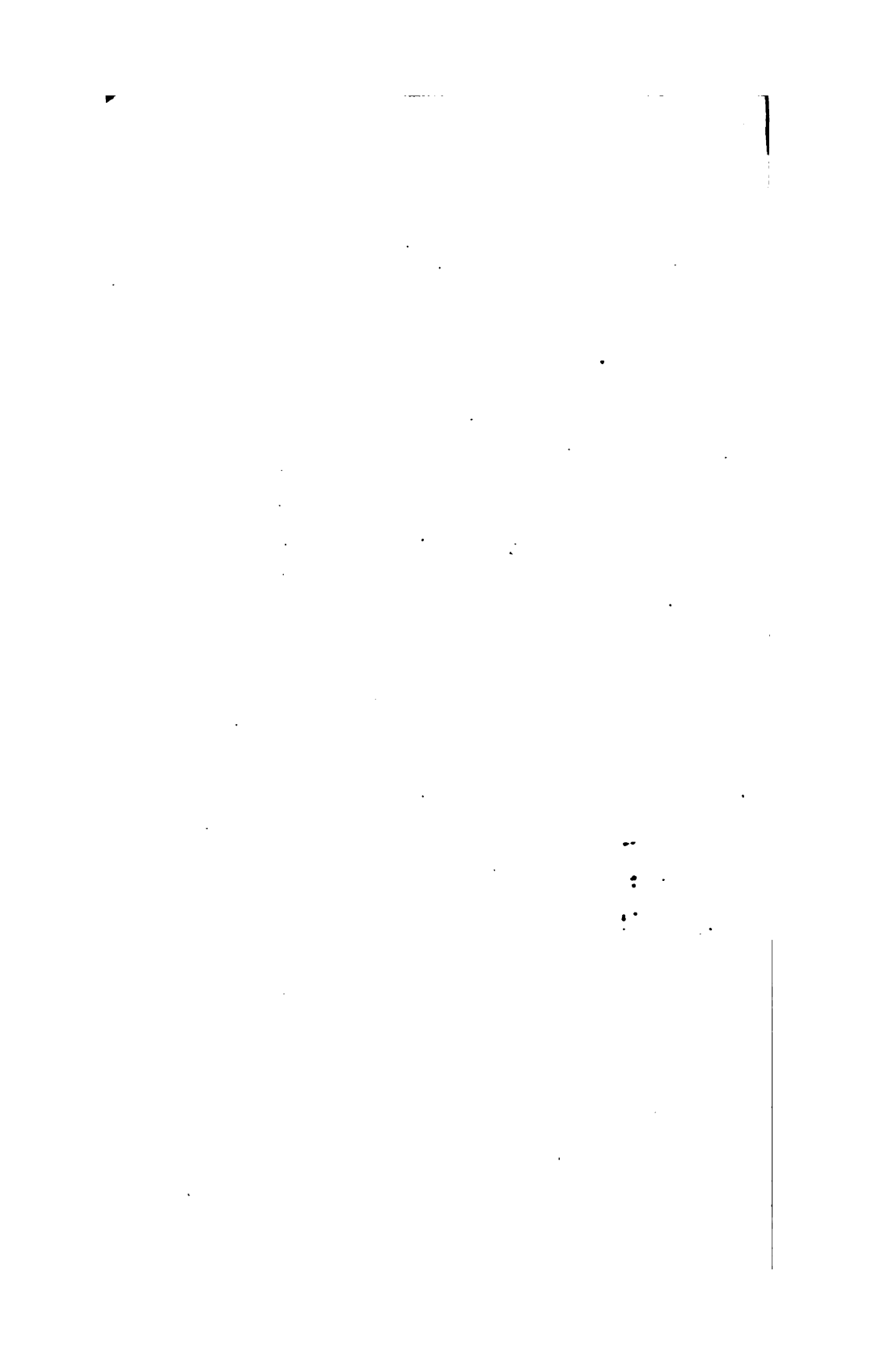
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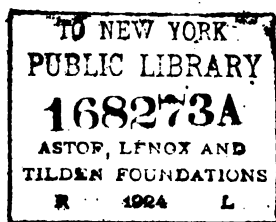
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TO
THE HONOURABLE
LORD JEFFREY.

MY LORD,

IN choosing the first name which I could have chosen as a sanction to any literary performance, I am well aware that I expose myself to the charge of mere presumption and selfishness, while I feel conscious that by my placing in connection with this work, a name which brings in association with it all that is pure in taste, and profound and elegant in criticism, nothing but disappointment to the reader can result from it, after raising expectations which are not in any degree to be realized. But when I took the liberty of requesting to be allowed to inscribe this unworthy little volume to you, I

trust that neither presumption nor selfishness actuated me. At the time that I made the request, I had but one simple motive at heart — I wished to express those sentiments of high respect, as well as of gratitude, which I entertain, and *must* always entertain for your Lordship. But, now that I am about to put into your hands papers, which, not many months ago, I would have been ashamed to allow even the most inexperienced eye to glance at, I cannot but shrink from it; nor can I forbear to wish that it were in my power to express all those respectful and grateful feelings which I bear towards your Lordship, without your seeing a work, of which I at this moment can say, that now, when it is finished, and beyond recall, there remains to me nothing but a miserable feeling of dissatisfaction that it is so poorly, so very poorly executed.

The probability that defects, which are painfully glaring to myself, might pass unobserved by superficial readers, would in no measure tend to remove this feeling. And to say that the pieces were written merely to amuse the leisure

hours of a retired life, and without any view to publication, although perfectly true, by no means implies that if to publish had been the object in writing them, they would have been better. But, on the contrary, I am certain that the very small portion of the work which was written with that view, will be considered the worst.

If it had been in my power to compose a work as much above mediocrity as this is below it, your Lordship's approbation would have been my highest ambition : but to obtain your approval of any part of this little volume, I cannot allow myself to expect, nor do I solicit any lenity towards faults, which I would rather amend than make apologies for. I could not, with truth, say that any thing in this world could disappoint me ; but I may confess that I look forward to having to add to the sum of those things which are learned by unfortunate experience, my conviction that time cannot be less profitably employed than in publishing books which few will be disposed to read, and still fewer disposed to buy. But whatever ill success may attend this, which was not undertaken for

pleasure, nor from vanity, I have at least attained one wish, which I have long had at heart. — It has afforded me an opportunity of expressing my gratitude to you, as well as the sincere respect, esteem, and admiration which I feel in no ordinary degree for one who, as a guardian of the public taste, has done more than any other for its purification and improvement.

I have the honour to be,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's

Very obedient Servant.

THE AUTHOR.

Edinburgh, June 1835.

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ÆNEID OF VIRGIL,

BOOK VI.

NOTE. — Prefaces and apologies seldom have the desired effect, therefore we have made none. We would only remark, in regard to the following translation, that we never read the *Æneid* except in the original, having purposely avoided reading any translation of it whatever. This is certainly no apology for the many imperfections of the following attempt, and least of all is it so, if the sense of the original be not preserved.

ÆNEID, BOOK VI.

WITH tears Æneas thus his friend bewails,
Then to the wind commits the flowing sails,
And, Cuma's port in safety reached at last,
Along the Italian coast they anchor cast.
Rejoiced, the youth behold the fertile plain,
And eager haste the wished-for land to gain.
Some from the flint extract the latent spark ;
Some ranging through the forests, drear and dark,
The fearful dens where beasts of prey retire,
Bear off the wood to nurse the feeble fire, 10
And mark the shining rivers, as they go,
That through the plains of fair Hesperia flow.
But the devout Æneas' steps incline
To gain the great Apollo's sacred shrine :
At length he found the deep, mysterious cell,
Where the terrific Sibyl wont to dwell,
Who, while her glowing breast with rapture fired,
Spake as the Delian prophet her inspired.

And there, amid Diana's sacred wood,
A richly gilded fane superbly stood. 20
'Tis said, when Dædalus essayed to fly,
And on new pinions soared along the sky,
Northward through frozen tracts his course he bent,
At last on Cuma's tower he made descent.
When to this land the winged advent'rer came,
He raised a temple to Apollo's name :
Engraved by living art, the massive door
The mournful story of Androgeus bore ;
The Athenian youths selected to be slain,
A yearly offering, as the lots ordain. 30
And there depicted, on the other side,
The foul amour of Minos' lustful bride ;
And, O most frightful portrait to be seen,
The uncouth offspring of that Cretan Queen.
There, too, the lab'rinth of mysterious frame ;
But he who pitied Ariadne's flame,
Contrived a means her lover to convey
Through its dark windings to the light of day.
Twice, with a trembling hand, he had begun
To carve in gold the story of his son ; 40
But tender sorrow caused his hand to fail,
Nor could the sire record the piteous tale.
Æneas and his friend intent survey
The wondrous scenes the sculptured gates display
Whilst ling'ring still they view them o'er and o'er,
She who the priestess' holy office bore
Addressed the Prince — " Remain not now to trace
" The pictured glories of this matchless place,
" When first thou shouldst the wonted offering pay
" Of sheep and oxen to the God of Day." 50

In zealous haste the sacrifice is slain ;
 The Sibyl then invites them to the fane.
 There a stupendous rock, whose rugged side
 Is hollowed out, — a cavern dark and wide,
 With hundred doors and hundred windings too,
 Fearful prophetic sounds come rushing through.
 When to the threshold of this dire abode
 They came, the virgin cries, " Behold the God !"
 Urged by mysterious influence, apace
 A ghastly paleness overspreads her face ; 60
 With frenzy fraught, and madness in her eye,
 Unbound, her wild dishevelled tresses fly ;
 Her bosom pants, her stature seems to rise ;
 Impelled, she utters forth terrific cries :
 " Why art thou mute, O Trojan Prince ?" she said,
 " Closed are these doors till thou thy vows hast paid."
 Throughout their frame a chilling tremor ran ;
 At length the Prince this fervent prayer began :
 " O Phœbus ! thou a pitying eye hast bent
 " On all the woes thy Trojans underwent ; 70
 " 'Twas thou directedst Paris' baneful dart
 " To strike with death the foe's defenceless part ;
 " And many a hard encounter, led by thee,
 " We fugitives have borne by land and sea ;
 " But now those toils, those deaths and dangers o'er,
 " Fortune hath led us to Hesperia's shore.
 " Oh ! all ye Deities, supremely great,
 " Who stood opposed to Ilium's glorious state,
 " Her toil-worn, homeless sons, that now remain,
 " I pray ye spare, as pitying fates ordain. 80
 " 'Tis thine, most holy Priestess, to foresee
 " Through dim futurity each dark decree :

" To me the promised kingdom now disclose,
 " Where Ilium's wand'ring gods may find repose.
 " To Phœbus then, and Hecate, I'll raise
 " A beauteous marble shrine, and festal days
 " Appoint in honour of Apollo's name ;
 " Thou too, established in immortal fame,
 " Shalt have, for ever consecrated there,
 " Thy holy altars raised with grateful care ; 90
 " Selected heroes I'll devote to thee,
 " Do thou but tell my nation's destiny.
 " Trust not thine answer to the leaves, I pray,
 " Lest they by sportive winds be tossed away :
 " Speak with prophetic voice what fate remains ;
 " Intent I'll listen to the holy strains."

The awful Sibyl, in her gloomy cave,
 Like a roused maniac, now begins to rave.
 She strives the sudden impulse to assuage,
 But more she foams with superhuman rage : 100
 Still more and more the deity inspires,
 And in her bosom blaze prophetic fires :
 Through every vein the wild affusions glide, —
 The hundred doors spontaneous open wide,
 And on the noxious wind that streams along
 The dismal vaults, is borne this mystic song.
 " O Prince ! at length escaped the raging sea,
 " More dreadful scenes by land still wait for thee.
 " Thy Trojans shall attain Lavinium's shore,
 " Let doubt of this distress thy mind no more ; 110
 " But that event shall cause them deep regret,
 " When with the foe in bloody conflict met.
 " Dire scenes of carnage now thy fates disclose,
 " War, horrid war, with all attendant woes.

" I see afar that dark polluted flood,
 " The Tiber, foam along in waves of blood.
 " I see the Grecian onset o'er again,
 " The crimsoned Xanthus rolling o'er the plain,
 " And a fierce warrior, sprung of race divine
 " And Juno, still oppose the Trojan line. 120
 " Then thou, embroiled in bloody strife once more,
 " The aid of neighb'ring cities shalt implore.
 " Whatever ills thy people may betide,
 " Shall spring from union with a foreign bride.
 " But though misfortune still thy steps assail,
 " Press boldly on, nor let thy courage fail;
 " Undaunted still pursue thy bright career,
 " Till succour from a Grecian town appear."
 Such wild prophetic strains the priestess sings;
 Her voice throughout the vaulted temple rings;
 With frantic energy her bosom swells, 131
 While she the Trojan hero's fate foretels.
 Soon as the mystic impulse in her breast
 Subsides, Æneas thus the maid addressed: —
 " There's not a danger to molest my way,
 " That can alarm, or strike me with dismay;
 " For I, O maid, anticipate the ill,
 " And thousand perils that await me still.
 " One boon I ask, since now my steps are led
 " So near the awful regions of the dead, 140
 " Again my father to behold I pray;
 " Unbar the sacred gates, O lead the way,
 " That I once more the presence may enjoy
 " Of him I rescued from the flames of Troy.
 " Him, helpless, I upon these shoulders bore,
 " Through flames and missiles safe towards the shore;

“ And with me, when our fragile fleet was driven,
“ By swelling waves, and furious winds of heaven,
“ He seemed to brave the deep, the tempest's rage,
“ Endued with strength beyond the lot of age. 150
“ 'Twas his command that I should meet thee here,
“ And as a suppliant at thy shrine appear.
“ O prophetess ! let pity move thy breast
“ To grant a son's, a parent's last request :
“ Thou canst for me this filial wish obtain,
“ Nor hath Diana placed thee here in vain.
“ If Orpheus, by celestial music's aid,
“ Wooed back to earth his faithful consort's shade ;
“ If Pollux, dying in his brother's stead,
“ Oft for a time reclaims him from the dead ; 160
“ Why need I call to mind old Ægeus' son,
“ And all the wonders Hercules hath done ?
“ I, that from Jove my origin can trace,
“ Claim all the honours of a heavenly race.”
Thus, while the Prince with zealous ardour prayed,
He clasped the altar ; then replied the maid :
“ O Trojan hero, offspring of the Gods !
“ The path is easy to these dark abodes ;
“ Hell's spacious gate is open night and day ;
“ But to retrace to earth your upward way, 170
“ That is the labour mortals dare not try,
“ Except a few, whose glory reached the sky,
“ And whose bold enterprizes with success
“ Impartial Jupiter hath loved to bless.
“ Thick spreading woods these gloomy plains divide,
“ Encircled by Cocytus' sullen tide.
“ But if thy ardent soul longs to explore
“ All the wild horrors of the infernal shore ;

" If twice thou wilt attempt the Stygian lake,
" And twice through Tartarus thy journey take,
" Hear, then, the arduous task to thee assigned :
" Thou first must Juno's sacred blossoms find ; 182
" A golden branch amidst a thicket grows,
" Deep, dismal vales the sacred place enclose,
" Impervious woods arise on every side,
" And with their shade the golden foliage hide.
" Whoe'er to hell of mortals makes descent,
" To Ceres' daughter must that gift present.
" No sooner hath been plucked the blossom fair,
" Than may be seen another springing there ; 190
" With instant growth arise the stems of gold,
" And swelling buds their precious leaves unfold.
" Pluck, then, the branch according to command ;
" And if it bend towards thy outstretched hand,
" That is a token given for thee to know
" The fates approve thy visit here below :
" But if unwelcome, all attempts are vain,
" By strength or steel the sacred prize to gain.
" One bound to thee by friendship's sacred ties,
" Now cold and lifeless on the sea-beach lies ; 200
" This sheds pollution o'er the Trojan fleet,
" Whilst thou art lingering near my dark retreat,
" And asking counsel. Haste, thy steps retrace,
" And bear the body to its resting place ;
" Then from the flock the sable victims lead,
" And let an offering on the altar bleed,
" If thou wouldst gain at length the Stygian woods,
" And range through hell's untrodden solitudes."
She closed her lips when she this mandate gave.
Æneas, mournful, from her mystic cave 210

Back to the crew his eager footsteps bent,
 Revolving in his mind each dark event.
 With him Achates goes, who seems to bear
 An equal part in all the hero's care,
 And long discourse the friends together hold
 On all the woes the Oracle foretold,
 And many an anxious strange conjecture make
 Of what unburied corpse the Sibyl spake.
 They reached the shore, and saw the lifeless clay ;
 Ignobly slain, the famed Misenus lay. 220
 None could the trump of war more keenly blow,
 To urge the impetuous troops to face the foe.
 He mighty Hector's chosen friend had been,
 And followed him through many a warlike scene.
 When the renowned Achilles, bent on strife,
 Despoiled that generous hero of his life,
 Æneas' loved companion he became,
 Nor chose a friend of less exalted fame.
 But ah ! what dire misfortune him befel, 229
 When, strolling on the sand, he tuned his shell !
 Vain youth ! he wound the strain both loud and long,
 To rouse the sea-gods by his martial song.
 The jealous Triton heard : enraged was he
 That man should emulate their minstrelsy ;
 Among the rocks the unwary youth he drew,
 And in the foaming surge his victim threw.
 O'er the pale corpse his sad companions groaned ;
 But most of all the Prince his friend bemoaned.
 He then the Oracle's command obeys ;
 They, weeping, haste the funeral pile to raise. 240
 Among the haunted, hoary woods obscure,
 They go the needful timber to procure :

The hatchet's frequent strokes afar resound :
The towering pines fall prostrate on the ground :
The drooping ash-tree, gay in summer pride,
And the cleft oak, roll down the mountain's side.
With manly strength the active hero, too,
Plies hard the toil, and cheers his faithful crew.
But sad reflections in his mind arise ;
O'er the vast pathless wood he cast his eyes, 250
And thus he prayed : " O that the branch concealed
" With golden leaves, were to my sight revealed !
" For ah ! beloved Misenus, now I see
" How true was all the priestess told of thee."
Scarce had he uttered this, when, lo ! on high
Two shining doves descending from the sky ;
On the green sward alight the gentle pair —
He recognised the birds of Venus fair.
" Be ye my guides," the joyful hero cries ; 259
" Lead to the grove where blooms the golden prize.
" And thou, kind Goddess ! leave me not, I pray,
" While still perplexing cares beset my way."
This said, he stood, and marked with watchful eye,
What signs they make, and in what course they fly.
They, feeding, skim along the dewy ground
Till where the skies the long perspective bound.
When they drew near Aornus' loathsome tide,
They soar aloft, and through the ether glide,
At length upon the wished-for tree alight ;
Among its boughs gleamed out the foliage bright.
As when the mistletoe, in wintry hour, 271
Blooms with pale green amid the ravaged bower,
Its yellow wreathes the leafless trunks entwine,
And they a while in borrowed verdure shine ;

So, thus contrasted in the oaken shade,
 The magic branch its golden leaves displayed.
 It gently waved beneath the balmy breeze;
 Æneas hastes the glittering bough to seize.
 Plucked with impatient hand, the gift divine
 He bears exulting to Apollo's shrine. 280

The Trojans, mourning o'er Misenus still,
 The last sad office for their friend fulfil.
 A mighty pile they rear of oak and pine,
 And doleful branches round the sides entwine:
 In front, death's wreath of gloomy cypress laid,
 His burnished armour on the top displayed.
 Upon the fire the brazen cauldrons boil;
 They bathe him, and anoint with fragrant oil.
 On the funereal couch they place the dead,
 And, as a shroud, his purple vestments spread;
 Beneath the bier, some with averted eye, 291
 As 'twas of old, the flaming torch apply.
 The costly incense, heaped with sacred food,
 And flowing cups of oil, blaze with the wood.
 Reduced to ashes all, — the wasting fire
 They see at length in languid flames expire.
 O'er the remains the last libations thrown,
 They mournfully collect each scattered bone;
 Them Corynaeus' careful hands dispose
 Within an urn, consigned to long repose. 300
 With the blest olive dipt in holy dew,
 Thrice he besprinkled round the weeping crew.
 When all thus duly purified had been,
 The final words he spoke, with solemn mien.
 The pious chief a lasting tribute pays, 305
 Intent a noble monument to raise:

Ensigns of war its stately front adorn,
 Surmounted by his oar and wreathy helm.
 'Twas at the base of that far-noted hill
 That bears the name of brave Misenus still. 310
 They now prepare, these funeral honours paid,
 To raise the altars, as the priestess bade.
 By the foul stagnant water, dark and deep,
 A horrid precipice, projecting steep,
 Yawns in the midst, an awful gulf profound ;
 Wild dreary groves the enchanted place surround ;
 There not a bird dare tempt the tainted skies,
 Such deadly vapours from the lake arise :
 Its name Aornus hence the Grecians gave.
 'Twas here, beside this dread, infernal cave, 320
 Four sable oxen they select with care.
 The priestess comes the offering to prepare.
 First is the wine of consecration shed,
 In rich libations, on each victim's head ;
 The topmost locks between the horns are now
 (To be presented first) cropped from each brow ;
 And these she lays upon the sacred flame,
 While she invokes the great Diana's name.
 Some stab the victims ; some the goblets place
 To catch the life-blood as it flows apace : 330
 A black-fleeced lamb the valiant hero takes,
 And with his sword to Nox an offering makes ;
 The sacrifice to Pluto's mistress due,
 A heifer chosen from the flock, they slew.
 To the grim king by night the altar's made :
 Fat bulls entire upon the flames are laid,
 Whereon rich oil in large profusion poured,
 Them soon the fervid element devoured.

Lo ! in the east, when rosy morning breaks,
 Deep groans the earth below ; the forest shakes.
 Wild howling dogs, seen swiftly passing by, 341
 Portend that some divinity is nigh.

" Hence, ye profane !" she cries ; " let none intrude,
 " Within the precincts of this mystic wood ;
 " Come, Prince of Troy, alone, and boldly face,
 " With sword unsheathed, the terrors of this place."
 Ent'ring the awful cave, her form is seen ;
 Æneas follows down the black ravine.

Ye mighty Gods, throned in immortal bliss —
 Ye silent tenants of the dark abyss — 350
 Old Chaos thou — and spirits of the deep,
 That o'er hell's streams eternal vigils keep —
 Inspire my song, and open to my sight,
 Mysteries concealed in everlasting night !

They pass along hell's desolate domains ;
 Impenetrable gloom eternal reigns.
 He gropes his way, as when, with weary pace,
 The pilgrim tries the beaten path to trace
 In some lone forest, when at dead of night
 Deserted by the moon's deceitful light. 360

Hell's jaws immense, appalling scenes display,
 Thronged with unsightly forms in dread array :
 Griefs, haggard cares, in squalid groups appear ;
 Sour age, unclean diseases, crouching fear ;
 Base beggary in filthy garments stands ;
 Gaunt famine urged to stretch her pilf'ring hands ;
 Pale death, debasing toil in sordid guise,
 And death's dull kinsman, sleep, supinely lies.
 Wild passions there in restless crowds are seen ;
 War fiercely stalks about with threatening mien ; 370

The vengeful Furies, Discord rages there,
 Envenomed snakes entwine her bloody hair.
 And, in the midst of this infernal brood,
 A spreading elm through endless ages stood.
 Among its boughs fantastic dreams reside,
 And its thick leaves the lurking phantoms hide;
 Besides these human forms, a hideous race
 Of hellish monsters throng the dismal space.
 Centaurs, equipped, perpetual station hold 379
 With him that reared his hundred hands of old;
 Two-headed dogs, mad foaming howl around;
 Huge Lerna's snake rolls hissing on the ground;
 Chimera, breathing forth sulphureous flame,
 Gorgons and Harpies, fiends of every name;
 Æneas saw advance, a dreadful crew;
 He rushed to thrust the subtle monsters through;
 But his wise guide his arm uplifted staid
 From the vain combat with a fleeting shade.
 To Acheron this awful passage led,
 Rough, rapid, roaring down its rugged bed; 390
 And from a pool, Cocytus' noxious flood,
 There boiling up, disgorges filth and mud.
 A veteran, hideous as his task beseems,
 Gigantic Charon, guardian of these streams;
 A tangled beard adown his bosom hung,
 A dingy cloak o'er his broad shoulders flung,
 A filthy belt his uncouth vesture ties,
 Red hell-fire flashes from his hollow eyes;
 Steering his dusky barge along the coasts
 To ferry o'er the crowds of anxious ghosts; 400
 Hoary with age the Stygian god appears,
 But active vigour marks his endless years.

The shades tumultuous seek the water side,
Impatient to be borne across the tide ;
Matrons, and heroes, maids in beauty's bloom,
Youths, children, early tenants of the tomb :
Innumerable as the forest leaves that lie
When Autumn's night-wind sweeps along the sky ;
Or like the birds, collected on the sand,
Winging their way to some more genial land, 410
When threatening skies impel their timely flight
To distant shores, where sunny fields invite.
With outstretched hands these thronging shades im-
plore

The frowning pilot to conduct them o'er.
Some he selects, but drives away the rest,
Regardless of the prayers to him addressed.
The Prince, astonished at so strange a scene,
Entreats his guide to tell what it could mean.
" Why are these spurned," he cries, " O heavenly
maid,

" Whilst others o'er the river are conveyed ?" 420
His venerable guide thus made reply :

" Oh thou, descended from the gods on high,
" There flows Cocytus, there the Stygian tide,
" By whose dread name the gods adjured abide ;
" The melancholy ghosts repulsed, are those
" Whose bones lie uncommitted to repose ;
" These the stern boatman wafts across the waves
" Have been consigned to honourable graves ;
" Nor, for a century, those left behind
" Shall to their place of rest admittance find." 430
Æneas stood, and viewed with pitying eye,
The doleful phantoms softly gliding by.

He saw Leucaspēs, brave Orontes too,
The late commander of the Lycian crew.
Who, with their ship, amidst the tempest's roar,
Sank in the sea that laves the Tuscan shore.

Lo! Palinurus, as they glide along,
Advances from amid the airy throng
From Lybia sailing, when, with watchful eyes,
He marked the wonders of the starry skies, 440
Placed at the helm, his wonted post to keep,
He fell, and perished in the foaming deep.
Soon as Æneas saw his friend draw nigh,
With earnest pleading in his mournful eye,
He cried: "O Palinurus, tell, I pray,
"What god unkindly snatched my friend away,
"And reckless dashed him headlong in the main,
"That he might not the promised land attain?
"Nor hath Apollo thus deceived before;
"He said thou safe shouldst reach Hesperia's shore."
The shade replied: "The god is faithful still, 451
"Nor hath he failed his promise to fulfil.
"No deity came down, O prince of Troy,
"With harsh intent thy pilot to destroy.
"But hear me now my mournful story tell:
"In wavering mood I from my station fell;
"With desperate grasp I by the rudder hung;
"The beam gave way to which I firmly clung.
"And now, by all the ocean's depths I swear,
"Not self, but thou alone wast all my care. 460
"For not a thought absorbed my mind beside,
"But of thy vessel left without a guide;
"And much I dreaded lest it should be tossed
"A shattered wreck on some unfriendly coast.

" Three wintry nights o'er the rough billows borne,
" At length I spied afar, by light of morn,
" The Italian coast. Urged onward in despair
" I struggled through the tide, till landing there
" Exhausted, but restored to hope once more, 469
" I, drenched, was scrambling up the rocky shore ;
" Fierce rushed the natives down in savage bands,
" And slew me, clinging there with helpless hands.
" Unsepulchred, upon the sea-beach cast,
" My bones lie withering in the chilling blast.
" And now, I pray, by all that mortals love,
" The air thou breathest, the light of heaven above,
" Thine honoured father, and thy cherished boy,
" The latest hope of venerated Troy,
" That thou wouldst rescue from such woeful doom
" Thy once loved friend, and grant his bones a tomb.
" Or, if thy mother's kind protection lent, 481
" Direct thee in this hazardous descent ;
" For sure thy path some deity must guide,
" Ere thou shouldst thus attempt the Stygian tide ;
" If then some heavenly will directs thy way,
" Give me thy hand, and lead me on, I pray ;
" O lead across that stream my soul distressed,
" And let thy friend attain his final rest."
Then spake the priestess: " Why such earnest prayer?
" Seest thou hell's guarded rivers rolling there ? 490
" And wouldst thou, unpermitted, seek that shore,
" Which none unburied ever reached before ?
" The fates, immutable, no prayers controul ;
" But let my words thy anxious mind console.
" The neighb'ring tribes, by heavenly omens led,
" Shall lay thy bones within their narrow bed,

“ And o’er them raised the monumental stone,
 “ Shall chosen victims sacrifice thereon ;
 “ And through eternal ages shall the name
 “ Of Palinurus live in endless fame.” 500

These soothing words seemed gladness to impart,
 And cheering hope reanimates his heart.

Onward they went, and to the flood drew nigh,
 Whence Charon viewed them with a scowling eye ;
 They through the silent grove their journey took.

He thus accosts them with a stern rebuke :

“ Who art thou, armed, that dare, with step so bold,
 “ Approach the flood where I dominion hold ?
 “ What is thine errand, tell, with instant speed,
 “ Nor at thy peril dare one pace proceed ! 510

“ Here ghosts alone, and Sleep, and Night reside ;

“ No mortal must attempt this awful tide.

“ Nor, truly, had I ever cause to boast

“ Of warriors that have visited my coast.

“ Deceitful Hercules, and Theseus came,

“ And bold Pirithöus, too, of godlike fame.

“ The first in chains hell’s grizzly guardian bound,

“ From the king’s footstool dragged along the ground.

“ ’Twas even attempted to decoy the bride

“ Of awful Pluto from her consort’s side.” 520

Then thus the Priestess : “ Lay aside thy fear,

“ No guileful purpose brings this stranger here ;

“ Safe in his den the watch-dog still may lie,

“ Howling, the bloodless shades to terrify ;

“ And, unmolested, the chaste Queen of Hell

“ Beside her royal kinsman still may dwell.

“ This Trojan Prince, Æneas, famed afar

“ For social virtues, and for deeds of war,

" Hath braved the terrors of this dreadful place,
 " That he once more his father may embrace. 530
 " But, if such filial tenderness shall fail
 " O'er thy unbending nature to prevail,
 " Behold !" she cries, while from her robe she drew
 The golden branch, and held it to his view.

His fiercely swelling anger seems allayed,
 While, wondering, he the rare-seen gift surveyed.
 Without reply, he hastes, in softened mood,
 To veer about, and row to where they stood.
 Uncourteously he pushed aside the ranks
 Of crowded spectres, ranged upon the planks. 540
 A space thus cleared admits the unusual freight ;
 The leaking vessel groans beneath the weight.
 At length he bears his living cargo o'er,
 And lands them safely on the slippery shore.

These horrid regions with the voice resound
 Of the huge mastiff, in his cavern bound ;
 Bristling with rage, his snaky hair arose.
 To him a honeyed cake the Priestess throws ;
 His triple jaws the opiate quick devoured,
 And his huge bulk he stretched, by sleep o'erpowered.
 Then passes, while the drowsy keeper lay, 561
 The Prince along the interdicted way.
 What doleful sounds on every side arise !
 There feeble infants wail with piteous cries, —
 Infants that scarce had breathed or seen the light,
 Ere they were hurried to the shades of night.
 A sad ill-fated train to these are nigh,
 Those by false accusation doomed to die :
 Nor indiscriminate are all confined,
 Each hath his lot by strict decree assigned ; 570

For at the urn the Cretan King presides,
 And the just portion to each soul divides.
 Behold that hopeless throng dejected stand ;
 Those perished by their own audacious hand !
 Poor wretched souls for ever curse the day,
 When impiously they threw their life away.
 O but to breathe once more the vital air,
 Glad would they suffer poverty and care ;
 But, doomed to woe, their captive souls are bound,
 And ninefold streams of Styx the place surround.

Near this the mournful plains extended lay. 581

Those who in hopeless love had pined away,
 Among their myrtle groves oft wandering slow,
 There still indulge in unavailing woe.

Procris and Phædra there the hero viewed ;
 And her, whose son his cruel hands imbrued
 In parent's blood, with wounded bosom bare.

Laodamia and Evadne there ;

Pasiphaë, and changeful Cænis, too,

Appearing in her pristine form anew, 590

Lone, musing in the dreary wood, is seen,

Fresh from her wound, the Carthaginian Queen.

Æneas saw her form, transfixed he stood ;

Dimly he views her glide along the wood,

As one uncertain, thinks he sees on high

The slender crescent gild the cloudy sky.

He wept. Love glowed anew within his breast,

And in soft accents he the shade addressed :

" Unhappy Dido, now my eyes behold 599

" 'Twas true what rumour of thy fate hath told,

" That, when thy soul with deep despair oppressed,

" Thy hand impelled the steel to pierce thy breast :

“ But I, the favoured object of thy love,
“ Swear by the stars, and all the powers above,
“ By all the faith that e’er the world contained,
“ Happy with thee I ever had remained.
“ I left thy kingdom with a heavy heart,
“ When the divine command bade me depart ;
“ For that alone directs me here below,
“ Where death and night abide, and endless woe.
“ I little thought, when I obeyed the call, 611
“ Such dire calamity would thee befall.
“ I pray thee stay : why that averted eye,
“ From whom wouldst thou impatient seek to fly ?
“ Stay, dearest Princess, stay ; the fates ordain
“ That we shall never, never meet again.”
He thus, to soothe the wounded spirit tries.
Fixed on the spot she stood, with downcast eyes,
As a pale statue of Marpesian rock
Unmoved, while he in tender accents spoke ; 620
Then, with calm indignation, passing on
She sought the grove, — nor goes to mourn alone :
Her former lord, Sichæus, wanders there,
Responding to her love, in like despair.
The Prince, whose heart with bitter anguish bled,
Viewed, through his tears, the spirit as it fled.
He then along the destined way proceeds,
That to the place apart for warriors leads.
Tydeus advances, as the Prince drew near ;
Adrastus pale, Arcadia’s chief, appear. 630
He groaned to see the melancholy train
Of much-lamented Trojans throng the plain.
There great Antenor’s sons, he knew so well,
And Polyboetes, Priest of Ceres, dwell ;

Idæus, too, appears, with wonted skill,
 Arrayed for fight, to drive his chariot still.
 Unbodied forms, a countless host draw nigh,
 To view the mortal stranger passing by :
 'Tis not enough to gain one transient look,
 They stop to learn why he such journey took. 640
 Soon as the Grecian leaders came in sight,
 And saw his armour glancing in the night,
 Great Agamemnon's troops, with sudden dread,
 In airy ranks before the hero fled,
 As when, with panic seized, they once before
 Fled to their vessels on the Phrygian shore.
 Quaking with fear, they raise a feeble cry,
 But in their gasping throats the accents die.

Lo ! Priam's son, a horrid sight, appears,
 Deformed with bloody scars, bereft of ears : 650
 His nostrils gashed, his brow, his hands, his head,
 A mangled form, the ghastly spectre bled.
 Dismayed with shame, unseen, he tries to glide
 Among the shades, his hideous wounds to hide.
 But soon the Prince the skulking ghost espied,
 And thus to him, in well-known accents, cried :
 " Oh ! great Deiphobus, of Teucer's line,
 " What savage could such punishment assign
 " To thee, my friend, and, with infernal hate,
 " Award to thee this miserable fate ? 660
 " 'Twas said, that on that last and woeful night,
 " That thou, exhausted in the bloody fight,
 " Fell valiantly, on mingled heaps of slain ;
 " Then I myself raised on the Trojan plain
 " A splendid cenotaph, and thrice I made
 " Loud invocation to thy mighty shade.

" The place retains thy name and armour still :
" No duty more could I for thee fulfil ;
" Nor could I e'er thy slaughtered body find,
" That it might be to parent earth consigned." 670
Then answered Priam's brave, unhappy son :
" Nought else for me could kindest friend have done ;
" But wicked guile of an accursed wife
" Hath been the bane of my ill-fated life ;
" And these disgraceful wounds will ever be
" Memorials of her crimes and perjury :
" For on that night, the fatal, and the last,
" A night we in deceitful pleasures passed,
" Nor need I now the sad transaction tell,
" Which Ilium's sons have cause to know too well,
" When the huge steed, with weaponed foemen
fraught, 581
" Within the walls unwarily was brought ;
" My treacherous mistress then, with ready wiles,
" With mirth and song the hours of night beguiles ;
" A festive train of Phrygian dames advance,
" She, with a torch, leads on the mingled dance ;
" Then the false Helen, from the palace wall,
" Gave to the Greeks below the signal call.
" I, unsuspecting, in my chamber lay,
" Exhausted with the tumults of the day, 590
" Reclined, at ease profound, upon my bed
" I slept, as one that's numbered with the dead.
" Meanwhile my peerless wife, with skilful haste,
" All armour from my palace halls displaced,
" And stealing from my couch my trusty sword,
" Betrayed my fortress to her former lord :
" Thus hoping to obliterate the shame
" That to eternity shall blot her fame.

" Why need I more relate ? By fury led,
 " They rushed on me, defenceless on my bed ; 700
 " The artful King of Ithaca was there,
 " To urge them on, and in their crimes to share.
 " Oh Gods ! to Greece these horrid deeds repay,
 " If I may still for righteous vengeance pray.
 " But now, thou gallant son of Ilium, tell,
 " What brought thee, living, to the shores of hell ?
 " Say, wert thou by inconstant ocean driven ?
 " Or sent by undisputed voice of heaven ?
 " Or hath thy various fortune urged thee on
 " To where the light of day hath never shone ?"
 Ere this, the sun had, in his upward way, 711
 On earth above shed full meridian day,
 And they in converse spent the time assigned,
 When thus the Sibyl called the Prince to mind :
 " Night comes apace, Æneas, while we still
 " Let pass the hours, to mourn predestined ill.
 " Here in two ways this common path divides :
 " The right conducts to where the king resides,
 " And leads us to the fair Elysian plains ;
 " That on the left, to where, in endless pains, 720
 " In the deep Tartarus the wicked mourn."
 Then thus replied Deiphobus forlorn :
 " Forbear, great Prophetess, I pray forbear,
 " To wound a soul already in despair ;
 " I leave you now my fellow shades to meet,
 " The melancholy number to complete :
 " Go on, thou glory of our nation, go,
 " And grief like mine, O mayst thou never know."
 Then suddenly Æneas turned his eyes :
 Lo ! on the left, the infernal prisons rise, 730

Which rocks and walls of adamant surround.
 Tartarean Phlegethon there rolls profound,
 Within whose banks the molten torrents pour
 Their fiery surges with impetuous roar.
 In front, a dreadful ponderous gate appeared,
 On solid adamantine columns reared;
 No human force, no engine could assail,
 Not gods themselves could o'er its strength prevail;
 And there an iron watch-tower raised on high,
 Where sits Tisiphone, with sleepless eye, 740
 Girt in a bloody robe, both night and day,
 The vengeful guardian of the infernal way.
 The lash is heard, and every doleful sound;
 The clank of fetters dragged along the ground;
 Harsh jarring grate the iron doors within.
 Æneas starts to hear the hellish din;
 He shuddering cries: "Immortal maid, disclose
 "What crimes can merit such unheard-of woes:
 "What is the pain inflicted, when such cries
 "Incessant to the upper regions rise?" 750
 The maid replied: "Great chief of Trojan race,
 "No righteous person dare explore that place:
 "But when Diana destined me to keep
 "Avernus' groves, the secrets of the deep
 "She then disclosed, and showed me these abodes
 "Of wicked souls, and vengeance of the gods.
 "These ruthless wilds, where desolation reigns,
 "Are Cretan Rhadamanthus' dread domains:
 "For judgment seated, he, in awful state,
 "Condemns the wicked to their woeful fate; 760
 "Compelling trembling sinners to reveal
 "Crimes they till death exulted to conceal.

" Fierce Tisiphon then hastening to chastise,
 " Unmerciful her bloody scourge applies,
 " And brandishing her horrid snakes on high,
 " Invokes her sisters with a wild outcry.
 " The gate on rusty hinge, with jarring din,
 " Gapes to receive the eternal captives in. 768
 " Seest thou what monstrous forms their station keep,
 " In fierce array to guard these dungeons deep ?
 " More dire than Lerna's snake, there Hydra sits
 " With fifty mouths like black devouring pits :
 " Unfathomable Tartarus below
 " Yawns deep a gulph of everlasting woe,
 " Extending twice as far, as is on high
 " From earth, Jove's throne imperial in the sky.
 " There, wallowing in the foul abyss forlorn,
 " I saw the Titans huge, of Terra born ;
 " I saw Aloeus' sons, an impious race,
 " Floating along the interminable space, 780
 " They, who to lowest hell by Jove were driven
 " For 'tempting to o'erthrow his throne in heaven ;
 " I saw Salmoneus in that gulph below,
 " Doom'd to endure unutterable woe.
 " Vain-glorious man ! his pride made him aspire
 " To come like Jove in clouds and flames of fire.
 " Four noble coursers drew his brilliant car ;
 " His blazing torch like lightnings gleamed afar ;
 " Triumphant through Greece the hero rode,
 " And bade the nations bow before a god. 790
 " Vain mortal ! while thy brazen wheels resound,
 " And thy horse-hoofs are ringing on the ground,
 " Profanely thus to seem in mimic form
 " Jove thundering down in living fire and storm !

“ The God, enthroned among his clouds on high,
“ A flaming arrow at his head let fly.
“ No mimic bolt was this : the man was hurled
“ In fiery whirlwind to this nether world.
“ Tityus, Earth's foster-child, of monstrous size,
“ Whose giant bulk o'er nine broad acres lies, 800
“ And at whose lungs a vulture, day by day,
“ Insatiate feasts upon the eternal prey ;
“ Deep in the wound he strikes his bloody claws,
“ And from the hollowed chest the entrails draws.
“ And, O what source of everlasting pain !
“ The tortured muscles always spring again.
“ Why need I of the Lapithæ relate,
“ Ixion, Pirithöus too, on whom the weight
“ Of a huge rock seems tumbling on their heads ?
“ Bright golden posts, supporting gorgeous beds,
“ And costly banquets spread before their eyes, 811
“ Tempt the starved souls with regal luxuries.
“ Beside the board the fierce tormentress sits,
“ Nor one to touch the sumptuous feast permits ;
“ But, starting up enraged, she lifts on high
“ Her blazing torch, and roars with thundering cry.
“ There, brethren-haters ; there, the wretch debased,
“ Who impious hands against a parent raised ;
“ The gainful lawyer, who with practised wiles
“ His unsuspecting client oft beguiles ; 819
“ But chief the tribe, who from their useless hoard,
“ Scarce to their own a decent means afford ;
“ Adulterers too, and those whose impious rage
“ Led them in unjust warfare to engage,
“ And who betrayed their rightful master's cause —
“ These dread the vengeance of the eternal laws.

" Seek not to learn what dreadful tortures wait
 " For them, condemned by unrelenting fate :
 " Some roll a ponderous stone along the ground,
 " Some to the spokes of fiery wheels are bound ;
 " Fast chained, unhappy Theseus sits, and there
 " Eternally shall sit, in dark despair ; 831
 " And wretched Phlegyas, ever warning, cries,
 " ' Learn righteousness, nor dare the gods despise !'
 " There, sordid souls, for filthy love of gold
 " Imposed a tyrant, and their country sold,
 " Would laws enact, and then those laws repeal,
 " As influenced by avaricious zeal ;
 " There, those who, yielding to incestuous flame,
 " Brought on their victims infamy and shame ;
 " What souls these dreary walls enclose within,
 " Loved to complete premeditated sin. 840
 " But though I now possessed a hundred tongues,
 " And spoke with hundred mouths and brazen lungs,
 " Not then could I their various crimes relate,
 " And their dire chastisements decreed by fate.
 " But let us now no longer here delay ;
 " Complete thy task, and hasten on our way.
 " The walls, wrought in the Cyclops' forge, arise
 " With their arched portals now before my eyes ;
 " There, 'tis commanded, thou the gift must place."
 This said, they soon o'erpass the middle space ;
 The Prince himself, with water sprinkled o'er,
 Then placed the branch above the palace door.

To Pluto's Queen performed this usual rite,
 Regions of glory rise before their sight ;
 Refreshing fields in living green arrayed,
 Gay summer bowers invite with perfumed shade.

Sweet plains of Paradise ! the purer air
 In purple glory shines resplendent there ; 860
 Bright planets, rolling in a cloudless sky,
 Shed down immortal sunshine from on high.
 Gay sport upon the turf a joyous band :
 Some skilful wrestle on the golden sand ;
 Some to light music move in airy mase ;
 Some warble forth enchanting hymns of praise ;
 Orpheus, in ample robes, sweet pours along
 A tender, soft, inimitable song ;
 And he, ecstatic, with a poet's fire, 869
 Strikes the glad numbers from his heavenly lyre.
 Great Teucer's race enjoy these blissful climes,
 Illustrious heroes, born in happier times ;
 Ilus, Assaracus of ancient fame,
 And Dardanus, who gave to Troy a name.
 Æneas viewed with wonder from afar
 Their chariots and their implements of war ;
 Fixed in the ground their useless lances stand,
 Their war-steeds graze upon the fertile land.
 These happy souls retain their martial skill,
 And fondly view their steeds and armour still. 880
 Lo ! festive groups on either side are seen
 At the light banquet on the flowery green :
 Sweet from the scented laurel groves arise
 Apollo's praise and mingled harmonies ;
 From high, Eridanus' pure waters flow,
 And wind along the wooded plains below.
 Here those who bled in patriotic strife,
 And priests who lived an uncorrupted life,
 And holy minstrels, whose inspiring lays
 Were worthy of the great Apollo's praise. 890

Here benefactors, too, of human kind,
 Whose skilful hands some useful art designed ;
 Their temples were with snowy garlands bound.
 These joyous shades the strangers thronged around :
 Musæus, peerless, rose above the rest
 In towering height. Them thus the maid addressed
 " Blest souls, and thou, divinest poet, tell
 " In what abode Anchises' soul may dwell ;
 " For him we sought the wild Tartarean coast,
 " And the deep floods of Erebus have crossed."

Musæus thus : " We, ever happy race, 901
 " Are unrestrained to one abiding place ;
 " Freely we ramble in the fragrant shades,
 " Or sweet repose on banks and flowery glades :
 " But climb that height, if thou the way wouldst know,
 " And thence I will the easiest footpath show."

Up the ascent, when he the strangers led,
 He points to fields of light below them spread.
 They then descending from the mountain's height,
 Deep in a vale, Anchises meets their sight. 910
 He there reviewed a long illustrious train
 Of souls that were to dwell on earth again :
 His brave descendants pass before his eyes ;
 The sire foresees their deeds and destinies.
 When lo ! his well-beloved son drew nigh ;
 He raised his hands in joyous ecstasy,
 And o'er his face the tears of gladness flowed ;
 A parent's fondness in his bosom glowed.
 He cries : " Do I behold my son once more ?
 " Has filial love, I oft have proved before, 1000
 " O'ercome all dangers, that I may rejoice
 " To see thy face again, and hear thy voice ?

" I had computed that the time was near
 " When thou wouldst in this happy land appear.
 " My fondest hopes fulfilled, I see thee stand
 " Safe from the toils thou'st met by sea and land ;
 " But with a parent's love I felt alarm
 " Lest thou in Lybia's coasts shouldst meet with
 harm."

Then thus Anchises' valiant son replied :

" Safe on the Tyrrhene seas our vessels ride : 1010
 " Thy pensive ghost has often met my sight,
 " And called me to this land of love and light :
 " Dear, honoured Sire, give me thy hand, I pray,
 " Nor from thy son's caresses shrink away."
 The gushing tears streamed down the hero's face,
 And thrice he clasped the shade in fond embrace ;
 But thrice, like subtle air, the soul evades
 His tender grasp, and as a vision fades.

Meantime, deep in a vale, Æneas sees

A grove retired, soft rustles in the breeze 1020
 Its scented shrubs, and smooth the Lethe flows
 Among the blooming bowers of sweet repose ;
 Millions of fluttering shades its banks adorn,
 As when the bees, gay, on a summer morn,
 Revel among the garden blossoms fair,
 While joyous hummings fill the balmy air.
 The Trojan hero felt a sudden awe
 Thrill through his frame when he the spirits saw.
 He eager asks : " Why these ærial ranks 1029
 " In myriads ranging on these flowery banks ?"
 The sire replied : " These souls, the fates ordain,
 " Shall animate corporeal forms again.
 " Assembled on that magic river's brink,
 " They large oblivious draughts of Lethe drink.

" Long have I wished thee, dearest son, to see
 " The noble line of our posterity,
 " That with thy sire thou mightst exult the more
 " At our possessions on the Italian shore."
 " But shall the spirit, free as light, and pure,
 " Union with sinful flesh again endure? 1040
 " Can souls such sordid love of earth retain
 " That they would mingle in its toils again?"
 " All thou desir'st to know," the father said,
 " Before thee now in order shall be laid.
 " First, then, the Eternal Spirit that sustains
 " The heavens above, the earth, the watery plains,
 " The shining moon, and glowing orbs on high,
 " Moving perpetual in a boundless sky,
 " Diffused throughout, that vast mysterious soul
 " Moves, animates, and actuates the whole. 1050
 " Thence human kind, and beasts, and birds proceed,
 " And the wide glassy ocean's various breed;
 " The heavenly principles, like active flame,
 " Exert their influence throughout the frame,
 " So far as unimpeded in their course
 " By noxious bodies that retard their force,
 " Diseased and dying limbs, which, all combined,
 " Clog the celestial energies of mind.
 " Hence passions — fear, desire, grief, joy, arise;
 " The captive soul forgets its native skies; 1060
 " Even when the eyes are closed on light of day,
 " And the last breath of life hath passed away,
 " Still its long inmate, cherished vice, remains,
 " And the soul bears its foul corporeal stains.
 " It then the allotted penalty must pay,
 " And purge by chastisement its guilt away.

" Some hang to whiten in the bleaching wind ;
 " Some in a fiery furnace are refined ;
 " Some, in a pool immersed the allotted time,
 " Cleanse the pollutions of their former crime ;
 " Each in subjection to his demon's power, 1071
 " Bears the dire torture till the appointed hour,
 " When pure, the soul, free from its earthly stains,
 " Celestial reason unalloyed remains,
 " As from its holy source at first it came,
 " A pure ethereal spark of living flame.
 " We, happy few, glad in the sweet release,
 " Are borne triumphant to these plains of peace.
 " A thousand years elapsed, that myriad host,
 " Called by divine command to Lethe's coast, 1080
 " Efface their life of toil they led before,
 " And unreluctant visit earth once more."

This said, Anchises leads his son along,
 With his companion, 'mid the humming throng ;
 They took their station on a near ascent,
 And viewed the multitude with eyes intent.
 " Now mark, my son, what glory I will show
 " That henceforth to the Trojan race will flow :
 " In Italy shall sons of matchless fame
 " Rise to inherit our illustrious name. 1090
 " I pray thee now, Æneas, mark me well,
 " Whilst I thy own peculiar lot foretell.
 " See, that youth leaning on his pointless spear
 " Will soon, 'tis destined, on the earth appear,
 " Thy first, in whom Italian blood shall run,
 " Silvius his name, and he thy youngest son.
 " When thou art old, in some green forest wild,
 " Lavinia shall bring forth this royal child ;

" And from him shall a race of kings descend,
 " Who over Alba shall their sway extend. 1100
 " Light of thy race, is Procas next decreed ;
 " Capys and Numitor shall him succeed ;
 " Silvius Æneas, who shall bear thy name,
 " He shall inherit all thy warlike fame,
 " And equal virtue to the world display,
 " If he o'er Alba ever bear the sway.
 " Behold those graceful youths, in bright attire,
 " What manly strength they shew, what martial fire ;
 " A gallant train of heroes, far renowned,
 " All with the civic oaken garland crowned. 1110
 " They shall to thee, in those auspicious days,
 " Nomentum, Gabii, and Fidena, raise ;
 " Then famed Collatia's towers shall meet the view—
 " Famed by the praise to injured virtue due.
 " Where many a land now waste and nameless lies,
 " Shall fortresses and wealthy towns arise.
 " Then he, whom godlike virtues shall adorn,
 " Sprung from Assaracus, of Ilia born,
 " Conjoint with Numitor shall power assume.
 " See, on his head erect, that double plume. 1120
 " The father of the gods, now from on high
 " Views mighty Romulus with fav'ring eye.
 " Lo ! in his days illustrious Rome shall rise
 " Empress of earth, and famed above the skies.
 " Seven hills she for herself shall compass round ;
 " Blest in her sons, with lasting honours crowned,
 " As Berecynthia, crowned with towers, is seen,
 " Ride through the Phrygian towns, a glorious queen,
 " And joyful parent of a heavenly race ;
 " Whose hundred grandsons meet her fond embrace,

" All of them deities enthroned on high. 1131

—" Now turn and view thy Roman progeny.

" There, there is Cæsar; and the glorious train

" Sprung from Iulus, all shall heaven attain.

" Divine Augustus, promised long before,

" Who shall on earth the golden age restore.

" Again shall Latium in his reign behold

" The precious years of Saturn of old :

" O'er Garamantia shall his sway extend,

" And the far India to his sceptre bend ; 1140

" Beyond the solar course those regions lie,

" Where Atlas bears aloft the pond'rous sky,

" And turns the axle round, whence gleam afar

" The nightly rays of many a brilliant star.

" Lo ! at his advent, Caspia's region shakes ;

" Egypt, dismayed, even now with terror quakes ;

" And at the gods' responses, roused with dread,

" Nile's seven-fold streams rush furious down their
" bed.

" He who transfixes the brazen-footed deer,

" And made Arcadia's forest crouch with fear,

" And Lerna tremble as his bow he bent, 1151

" Not o'er the world a mightier conqueror went ;

" Nor brighter triumph Bacchus' steps attends

" When he in state from Nysa's height descends,

" With wreathing vines adorned his flowing reins,

" And drawn by royal tigers o'er the plains.

" Shall, then, perplexing doubts assail us now,

" When to our arms earth's farthest ends shall bow ?

" Shall weak timidity before us stand,

" And bar our entrance to the Ausonian land ?

" But who, afar, the olive garland wears, 1161

" And in his hands the sacred ensigns bears ?

" With venerable locks, and hoary beard,
 " I know the Roman monarch, long revered,
 " Who first shall equitable laws devise,
 " Of Cures, he from low estate shall rise :
 " The sword of conquest then shall Tullus seize,
 " And rouse the nation from its listless ease ;
 " The troops inactive, long unused to war,
 " And the bright triumphs of the victor's car. 1170
 " Then Ancus next, vain-glorious spends his days ;
 " Even now his shade delights in empty praise.
 " Seest thou the Tarquin kings, and him whose soul,
 " Proud and inflexible, disdains controul —
 " Brutus, who will the avenger's sword display,
 " And to the people bring the sovereign sway ?
 " He, the first consul, with unsparing hand
 " Deals out impartial justice o'er the land :
 " Sad father he, for freedom's sacred cause,
 " Shall on his sons denounce the penal laws. 1180
 " Factionous, they first who civil discord raise :
 " He, prompted by unbounded love of praise,
 " Ceases a parent's tenderness to feel.
 " Posterity shall laud the patriot's zeal.
 " The Decii and the Drusi next appear ;
 " Torquatus too, inflexibly severe.
 " See there Camillus, of illustrious name,
 " His country's standards from the foe reclaim.
 " Mark those two shades in equal armour bright,
 " They now in social intercourse delight : 1190
 " But, ah ! when they return to light and life,
 " What bloody havoc, what inhuman strife !
 " The father from the Alps conducts the foes ;
 " With eastern troops the son will him oppose.

" My children, cease with lawless rage to burn,
 " Nor on your country's vials fiercely turn ;
 " Cæsar divine, my blood, my glorious son,
 " Cast down thy weapons ere the strife's begun.
 " See that bold victor, red from Grecian war,
 " Drives to the Capitol his gorgeous car ; 1200
 " See him who lays the mighty Argos low,
 " He shall the great Atreides' seat o'erthrow ;
 " Avenger of our nation's sad disgrace
 " Defeats Æacides of Peleus' race.
 " In all this goodly lineage, how could I,
 " Most noble Cato, pass thee coldly by ?
 " Illustrious Cossus, house of Gracchus, too ;
 " Ye Scipios, could I fail to mention you,
 " Like bolts of heaven, on trembling Lybia flung ?
 " Fabricius too, from humble fortune sprung ; 1210
 " Serranus, thou renowned among the rest,
 " Sowing the fields thy careful hands had dressed ;
 " Ye Fabii, whither would ye lead along,
 " Me now exhausted with my lengthened song ?
 " Chief of that name, thou justly styled the great —
 " By wise delay, preserv'st the sinking state.
 " Some may, indeed, with more consummate art,
 " To breathing brass a perfect form impart ;
 " Or from the stone bring out the human face
 " In all its living energy and grace ; 1220
 " And others may, with more persuasive strain
 " And bolder eloquence, a cause maintain ;
 " And some, indued with astronomic skill,
 " May trace how rolling spheres their laws fulfil ;
 " But thou, Oh Roman, ever bear in mind,
 " To rule o'er nations is thy part assigned :

"Be these thine arts: The terms of peace impose,
"Raise up the weak, beat down thy stubborn foes."

They, marvelling, hear Anchises thus relate
The future honours of the Roman state: 1230

"There rides Marcellus, rich in martial spoils;
"His arm supports the state in civil broils;
"Before his sword the Carthaginians fall;
"To duty he reclaims rebellious Gaul;
"He, the third victor of illustrious line,
"Whose glorious trophies deck Quirinus' shrine."
"What youth escorts him, with such heavenly grace
"And brilliant arms, but sadness in his face
"And deep dejection in his downcast eyes?"

"Is this his son?" the Trojan hero cries. 1240

"A bustling train upon the youth await:
"How like Marcellus in his form and gait!
"But, ah! there seems a cloud around him spread,
"And sable night invests his youthful head."

With eyes suffused in tears, thus spake the sire:

"Forbear his doleful story to inquire:
"Scarce shall the hero on the earth appear
"When fate, unpitying, stops his bright career;
"Ye mighty gods, had all your favours lent,
"As they are splendid, been as permanent, 1250
"Too high the sons of Rome had seemed to rise,
"And ye had viewed their deeds with jealous eyes.
"What groans of heroes, from that field of war
"Nigh the imperial city, sound afar!
"What funeral pageant shalt thou, Tiber, see,
"When gliding past where his fresh grave shall be!
"Not one of Trojan blood such grace displays,
"Nor more could Rome's bright expectations raise:

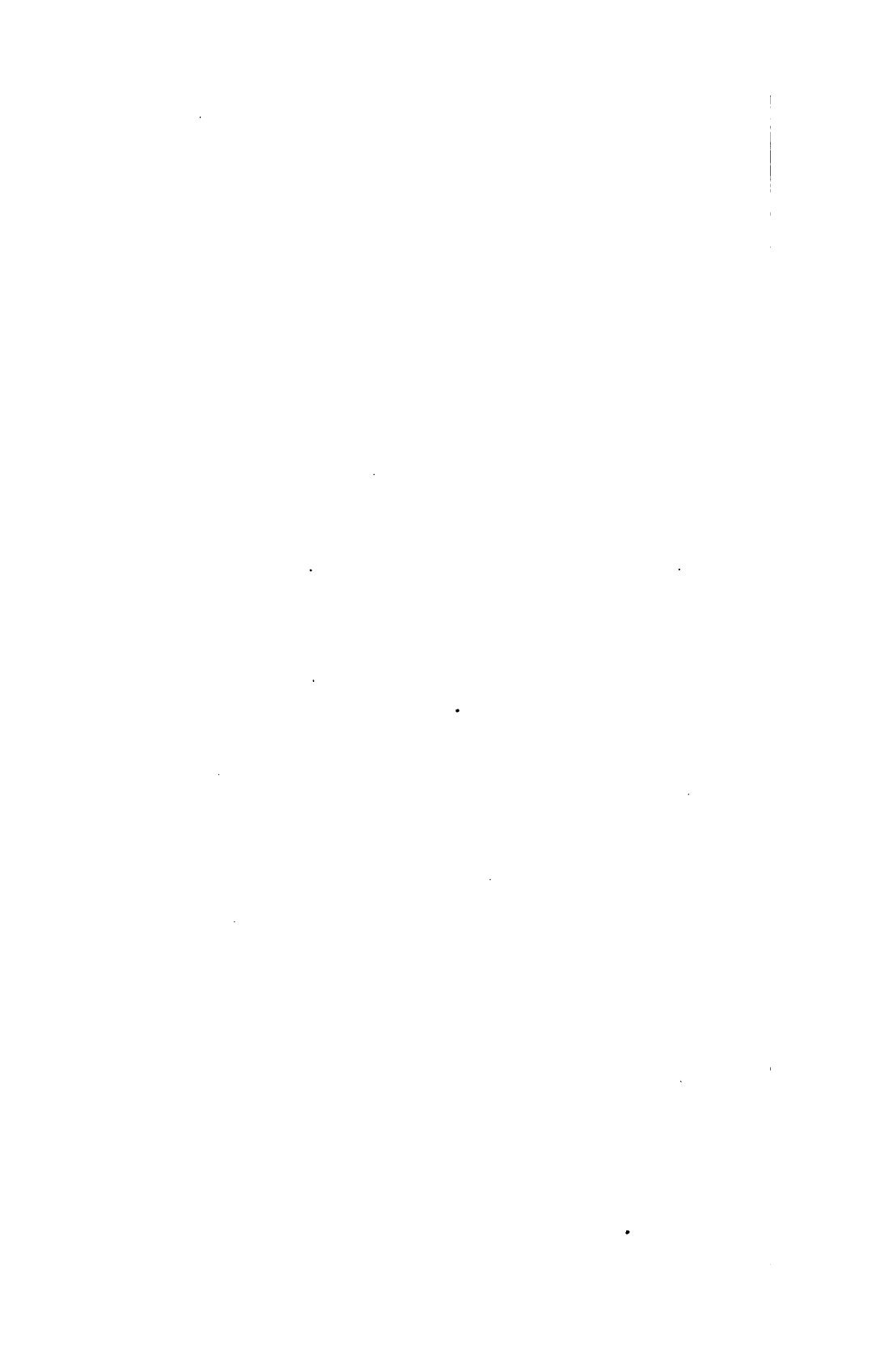
" Of all the sons e'er Italy could boast,
" That glorious youth exalts her fame the most.
" What piety, what faith adorn his breast ! 1260
" What virtues rare, as ever man possessed !
" Invincible in fight, he wields his brand,
" None might before the conquering hero stand,
" Whether on foot he faced the furious throng,
" Or dauntless spurred his foaming steed along.
" Lamented youth, if thou fate's hard decree
" Canst break, the true Marcellus shalt thou be.
" Oh give me handfuls of these purple flowers,
" And snowy lilies from Elysian bowers, 1270
" That I upon his early tomb may strew
" The fragrant blossoms as an offering due."

Thus through the spacious fields of light they stray,
And the bright scenes with ecstasy survey ;
The sire conducts them o'er each region blest,
And fires with love of fame the hero's breast.
He tells him of what dangers him await,
And of Laurentium and the Latin state ;
And to elude the ills that him surround,
He shews what means of safety may be found.

Two gates of Sleep appear before their eyes :
The one of horn, through which true visions rise ;
The other wrought of shining iv'ry seems, 1282
By which the fiends transmit delusive dreams.
Anchises, when his long discourse was done,
By this dismissed the priestess and his son.
The generous chief, returning to his fleet,
Hastens his faithful friends again to meet ;
They sought Caieta's port, and there, once more,
Anchored their vessels on the promised shore. 1290

A WALK TO ROSLIN:

A DREAM,



A WALK TO ROSLIN:

A DREAM.

I AM a sapient Professor, belonging to a very learned University. But when I hear the public report of me, which is most flattering, and see the youth of the United Kingdoms swallowing down every word I utter, I appear to myself almost an impostor, when I look back on a period not very remote, at which I was a student in the Metropolis of Scotland, and recollect that I had then as much human infirmity about me as to try an expedient in order to produce a dream.

All the human race are subject to dreaming (by day as well as night), which has been demonstrated to be a state akin to insanity. Now, when a man endued with all his rational faculties endeavours to produce in his mind any degree of hallucination, it is rather a condemning clause in his moral history.

But it is some palliation to be able to say in my case, that it was not by any of the means interdicted by Temperance Associations that I did so, but by a very simple and harmless process. No — I can with a clear conscience say, that I am not a drunkard, nor an eater of opium. I never had that deleterious drug within my mouth, not even for the toothache — I would from my heart that all whom I wish well could say the same. I merely laid a piece of wedding-cake three successive nights under my pillow.

The practice of sending about bride's-cake, I believe, is wearing out of fashion. I am not versed in these matters ; but shall leave it to the journalist in some future generation to explain what that obsolete custom meant.

When we begin to tell a story about ourselves, we must make many humbling confessions, if we mean to speak the truth.

In the first place, I went to drink tea. A Professor of—— of—— I shall not say what, going out to his tea ! But I was not a Professor then. And it was to the house of ladies, no doubt : But there is one comfort, I was not the *only* gentleman present. After we had uttered a thousand idle words, and had entered upon a grave disquisition regarding the spout of the teapot, a servant handed in a small parcel, sealed up, which contained about three inches square of plum-cake, with a card and compliments ; for at that time the more significant device was not hit upon, of tying a couple of cards together with silver cord, or a silken band of white. The precious morsel, as soon as it was unpacked, was cut

into as many pieces (each about the size of a die) as there were persons in the company, and distributed to them. The ladies recommended us all to *dream* upon these; and, in extenuation of myself, I must say, that as I was a matter of fact person, I considered it actually binding upon me to do it, because I said that I would. A night in the week after was appointed, on which we were all again to meet, to relate our dreams. And well I remember that night on which we met, nor would I willingly forget it, when we were seated round the fire, and, like the three one-eyed Callenders, each told his tale to his fair hostesses. But I have not undertaken to record any body's dream but my own. Ladies (said I) having by your command laid the talisman in due form under my pillow, the following was the result of the experiment:—

D R E A M.

It was a dismal night in November, but the magic influence of the cake beneath my head transformed it into a beautiful May morning; and long before the dew was off the lawn, I, in the midst of a numerous party, was equipped for a pedestrian excursion to Roslin. I had no clear idea of all the personages who composed the group. There was that shadowy indistinctness incidental to dreaming scenes, so that I mistook one person for another, and sometimes I fancied myself in the midst of strangers—then in a moment my imagination transformed them into the

friends and companions I held most dear. It must not be supposed that I am to task my invention to give to those friends fictitious names ; for any other than their own would convey to me very little meaning, and would deprive me altogether of the pleasures of association which their names awaken. It is allowed on all hands that there is much in the sound of a name ; but then it is indecorous to give real names, and Mr. Ls, and Miss Gs, and Mr. Bs, and Miss Cs, convey no idea at all of the persons they designate. I must therefore obviate the difficulty, by introducing the companions of my excursion in the following manner. There were among them a Robert and a John, a Margaret and a Mary, an Elizabeth, a Catharine, a Jane, and a tall military man whom we shall distinguish by the appellation of Captain. We had just issued from a garden-gate belonging to a house in the southern suburbs, where the party had met, and we had arranged ourselves by two and two in marching order, when, instead of moving directly forward, we loitered on the road, as if expecting some one. There was a murmur at the delay throughout the company ; as to myself, I did not know for what we were waiting, till I saw the countenances of Margaret, and Jane, and Mary, brighten up, as they all three exclaimed at once, " There he comes !" and on looking about, I perceived at a distance on the road a stranger coming towards us. " Some long-faced hypocritical fellow, I'll answer for it," exclaimed the Captain impatiently, wheeling about to depart with a young lady who leant on his arm, " who will be putting us in mind

of our latter end the whole way," added he, glancing a look of contempt towards the approaching stranger, and then whispering something to his companion, which was answered by a simper and a down-cast look. By-the-bye, this young lady was none of my acquaintances.

Several of the party began to proceed. By this time there was a dark cloud over our heads, and it was reiterated from one to another that there would be a shower.

"He must be a vast favourite somewhere," exclaimed the Captain, looking round on those who were lingering behind. I was among that number. I had various reasons for watching the stranger's approach. Curiosity was one of them. I also wished to please my three fair friends I have mentioned above, and to attach myself to their company by the way. There were other reasons besides, of a less definable nature. I was not sure that they, or at least one of them, had a right to be so happy at the prospect of a stranger's society, and I was determined to reconnoitre him; and with somewhat of the scrutinizing glance with which one eyes a suspicious character whom he hopes to detect, I viewed this young gentleman as he drew near. But his amiable aspect and the gentleness of his whole demeanour, disarmed me, and allayed the war I was internally waging against him. My fair friends introduced him to me. He was a young English divine. I returned his salutation in a not over-courteous manner. I felt something like self-condemnation, and strove to overcome the lurking prejudice that had

taken possession of me ; but what tended more effectually to remove it, was his singling out Margaret from the party, and giving her his arm. How we got over the intervening space I cannot tell, but we arrived at Roslin without the prognosticated shower.

In my dream I had but a confused idea of the appearance of the place as we strolled about among its wild scenery ; but I had the full perception of that light-hearted enjoyment which is experienced in those rambles, when the spirits are buoyant and the weather is bright. But sometimes I thought I wandered alone, and all of a sudden I was separated from my companions. This was a vexatious and harassing situation ; and with all that distressing anxiety with which in our dreams we strive to attain some object, which, however, goes the farther from our reach, I took many a weary step in order to regain them, but in vain.

I went on till I found I was retracing my steps to the city. It was twilight when I was taking this solitary walk ; and as the darkness seemed coming on apace, I felt all the perplexity of one who has lost his way, and the first pleasurable sensation I was conscious of was at sight of the moon, slowly rising broad and full above the dark brow of Arthur's Seat, and I stood for a moment to gaze upon it. But on looking to the northward, a brighter light was rising over the town. I saw flames ascending from the mass of buildings which now became discernible, and suddenly there was a fiery glare across the firmament, as when it glows with a very bright sunset. The city seemed certainly in a conflagration—the

flames blazed brighter and higher, and in a state of alarm, forgetting my disappointment at losing my companions, I hastened onwards to reach the scene of devastation. But it was not the thoughts of the distress and despair of the inhabitants, and the destruction of life and property, that filled me with dismay. One apprehension alone absorbed my mind, and it may be said that it was both of a selfish and a trifling nature. I am, however, as everybody else is, only answerable for waking thoughts. There was an elaborate, little manuscript I had just finished for exhibition at the class, and it was lying on the table in my lodgings. Now, I thought this must inevitably be destroyed in the general ruin, and my impulse was to hurry on and save it if possible; but in my haste, instead of approaching the town, I got bewildered in an unknown bye-path which seemed to lead me farther from it.

The light of the moon and of the fire rapidly disappeared, and I wandered on, in darkness and uncertainty, till I heard distinctly, but at a distance, the roaring of the waves as in a tempest.

But I was nearer the sea than I imagined; for I quickly found myself entangled among the weeds that lay upon its shore, and at every step I struck against rocks, or sank in the deep sand. Overwhelmed with the noise of the winds and waves, I knew not in what direction to turn to seek a place of safety. Now and then a meteor flashed over my head, but discovered only the ridges of white foam rolling along the waters. Weary and miserable, I sat down upon a rock, not without a hope that the light of

morning would soon arrive and shew me a way of retreat. But scarcely was I seated, when I felt the waves roll at my feet, and as they dashed against the stone on which I rested, I started up; but escape was impossible, for I was now surrounded by the tide.

Expecting the fatal wave that was to drive me from my slippery station, I turned round from the dismal darkness spread over the sea, and on looking towards the land, it seemed day-break there; for I saw, upon the road which stretched along the sea-coast, labourers going forth to their work, and the early birds were abroad among the fields. The tide now laved my feet. I called aloud to the passengers for help; but they either did not hear, or were indifferent to my situation, for each passed on his way.

At length I saw on the road a cavalcade of chariots and horsemen, which looked bright and gay in the morning sun, now risen on the land. I again cried out, and extended my hands in the darkness which still surrounded me. My repeated shoutings seemed to be heard, for many, from their equipages, looked out towards where I stood. I recognised among them many of my friends and acquaintances, and my Roslin companions too, and I shouted the more vehemently; but though they all looked very sympathising, and even wept for me, not one of them stretched forth a helping hand to save me. In a few moments this retinue was past. There was suddenly a calm, and the waters began to ebb. Day dawned on the deep, and as the waves subsided and left the rock bare around me, my hopes revived, and

in the sweet expectation of deliverance; I sank down to rest on the cold stone; and there, I thought, I fell asleep. From this imaginary slumber I was roused by the sound of the long Captain's voice, and on opening my eyes I found myself in the midst of the party I had wandered from; and Roslin, on a fair May morning, rose again to my view. We were all seated on a little eminence that juts over the romantic stream, there parted by an immense bare rock. The water dashes and foams against this obstruction to its course; but finding a way for itself on each side, which having passed, it glides along, dark and deep, till it is lost to view in the overhanging banks and underwood. The rocky sides of the eminence on which we sat were covered with ivy, and the budding woodbine crept along the low garden wall which was on the left.

We were all arranged upon the grass, in preparation to partake of a repast produced from a basket which had been carried by the party alternately. My mind was considerably absorbed by the late perilous situation that I had been in, and I had a great desire to rehearse to the company the catalogue of my disasters. But we sometimes reason as acutely in our dreams as when we are awake. I began to perceive that my story would be out of place, for they all seemed more intent upon the corporeal entertainment which was in the act of being spread before them, than any intellectual one that might be offered: so that I prudently forbore for the present. I also, for the purpose of filling up any pause in the conversation, had brought with me some poetical effusions,

which I watched for an opportunity of reading ; but although I once or twice was in the act of pulling them from my pocket with that intent, I never got this design put into execution. There seemed no lack of entertainment. Joy pervaded the whole company. Some expressed their happiness by pleased countenances ; others by talking and laughter, among which latter were Miss Catharine, Miss Margaret, and the Captain, whose mirth was vociferous, but perhaps not more real than that of those whose smiling looks indicated a more moderate degree of exhilaration.

A table-cloth being spread upon the grass, there were laid upon it the contents of the basket, which consisted of two roasted fowls, a shoulder of mutton, some barley-meal cakes, a pewter drinking cup, and a flaggon of the same metal to draw water from the stream. If this be all, thought I, we have much need of something intellectual to make up for it. But as all the others looked perfectly satisfied, I did not utter a single remark on the meagreness of the feast, — and especially as I began to consider with myself that perhaps the sea air had given me a sharper appetite than the rest of the company were likely to have.

“ Well,” said the Englishman, “ this is the happiest day I have spent since I came to Scotland ; however, I have only been here a few weeks —— ”

“ I hope,” said my friend Robert, interrupting him, “ that it may be the earnest of many more as happy, that you shall yet spend among us.”

The Clergyman thanked him, and went on to remark that he once had his prejudices against Scot-

land, like too many of his country, but that these were effectually removed ; that he had been led to think that the Scotch were unbending and inaccessible, but that he found he had formed a wrong judgment.

" Ah, Sir," said Robert, eager to commend his own countrymen, " though our climate is cold, you will find that we have warm and susceptible hearts. Who need speak of the festive board, and the exhilarating influence of the sparkling wine ? We, as the joy which we feel on the present occasion bears ample witness to, require no such stimulants to mirth." And, as he spoke, he flourished in his hand the pewter cup brimming with cold water, which he first quaffed himself, and then handed to his neighbour the Captain.

" I confess," said the Captain, " that I am no such hermit as to love the crystal stream for my only beverage. It is unlucky to be all in such good spirits, or we might have had a plea for resorting to yonder inviting house by the wayside, and had an enlivening cup together ;—of course, you ladies and divines are debarred from such enjoyments."

" I would join you with all my heart in that proposal," replied a young man of no very prepossessing appearance, who sat at the outskirts of the group.

" Gracious, Mr. Robert," whispered a young lady, whose eyes from time to time were cast around in affected admiration of the scenery ; " gracious, what a barbarous taste that Captain has !"

" Not barbarous, Madam," said I, interrupting her, for she was one of those persons whom, if I thought

it worth while to speak to at all, it would be to contradict. Moreover, I was determined to get in a word in any way, for as yet I had been but a mere looker on; and while I heard them all talking of their happiness and high spirits, my feelings did not exactly respond to their sentiments. In short, I was not in the very best humour, and I made no scruple to manifest that such was the case to my next neighbour, the above-mentioned young lady; and for want of any thing better to say or do, I took the pains to prove to her, at considerable length, that if the gentleman's words might be supposed to indicate any partiality for intoxicating liquors, which, for the sake of the argument, we were to suppose they did, that it was by no means a barbarous taste; that is to say, if she meant by that expression, that barbarians or savages had a natural predilection for such things, for that the use, and abuse too, of these liquors originated among civilized nations, and had only been imparted to the savage tribes with whom they had opened up an intercourse. I quoted examples and authorities, &c. &c. to all of which she listened with exemplary patience; but without manifesting any signs of whether I had spoken intelligibly to her or not; for she gave me no reply, but turned to her conciliating friend, Mr. Robert, who, with perfect deference to every word that every lady uttered, relieved her from my tedious harangue, by gently saying something in an undertone which I did not hear; but her reply was; "I was only remarking how unlike the usual refinement of military men; he seems to have no taste for the simplicity and rural sweets of nature. Now, Mr.

Robert, does not this remind you of the beautiful scene at Calypso's grotto, when the youthful Telemachus, and the aged Mentor, and the charming Nymphs partook of the delicious repast? Is it not so like, Mr. Robert? — could you not figure all us the nymphs, you know?"

This, thinks I, has been your last exercise at your French class. But I believe I did not express the thought; and that Mr. Robert figured no such comparison, I doubt not, although he obligingly assented to all the lady's remarks.

The rest of the party were deliberating how the viands were to be divided; for it is to be understood that as yet they remained untouched. Things are generally reversed in dreams, so that it is not to be wondered at that we had begun at the wrong end of the feast, and had been pledging one another in flowing goblets of cold water, before we made the discovery that we had brought no knives and forks to carve our food with. In the interpretation of a dream, the absence of all sharp weapons might be construed into a good omen. But before the company fell upon an expedient, the omission was like to cause some strife. In the party, there was a family of sisters who had had, it seemed, the charge of the provisions; and a reproof was uttered by the eldest, in a tone of sisterly authority which was rather startling, but produced no signs of contrition for the neglect, in the younger branches of the family. They retaliated, but she maintained her ground.

"I beseech you, reverend Sir," cried the Captain, "give a timely lecture far brethren to dwell together in unity."

"I hope there will be no requisition for that," replied the Clergyman, with a smile. "However, I thank you for putting me in mind of my duty. But I think I see their usual placid smiles re-established on the ladies' countenances, and I believe there will be no great difficulty in distributing the mutton and fowls among us."

"I," rejoined the Captain, "before whom many a gallant adversary has fallen in battle, shall soon sever the limbs from the body." So saying, without further ceremony, he seized the fowls, and, dismembering them, spread them out upon the table-cloth.

"Now," said I to the Nymph of Ogygia, "here is something barbarous for you. Men in their primitive state always eat their meat with their fingers."

"How shocking if that be the case!" said she.

Every one now helped himself. The parson carved the mutton with his penknife,—and the barley-cakes were handed round. But scarcely had we begun to eat, when we missed another commodity. The cakes, the fowls, and the mutton, proved but an insipid morsel, for we had brought no salt. Another sisterly altercation took place; but Robert, with his usual desire to conciliate matters, said that he hoped we should make up for a tasteless dinner by well-seasoned discourse. But as this remark seemed to put us all under the necessity of trying to be more particularly agreeable and entertaining than we had been hitherto, it had the effect of tying up our tongues rather than of loosing them, so we picked our pinions and drumsticks in silence; and, at the conclusion, a final effort was made to produce some

mirth, by two couples being selected to break the merrythoughts between them. I believe the parties chosen for this feat were the Captain and Margaret, and Robert and Catharine; and while this part of the entertainment was in prosecution, Elizabeth was dispatched with the flaggon to fetch a fresh supply of water; and, if I remember well, she had nearly plunged into the stream but for the prowess of the long Captain. The cup again went round, and we were as convivial as could reasonably be expected; and when the flaggon was emptied, we rose to depart.

The next thing that I dreamed was, that in the twilight, as we were on our way home, we were overtaken by a tremendous shower, which so drenched us that we were compelled to seek shelter in a small cottage by the way-side. By the attention and care of the good woman of the house, we soon got ourselves made tolerably comfortable; but the rain continuing to descend, it seemed impossible to get home that night, and the cottagers recommended us to seek accommodation at their master's house, which was about a quarter of a mile distant.

There was considerable confusion in this part of my dream. I thought some of our party left us at this juncture, but I could not distinctly discern which of them, and yet, after all, our number did not seem diminished.

We bent our steps towards the mansion-house, along an avenue of plane-trees, preceded by a little fellow, in corduroy jacket and blue bonnet, to shew us the way, and, by his mother's arrangement, he bore in his hand a stable lanthorn. The shadow of

the trees, added to the darkness which was coming on, rendered this very acceptable to enable us to pick our steps on the wet road.

We arrived at a stately castle, situated on a broad lawn, around which the shade of ancient trees cast an air of solemnity and grandeur. Our guide left us at the lofty arched entrance. The door was open, and we stepped into a spacious hall, supported by massive pillars, and paved with black and white marble alternately. Three grim bronze figures, holding in their hands lamps, which burned brilliantly, illuminated the hall and stair-case. Two servants met us, and led us up stairs, and we were received into a splendid apartment by an old gentleman, with all the welcome of expected guests. There was a large round table, covered with a plentiful repast, at which we were requested to sit down. Whilst we were taking our places, I surveyed the lofty wainscot panneling, on which were hung family portraits, in broad carved oaken frames; and from one dark canvas looked out the pale countenance of Prince Charles Edward, with his fair curls. I thought, from this token, I had hit upon a discovery of the politics of the family; but in this I was mistaken. The room was lighted by an antique chandelier, suspended from the arched Gothic roof. But my attention was suddenly drawn from these objects by the entrance of a young lady at an opposite door. The length of the room prevented me at first from seeing her features distinctly, but I saw that "grace was in all her steps;" and every eye turned towards her. But as she approached, and took her station at the head of the

table, she seemed indeed as if some celestial being had descended among us. Her bright, but soft, dark eyes beamed upon us a look of welcome. She was habited in a white robe of Indian muslin, bound round the waist with a silver girdle. Her dark hair, parted on her brow, was confined by a broad band, also of silver, and one or two shining ringlets fell upon her neck. "We are all undone," groaned out the Captain to his next neighbour; and so are we, thought all the nymphs around; for they indeed seemed constrained to droop their diminished heads in the presence of the beautiful stranger. But the Captain's smitten heart was soon healed by the enlivening glass; which the hospitable landlord made to pass in frequent circuit round the table.

After the cloth was withdrawn, a massive and curiously wrought bowl was placed before the old gentleman. He mingled in it the inspiring liquor, and invited the company heartily to partake. When he had replenished every glass — "Come, Judith," said he to his daughter, "entertain our guests with a song, and let it be one of your very best."

We all seconded the request, and she complied obligingly and unaffectedly. I think I still hear the sweet tones of her voice. Every one listened in ecstasy, scarcely breathing, lest a note of the melody should be lost. And when she ceased, there was no applause — not a word of the compliments which usually repay the flourishes of ordinary singers; each sat in mute admiration, as if to recall the delightful strain.

"Is not my Judith a singer worth a thousand?"

said the old gentleman ; “ let us all fill a bumper to her health, then some of the other fair ladies will give us a stave.”

The gentlemen readily complied with the first part of the proposal ; but it would have been well had all the other ladies forbore to exhibit their singing powers that night.

The Captain and the old gentleman, and some others, became so jovial, that as their jests and laughter abounded, I could only catch a disjointed sentence now and then of some grave discourse that was going on at the other end of the table, between Mr. Robert and the Clergyman ; while my friend John, whom I mentioned at the outset, but whom I never distinctly discerned till at this moment, sat exactly opposite to me, in solemn silence, absorbing both the liquor and the conversation. He was one of those persons whom at first acquaintance we set down as being superlatively stupid, but by farther experience we begin to suspect that he is a sly observer, and in course of time we find that there was never a thing said or done in his presence that escaped his notice. But here our knowledge of his character must stop, for it defies all human penetration to discover whether he makes a good or a bad use of all that his eye and ear take in.

“ I do hate, above all things,” said Mr. Robert, in his usual grave style, and suppressed tone of voice, “ I do hate above all things, women that pretend to be learned. I think that ladies who aspire to know more than what merely belongs to their domestic duties—what makes them amiable in private, and

agreeable and elegant when in company, with the indispensable qualification of modesty at all times—come entirely out of their own sphere. Dear me! what would our great-grandmothers think to see the preposterous ambition of the Misses of the present day to make themselves disagreeable? for, in fact, it is nothing else. What happiness are those to find, who, perhaps, when coming home from the toil of business, to seek the soul-refreshing charms of the domestic circle, they find those whose duty it is to render home delightful, absorbed in some abstruse study which must not be intruded upon? But I could even pardon all this, did they ever arrive at any eminence, or benefit the world by any useful discovery. But, indeed, their minds are not capable of it, and their studies are all a useless speculation, and worse than useless, which renders them disagreeable and unprofitable companions.”

Now this had the sound of an exceedingly sensible speech, and a coterie of damsels clustering round the speaker, and who could wash their hands of any imputation of knowing too much, looked up to him as an oracle. But their admiration of the sentiments was somewhat damped when the Clergyman, in delivering his opinion on the subject, ventured to dissent from their favourite.

“I would not think you too vehement,” said he, “against such persons whose acquirements render them useless members of society, if such cases do exist. But a little observation would, no doubt, convince you that a liberal and even learned education is not the cause; and your declamations against

female learning remind me of the prejudices which wordly men have against religion ; they imagine it to be a barrier to every enjoyment, and assert that the character is rendered by it morose, unsociable, and disagreeable. There may, however, be females of little knowledge and less sense, who would, perhaps, do better to spend their days like our great-grandmothers, in working an endless piece of tapestry to feed the moths, than in attempting such studies as only tend to render their incapacity and conceit conspicuous. I, happily, have never met with any of that description ; however, my experience has not been extensive. But I confess that, from what I have seen, I have formed very different notions of the female character from what you seem to have."

This gentleman said a great deal more upon the subject ; but, except that he delivered himself too professionally, I did not feel much disposed to find fault with him. He illustrated his discourse with some sketches of character, and gave us a lively description of two favourite sisters that he had, which gave me the idea that he was the most fortunate man that ever I had seen, who had met with so much female perfection, and I complimented him upon his good luck ; for as to myself, I said, I seldom had met with a woman that I could not wish to see remodelled. It must be remembered that I was speaking in my sleep, otherwise I never could have said any thing half so ill-bred, and so many ladies in the company.

Mr. Robert was about to make some observation, when a merry and discordant strain from the old

gentleman broke in upon the discourse. "Come, one of you young ladies," cried he, when his own song was ended, "give us but one verse. See, I have set the example with my old and rusty voice : which of you will volunteer ?" No reply was made.

"Well, let us all keep silence for a little space," continued our entertainer, "and she on whose face there is first a smile shall be considered to have given her consent."

The young ladies began to settle their faces to composure ; but unfortunately Miss Margaret and Miss Catharine, in their endeavours to assume a grave aspect, did not only smile, but laugh outright.

"There are the two," exclaimed our host ; "keep silence, gentlemen, and we shall have a duet presently."

There followed a pause, but no song was begun. The two ladies said that their laughing was involuntary, and brought forward many strong arguments to convince the company that they could not sing. The company did not press them, and were ready to give full credit to their assertions ; but the landlord persisted. The ladies remonstrated, and averred that they had never sung together in their life.

"If you cannot sing together," persisted the indefatigable old gentleman, "one of you must sing alone ; and it shall be left to the decision of the company which it is to be, for a song we must have."

By unanimous consent of the guests, Catharine was pitched upon ; but for what reason I cannot tell. Entreaty, however, could not prevail ; and the company were beginning to be rather worn out with the

argument, when the old gentleman, as if afraid to lose his point, declared that whoever would sing, should, if she thought an old man and a princely estate worth accepting, have them at her service.

"What a splendid offer!" shouted all the company; and ere the exclamation ceased, Catharine had struck up a song. There was a look of general amazement; some laughed, and some, who had more fastidious ears, made grimaces; but happily the landlord looked delighted, and if he was pleased, it is a question if any one else had a right to complain.

"Well done, fair Catharine," cried he; "long may you sing to delight my old ears!"

Encouraged by this applause, unharmonious verse after verse she poured along, as if determined to delight his ears to the full, lest she should never have another opportunity. The expression on the faces of the company indicated that they hoped that each stanza would be the concluding one. But vain were their expectations; and how or when it came to an end, I cannot tell. She added line to line, till she warbled through some hundred and twenty verses of a ballad, which, by the bye, nobody had ever heard before. Its novelty, however, lent it no charms, and but for her startling discords, we should all have fallen asleep. The Captain yawned, and whispered to Mr. Robert to tell the reverend gentleman on his left hand to strike up the 119th Psalm, as a counterpart to the lady's song. But Robert had too great a respect for sacred things to take in hand to convey the jest to his next neighbour; and moreover, he knew too well what good

manners are, to be talking when a lady is singing ; so he continued in his usual pensive posture, with his left cheek resting upon the fore-finger of his left hand.

Now, we were confined to this said old castle the whole of the next day, for it rained incessantly ; and our young hostess, the beautiful Judith, distrustful or unconscious of her own powers of pleasing, seemed to feel some difficulty in entertaining us. But she needed not ; for it was sufficient pleasure (at least I felt it so) to gaze upon a countenance the charms of which day light did not diminish, but improve ; and to listen to her conversation, which, though by no means fluent, had an indiscribable fascination about it. She conducted us into a very large apartment, filled with books. Besides the shelves from end to end of the room being loaded, heaps of volumes were piled on the tables and chairs. She smiled, on noticing the confusion, and remarked, that her father was librarian himself, and that no one dared to interfere in that department, and that he must have been ransacking the shelves for some particular work, and that the volumes he had dislodged must lie till he had leisure to replace them. We found, however, chairs sufficient for our accommodation, independent of those occupied in the above manner. There was at each end of the room a large fire, around which we disposed ourselves in two groups.

We had scarcely entered upon conversation, when the long Captain called out to us who formed the opposite party — “ Come along here, and get your fortunes told.” We felt, however, sufficiently satis-

fied with our own entertainment, so as not to have any wish to take part in theirs; but a second and more peremptory summons from the Captain made us obey; and, taking our seats along with us, we joined ourselves to his party. The young divine was seated, with an open book upon his knee; but whether a printed book or one in manuscript, I could not perceive; and whether he found it among the tomes that surrounded us, or whether he brought it with him, I cannot tell. But I rather think that he could not have done the latter, for we had never seen any indication of its being about his person, and it was of too great bulk to be concealed. It was a thick folio, bound in red leather, with tarnished gilt clasps.

This book of fate looked so portentous, that I felt some scruples at having any thing to do with it, as if out of it some irrevocable evil doom were to be pronounced upon us. But I found that drawing fortunes simply meant what it generally signifies when young ladies and gentlemen wish to have a glimpse of the future, *i. e.* to learn who are to be their partners for life, or if they are to have partners at all. The book was filled with characters of men and women, classed under the general heads of Bachelors, Maids, Husbands, Wives, and Widows. The long Captain, who took the lead in this sport, called upon each of us to choose two letters of the alphabet; for it seems the letters were arranged by twos at the top of each character, and in every possible combination. Some selected the initials of names in which they were most interested; whilst others, more shy in these matters, made a point of singling

out those that were the farthest from leading to any possible discovery.

When we were in the act of choosing, in came the old gentleman, who had been abroad, even in the rain, to view his crops and trees, and he among the rest sat down to see what his lot should be. Of course, on account of his seniority, *he* drew first, and the following is the description of the lady that fell to his lot : —

A vain woman is a pitiable object ; but when she is perhaps verging on three score, and has not laid aside the vanity of her youth, it is certainly lamentable, although somewhat ludicrous. The grand object of her wishes through life has been to get a husband, but that as yet remains a desideratum in her lot. For, Oh, the treacherous trash of gauzes and jewellery which she has hung out for upwards of thirty years, have failed to do the execution they were intended. She, however, still assiduously avails herself of these supposed auxiliaries to female charms, and we may grant them partly the credit of giving her that deceptive appearance of youth that she still possesses. At a little distance, and when her face is not turned to you, the smartness of her dress, the slimness of her figure, and the nimbleness of her motions (for she, in an undignified manner, skips about to shew the suppleness of her joints), make her appear like a young girl. Candle light, too, aids the artifice, even when the beholder has a full view of her countenance : it is a case which puzzles him, and he is in doubt, for an instant, whether she has yet completed her teens.

As was mentioned above, she has always had a particular tenderness for the male part of the creation ; and by her own account, she has been upon the eve of marriage a dozen times. She has no idea of despairing yet — a happy resolve for one who has met with so many disappointments.

She talks tenderly of her old loves, and has always some new one on hand to communicate to her maid or dress-maker ; and either of these confidants listens to her disclosures with peculiar and unwearied interest. In her younger days, she was somewhat lofty in her ideas respecting matrimonial connection, but now those feelings are a little moderated, and if she could get any one to come decidedly to the point, she would not be very scrupulous as to his pedigree, or standing in society. Such a lady as this is of course a subject of much animadversion, and many strange things are told of her ; but we must charitably hope that they are not true, or at least that they are exaggerated. It is whispered that she once actually put pen to paper, and tendered herself and fortune to a very interesting youth, who (she judged) was too timid to make proposals himself. But surely this is a mere scandal, for if the gentleman had received such a billet-doux, he certainly could not have withstood so tempting an offer.

Our host was in a raving passion, as if his fate to be allied to such a helpmate were unalterably fixed. He started up, swore that he had been ill-used and imposed upon ; that he did not like foul play ; that we must have known that there was nothing on

earth he abhorred so much as a dressed-up old maid ; and in spite of all remonstrance and entreaty to try other two chances, as that the third time in these matters was the proper one, he, instead of turning us all out at the door, as I expected he would, sallied forth again, to cool and compose himself among his plantations.

We went on with our game, picking and choosing among an interminable variety of characters. I alone of the company had the luck of drawing at first a good fortune, which led me to suspect that there was but one good one in the book ; and while they were all scrambling to get a third, and even a fourth and a fifth chance, I remained contented with mine, and would not, upon any consideration, hazard another trial. Like all gamblers, the deeper they played the more irretrievable became their circumstances. I own that I felt some commiseration for my friends when they could get no better lots than such as the following : —

A Miss of the Nineteenth Century.

A strange looking thing, retaining very little of the human form about it. It spends its time at home, — dressing and undressing, eating, reading Annuals and all sorts of sentimental periodicals, copying out love-songs, clipping and carving coloured papers, inventing match-boxes, yawning, strumming, and humming ; — abroad — chattering, giggling, singing and playing, waltzing and quadrilling. Can this

thing have a soul? It is not altogether a mere machine; there are indications of volition about it; and at times, when the actuating spirit does manifest itself, it betrays a spice of malevolence and envy, selfishness and dissimulation.

A Wife.

There is your tawdry careless wife, dawdling about with her rent pocket-holes, unbuttoned gown and disorderly head-dress, and her feet slipped into a pair of old shoes. She was always a slovenly woman, and matrimony makes her ten times more so. Her chamber is like a broker's shop of old clothes. The furniture is daubed with grease and ink, and the whole house shews that it wants the superintending care of an elegant mistress. She is indolent and easy and good-natured. Her husband is also an easy-minded sort of person, and not very particular, so that things get leave to pass without reprehension. Upon the whole, they are happy in their way, and pass through the world with little anxiety and little care; and, perhaps, they are wiser than those who aim at a more refined state of enjoyment.

A Bachelor.

There is the wealthy *bon vivant*, who keeps house for himself, who has an inherent, unaccountable antipathy to all womankind, and who no more ever thought of marrying than of drowning himself. He

seldom goes to visit, except it be to the house of some kindred spirit, who keeps a table exactly like his own, and therefore knows how to suit the palate of such a guest. And when he happens to be in female society, he secretly blesses himself that he has not some splendid *coiffure* or exorbitant sleeves or flounces to pay for, while he can afford to allow his servants to waste or pocket at least a fourth of his income; and what would maintain an alms-house, is thrown down daily to a useless, ungracious set of domestic animals.

To him there is no higher gratification in this life (and he seldom thinks of another) than a dinner in perfect season; and though all the fragrance and sweets of nature should fail to affect him, the savour of a ham-shop almost renders him enthusiastic and poetical.

Another Bachelor.

There is your poor lean half-pay, who, without promotion, has spent the prime of his days in foreign service, and who seems by necessity the isolated being that he is. Immured in a retired lodging, or a dangler at other men's tables — or, perhaps, he may be too proud for that, and because he has no table of his own to ask a friend to, he never goes out, but dines a hundred and eighty days of the year on his second day's *soupe maigre* and morsel of cold meat.

He talks philosophically, when you meet him, upon his love of home (if a lodging-house can be called so), and his taste for retirement. He gives large

promises of paying you a visit, but never makes it out. There is, however, a spark of human kindness in him, and one trait of secret benevolence sweetens the circumscribed enjoyments of his solitary life. A part, and not an inconsiderable part, of his narrow income is devoted to the maintenance of an aged and decrepid relative; and without a grudge in his heart is it given, although it greatly lessens his own external comforts.

A Husband.

There is the idle domestic man, as exact as clock-work, who spends his life in doing nick-nacks about the house, or, for variety, dozing about at a sale, or escorting his wife to market.

He is easily discomposed, and easily ruffled. He keeps no company, because that would break up the regularity of his domestic arrangements. His wife is trained to the same perfect exactness as himself, and this life would have for him no trials, were it not that he finds his servants incorrigible; for after he has shewn them, for the hundredth time, how to sweep in the hearth, or wipe a wine-glass, he has to begin his tuition afresh; and in spite of all precept and example, they never come up to the precision he requires of them.

An amiable Young Lady.

This is a simple, soft, simpering, milk-and-water, fair-haired, pretty creature, who assents to every

word that every body says, and has a continual reiteration of *bless mes*, and *dear mes*, in a tone of wonder to every thing that is related, and whom no theme seems either to tire or to interest. She disclaims all privilege of thinking for herself, and professes always to be *no judge*, whatever the question be, whether of religion or science, politics or weather. She seems to be aware of nothing, but that she has a pretty face, indicated by the studied arrangement of her curls and her dress. This creature sings sweetly, and plays with a languid unmeaning air. She can dance too, and she can read a French motto upon a bride's-cake or card seal. She can paint butterflies and jessamine. She can make pastry.

A Husband.

THERE is the wealthy money-making man, engaged in the turmoil of business, who has little feeling of tenderness about him, but finds it absolutely necessary for his interest to marry. He therefore chooses a wife, not so much for a companion, but as an economical person to place at the head of his establishment. It is not therefore a woman with an independence of fortune and spirit that would suit him; for such a one he, rightly foresees, might be inclined to spend her money in her own way, as well as to take her own will, and might not be so devoted an economist as one whose circumstances had constrained her to frugal measures all her life. Consequently he looks out for one who, as she stands much in need of a

livelihood, is willing to gain it by any means, and readily yields to his temper, and acts her subordinate part with all due submissiveness. He treats her as an upper servant. He gives her a circumscribed allowance for household matters, of which she must yield him an exact account. He is precise and pointed in the extreme, is never due a farthing beyond the proper time, and is unmercifully rigorous in exacting justice to himself. He is overbearing and unfeeling, and has the air of a man that never knew a difficulty, and felt himself above the reach of any. But his household do not rebel — they look up to him with awe and reverence, although he rules them like a despot.

A Widow.

There is the gay young widow. O what a choice theme for scandal, as she goes about peering from beneath her fashionable weeds.

She sets herself up to matronise giddy girls, that she may draw a train of young gallants after her, and haply catch one of them herself.

She has scarcely sufficient to tempt a fortune-hunter, and her noted extravagance terrifies men of ordinary means and common prudence. She dresses and overdresses, and rackets and invites, and entertains and gauds about, till she wears out herself and her purse, but all to no purpose. She finds plenty of loungers who will eat her dinners, and dance at her parties, and shuffle her cards, and escort her to bazaars, and shoppings, and promenades ; but not

one, fool though he be to spend his time in such a way, not fool enough to risk himself for "better and for worse."

Another Episode.

There is your demure, destitute, ill-left, friendless widow, creeping about in rusty weeds, with some traces of comeliness in her care-worn poverty-marked countenance. She had married unadvisedly for mere love, and the object of her affection was one of those unfortunate mortals who try various ways of doing, and succeed in none; and now she is left to tell over and over her sad case of poverty, to all the noted patronesses of the needy to whom she gets recommendations. They listen to her tale very sympathetically, but do little more than listen and talk of it afterwards. She is necessarily cast among a class, with whom, in her youth, she would have spurned to associate; and she is doomed to be beholden to them for their favours. She retains, however, something of her native independence of spirit. She would not altogether hang on the bounty of others. She contrives to keep a roof over her head by selling out a box of tea, and keeping a lodger or two. It is, however, but a precarious way of life. None knows the struggle that she has to keep out of debt—the anxious days and sleepless nights, and the humbling contrivances she must fall upon to help her on her way, till she reach that spot to which she has long wistfully, but not impatiently looked, where all her kindred are laid to rest before her.

Le Garçon bien Garde'.

People talk of the trammels of matrimony, but the state of bondage in which this gentleman lives leaves that far behind it.

Perhaps the following will be found to be no uncommon case. It was his good luck at one time, although his misfortune now, that on coming from the "wars," sick and dispirited, he fell into the hands of a very indulgent landlady. After the heartless turmoil of foreign service, the comforts of home are no doubt very fascinating. So this gentleman found them to be — and this guardian angel of his hems him in with all possible officious attentions. He is waited on, and watched, and guarded, and flattered, and pampered incessantly. The slightest variation of the atmosphere is attended to, and his apartments are heated and cooled, and cooled and heated, according to his need. His character admits of little description; for whatever his natural endowments and energies may have been, he has left them in the field of battle, and he does not miss them, for his is a life only of the most perfect passive endurance of all imaginable kindness. He was not naturally selfish, but he is by necessity compelled to become so, for he is accustomed to hear of nothing from morning till night, but of what will minister to his comforts and luxuries. Surely his heart must be run like melted butter, under the influences of this kind genius of his, and when he knows what she endures for him. He has seen, when acciden-

tally awaking from his usual nap after dinner, the kind considerate creature, though not of very robust constitution herself, slipping about on her stocking soles not to disturb him. He dare not go into company, for fear of deranging his stomach. He feels this no deprivation. He has every comfort and indulgence at home, although he has bought them with his freedom. He is guarded with the most jealous care; and he dare not look at a young lady if his vigilant hostess be in sight, nor does he ever venture to commend one in her presence. But, unfortunately, she herself is too plain and too old — he therefore could not think of marrying *her*, although she thought that he *might* have done it, and still thinks, that in some moment of overflowing gratitude he *may*. Before she caught this victim in her toils, she used to be a hobby-dobby-looking body, but now she is as smart and as fashionable as pads and buckram and high starched caps will make her; and, at a proper distance, she is young looking; and she wears an eternal smile, that shews all her teeth to be perfectly sound, and yet he, with entire apathy, beholds all these efforts to please him, and still remains a bachelor in bonds.

A WIFE.

There is the bold domineering matron, noted through all her circle of acquaintances as a person of surpassing cleverness. She talks loudly and self-sufficiently, and dictates upon all possible occasions,

whether her advice be solicited or not. She could manage all the affairs of all the families in Christendom. Her plans of economy are talked of far and near. Her *fort* has always been to rule; and in choosing a husband, she has taken an easy-tempered simpleton, who lets her rule as she lists. She knows his weakness, and takes by it occasion to display her own authority. She would break the heart of a man of feeling; and a man of spirit would certainly break her bones. But, Oh! in what a blissful state of blindness and delusion her good-natured helpmate dwells with her; he thinks that such an economist, such a manager, in short, such a wife, was never before created. As things go in this world, their share of happiness is by no means to be held in contempt.

A Bachelor.

The stiff pedantic man of letters, whose erudition is overwhelming. He pores over his dusty volumes day and night, and has written folios upon every thing. But, though some fanciful ideas of astonishing the world, and leaving a great name behind him, pass through his brain, neither himself, poor man, nor yet the world, is ever the wiser for all his learned toil. He is tall and starved-looking, and extremely fantastic in his address. His conversation is incessant; and were it not so very dry, and tedious, and monotonous, one could almost enjoy the very absurdity of it. He fancies himself under the patronage of all the great personages in the realm, whom he

quotes upon all occasions; and he overpowers his auditory with high-sounding titles, and indigestible accounts of the marvellous proofs of favour he has received. He lives in an obscure, classical corner of the town; and a female, as eccentric-looking as himself, keeps house for him, and in her he has his only sincere admirer; for she implicitly believes all his wonderful recitals; and if she could be made to utter her mind on the subject (for she is as silent as he is loquacious), she would certainly pronounce him to be, in her estimation, the wisest and greatest man upon earth.

The following is the fortune that I had the luck to draw out of the Book:—

The character of a good wife cannot be delineated, she possesses so many minute, undefinable excellencies. He alone whose lot she blesses, can fully estimate her value; yea it is above rubies, and he feels it to be so. She is the sweetener of his whole existence. She is a judicious, disinterested counsellor to him; and, without attracting any notice to herself, she throws around his character a lustre that, without her, never would have appeared.

Some of them were eager for a last chance; but the sound of a gong, summoning us to dinner, broke up our play. The landlord had taken his station at the foot of the table, and we were happy and surprised to find that he had recovered his good humour; and,

as may be supposed, we all kept clear of any allusion to any subject which might recall what had passed. He himself seemed entirely to have forgotten it. But, the business of dinner being got over in the usual way, what was our amazement when he made the following astounding proposal. He prefaced it by saying, that he would have no more lotteries or chance-work — that he never could away with such practices, but he was exceedingly fond of match-making. Therefore, instead of drawing imaginary lots, as we had been doing, and as there was exactly the same number of ladies and gentlemen present, we should each choose a real partner, or rather that he would retain to himself the right of choosing for us, as his age and experience made him better able to judge, than what we were likely to do for ourselves. He farther proposed, that as there was a clergyman present, he should perform the ceremony immediately for the whole company, which he could do, except for himself, to be sure ; but, to clear away all impediments, he (our host) being a justice of the peace, would do that good office for *him*.

The fortunes in the book were nothing to this. The old gentleman seemed quite peremptory in what he said, and there was no appeal from it. I began to be in a panic ; for I had not much faith in our host's ability to make a judicious selection, and my only hope was, that the young Divine would protest against the irregularity of the proceeding. But he did not.

At that moment a circumstance came floating through my mind. I remembered, on an occasion, be-

ing present at the funeral of an obscure literary character, who having no natural friend to take charge, a man of business was employed to direct the whole affair. Every thing was conducted in the usual way ; but this man of the law had overlooked the propriety of inviting a Clergyman to officiate. There was in the company a Doctor of the English Church, a man of vast learning and venerable aspect, and whose whole appearance betokened that he led a life of exemplary self-denial and abstinence ; and it was charitably said of him, that he starved himself in order to give all that he had to feed the poor. When the omission was observed, he was requested to give a prayer ; and as he probably could not pray without a book, the reverend gentleman naturally asked for one ; but there was none in the house. The friends of the deceased being Presbyterians, begged that he would not use the prescribed form, but select from memory any thing that he thought suitable for the occasion. The worthy divine complied with the request ; and after reciting a considerable part of the morning service, ended with the prayers for the King and the high court of Parliament !

Now, as I said above, this scene came floating through my imagination ; and when I saw the old gentleman in the act of mustering the couples for the ceremony, I earnestly hoped that the young Divine would be in no better plight for want of his book ; and, as if every body knew what was passing in my mind, I exclaimed, " For any sake give us the prayers for his Majesty and the Parliament."

" We shall have every thing in due order," said

our entertainer. "I admire your loyalty, young man; and you must not imagine that I am otherwise than orthodox and loyal, although I assert my civil privileges; and this which I now claim is a privilege I use as occasion requires, without abusing it. I have a profound respect for the Church, although I do not belong to it. I have many reasons for respecting it. My Judith's mother, and my own mother, belonged to it, and they were patterns for all women—and as the most convincing proof of the truth of what I say, I here dispose of my daughter, in right of my parental authority to do so, to this young minister;" and, as he spoke, he joined their hands.

The company now began to claim their privileges as he had done his, and to make a clamour for their right of choosing for themselves. The long Captain declared that he would not submit to such arbitrary proceedings. "What!" cried he, "do you think that you are some feudal chief, and that we are your slaves, whom you may dispose of as you please?"

"I think I am nothing but what I am," replied the old gentleman, with unruffled composure; "I am the master of this house, and, as such, I may do in it as I think fit." And although the Captain threatened and remonstrated, our host perseveringly and coolly followed out his scheme.

I was in too great anxiety and fear about my own fate, to be able to take an interest in the arrangement of the other couples; all that I remember is, that I thought he selected the one of the company that I would have selected for myself, and unceremoniously handed her over to my sly neighbour John.

I now skulked into a corner, hoping to escape his notice, and slipped in behind the hangings of orange damask, where, as I strove to conceal myself among their ample folds, a wretched feeling of suffocation came over me ; but it was nothing to the dread of the unalterable miserable fate that I was trying to avoid. But the tyrannical old man dragged me from my hiding-place ; and I thought there seemed a roguish satisfaction in the countenance of Robert, when, after having the singular chance of being matched himself to his own mind, he watched the ill-assorted pairs our persecutor was mustering on the floor. And, moreover, I thought there was now more passiveness on the part of the victims themselves, when he intimated, that as he had settled on his daughter as much as was good for her, that he had plenty for them all besides ; for, indeed, his Judith, he said, was of herself a fortune, although she had not had a sixpence.

But an unlooked-for dilemma occurred. He found, as he made the couples range themselves along the room, that either he had miscounted, or that a lady had escaped, for there was one too few. The blooming good-humoured Catharine, he, with proper consistency, reserved for himself, but the Captain, and another, and myself, remained as yet undisposed of—and there were but two young ladies to choose upon. But he soon devised an expedient. He rang the bell, while he remarked that things were changed since his younger days—that it was customary now for gentlemen to marry their servants, or any body, in short—and that custom was

every thing. The dread of being singular in that respect was now removed, and that he himself was a man of liberal views, and changed them as circumstances changed.

A portly looking man, out of livery, shewed his person at the door to receive his commands.

"Send up," said our host, "any one of the girls in the hall that is at leisure."

"They would all be at leisure if they knew the errand," said the Captain.

In a few seconds, the door again opened, and in came a plain woman, not very young. As to what department she might hold in the house I cannot tell; but I strongly suspected that she belonged to the kitchen, from the smell of mutton grease that she introduced into the apartment. This was past endurance. I was in the act of rushing out, when the old man seized me by the coat, and in a paroxysm of fright I started from my sleep.

OCCASIONAL PIECES.

THE LOST CHILD.

WHERE is the loved one, where,
That made on earth a heaven ?
At home ? He is not there,
But far away by fortune driven,
A deathful sky hath stilled the breast
That would not in its own land rest.

Was there no place for thee
By the paternal hearth,
That thou must 'tempt the sea
And wander o'er the earth ?
Was there no garland here that thou
Mightst cull to deck thy youthful brow ?

There was for thee a prize —
But thou wouldst turn away,
To seek a wreath of richer dies,
And leave the laurel to decay :
Thou yearn'dst to pluck the eastern bloom,
But found the cypress and a tomb !

Why bends that lofty form ?
The work time hath not done.
Why on that front a storm ?
'Twas thou, his only son ;
And bitter words betray the smart
Of baffled hopes and breaking heart.

What quenched the sunshine of that eye ?
What furrowed that pale brow ?
What made it all her hope to die ?
'Twas thou, her son, 'twas thou, —
The radiant infant she hath pressed,
Enraptured, to her flowing breast.

Her gentle head now lies to sleep,
And he is left alone ;
His is the eye that cannot weep,
But all its fire is gone :
A dreadful calm is settled there :
'Tis not submission, but despair !

A FRIEND'S PRAYERS.

ARE we to spend a few short years
With those we love, 'mid smiles and tears,
In this sad sinful scene,
And then to part, when parts the breath,
And pass away to hopeless death,
As if we ne'er had been ?

This may the worldling's friendship be,
But 'tis not such I bear to thee ;
Nor could my soul endure
The thought, that those whom here I love
I should not meet in bliss above,
Where all is bright and pure.

Oft when I have, in thoughtful mood,
Sought out some shady solitude,
With heaven to commune there,
Where not a mortal eye might see,
God knows with what intensity
I breathed the silent prayer.

He heard alone the deep-drawn sigh ;
Alone He saw the tearful eye —

 The yearnings of the heart,
For all the friends that He hath given
To cheer the narrow path to heaven,
 Of whom thou dearest art.

And dost thou ask me what might be
The blessings that I craved for thee,
 In these calm solemn hours ?

'Twas not that thou, on pleasure's wing,
Might'st revel in perpetual spring,
 'Midst gay Idalian bowers.

'Twas not that thou mightst smoothly glide
Through life, as on a silvery tide,
 Without a ruffled wave ;
Skies cloudless — fairy coasts in view —
Light-hearted, midst a laughing crew,
 Then sink into the grave.

Nay — the All-merciful, the Meek,
Has taught me other boons to seek
 Than what this world can yield :
'Twas not soft ease I sought for thee,
But to gird on the panoply
 Of Heaven, and take the field !

The Christian will not, dare not rest —
His life's a warfare at the best ;

Nor is the battle fought
Whilst there's one enemy in view,
Whilst there's one passion to subdue,
Or one rebellious thought.

Still for thee, dearest ! would I pray,
And humbly hope to see the day
That thou, on truth intent,
Wilt *more* than bear the Christian name,
And give what Sacred Records claim —
A *more* than cold assent.

" Give me thy heart," saith God, from heaven :
Oh ! may all thine to Him be given !—
He will thy love repay ;
Thy idols, whatsoe'er they be, —
Self — prejudice — philosophy —
O'erthrown, be cast away.

These are my prayers for thee, my friend,
When all my heart's desires ascend
Up to the Mercy Seat :
Oh, how would flow the joyful tear,
To see thee meekly sit to hear
The truth at Jesu's feet !

TO ISABELLA.

1st January 1832.

SWEET sister of my heart, I still with tears,
When none may see,
Think of the friendship of our tender years —
Thy love to me.

There's nought below, that with affection's eye
I gaze upon,
But, like the sunshine of a winter sky,
Is quickly gone.

Sweet sister ! once the idol of my heart,
Soon called away ;
When the decree came forth that we must part,
Thou might'st not stay.

Why came it like a shock ? I might have known,
Too well beloved,
That what I so had fixed my heart upon
Would be removed.

Sweet, loved companion ! nought within my heart
Was hid from thee ;
To thee alone I could each thought impart
So fearlessly.

I wander sad, upon my lonely way,
But thee resign,
Till at the dawning of eternal day
Thou shalt be mine.

Sweet sister ! much-admired one ! many a breast
Has throbb'd for thee ;
But thou art happy in thy place of rest —
Thou'rt safe, thou'rt free.

What weariness of earth and all its woes,
Hath made me weep,
Since thou, my loved-one, in the grave's repose
Wast laid to sleep !

Oh ! this a dreary wilderness of sighs
Hath been to me,
That makes me long to close my weary eyes,
And rest with thee.

HORACE, ODE XI. BOOK III.

HYPERMNESTRA'S ADDRESS TO LYNCEUS.

" Surge, quæ dixit," &c.

Rise up, my love, ere break of day,
Rise up, sweet love, and haste away,
Lest, smote by one thou ne'er couldst dread,
Death's endless sleep, bow down thy head.
Rise up, my love ! O leave me now —
Defeat my parent's bloody vow ;
Fly, if thou wouldst the snare evade
By my false, impious, sisters laid :
As beasts of prey, with fury fraught,
Rend the young victims they have caught.

But soft emotions melt my heart :
I could not strike thee — rise, depart.
Because I've spared thee, let my Sire
Wreak on me all his fiercest ire ;
Yea, let him bind my limbs in chains —
I'll bear for thee the direst pains ;
Or let him drive his wayward child
To die in some Numidian wild.

Haste, haste, while night a shelter lends —
Fly, while soft love thy life defends ;
Oh, haste away, ere morning light,
And friendly fate direct thy flight !

Go ! Fare thee well — all good attend,
Best blessings on thy head descend, —
Haste, dearest love, and when thou'rt gone,
Think, think of her thou'st left alone ;
And, Oh ! when death has laid me low,
Grave on my tomb my tale of woe.

STANZAS.

Who feels not, in his gayest hour,
Some sad forebodings of to-morrow ;
Some real woe's corroding power,
Or some imagined theme of sorrow ?

When health apparent decks the face,
And joy around the heart seems playing,
No eye the inward blight can trace,
That gnaws the vitals fast decaying.

And when bright smiles the cheek adorn,
And gaudy splendour round is shining,
We wot not that the heart's forlorn,
And all in hopelessness repining.

We could not guess its countless sighs,
When all the thoughtless world is sleeping ;
And that those radiant smiling eyes,
Are tears of untold anguish weeping.

When grief is seen, we bear a part,
And tender sympathy betoken ;
But many a sorrow rends the heart,
That ne'er was soothed, and ne'er was spoken.

PSALM LXXX.

IMITATED FROM BUCHANAN.

"Hebraei generis Pastor," &c.

GREAT Shepherd Thou of Israel's chosen race,
Who like a flock hast led them forth with care,
Whose glory shadowed ~~the~~ the holy place,
When thou, in answer to thy people's prayer,
Gav'st out bright tokens of thy presence there :
O manifest that glory as of old ;
Cause them to see the brightness of thy face ;
Do thou thy power and majesty unfold,
And with thy out-stretched hand the bowed down
uphold.

Oh that thou wouldst, in thy paternal love,
Cause on us now the light of life to shine,
Regard thy chosen ones from heaven above,
And give assurance that they still are thine !
Lord God Omnipotent ! doth wrath divine
Against us still unmitigated burn ?
Wilt thou no more a pitying ear incline,
Nor to thy flock with wonted favour turn,
But all their humble prayers in anger seem to spurn ?

Thou hast to us the bread of sorrow given ;
Tears is our bitter portion, day by day ;
And as we seem forsaken now of Heaven,
The Gentiles round have made of us a prey :
Our foes triumphantly the strife survey,
While they divide the spoil. Now, now arise !
To us the brightness of thy face display —
Thou who sendst out the armies of the skies,
And recompense at length thy people's injuries !

Lord, it was Thou that broughtest up a vine
From out of Egypt, and, with tender care,
Mad'st room before it ; — for thy hand divine
For the loved sapling did the soil prepare,
Nor Thou a single heathen branch wouldst spare,
But of their roots corrupt mad'st clear the ground,
Forthwith thy chosen vine implanted there,
For rich increase, a genial climate found ;
And its luxuriant shade soon filled the land around.

Yea, o'er the mountain tops it raised its head ;
Its boughs like stately cedar trees ascend ;
Far as the ocean's shore its branches spread,
And to Euphrates its young shoots extend.
But He who planted ceaseth to defend ;
Her hedges are broke down, and torn away —
Why wilt Thou, Lord, no more thy succour lend ?
Why leave unfenced thy cherished vine a prey,
That every vagrant band may it in ruins lay ?

The wild boar tramples down and lays it waste ;
The wild fowl revel on its vintage fair ;
Each savage from the wood, in reckless haste,
Comes with destructive rage that will not spare ;
And dost Thou still, Almighty Lord, forbear ?
Let pity move Thee to look down once more
Thy solitary vineyard to repair !
Oh, grant what we so earnestly implore :
Behold the vine Thou rearedst, and lovedst so well
before !

Look, we entreat Thee, on the branch that grew
Invulnerably strong beneath thine eye :
It rose renowned in all the nations' view,
Because its guardian was the Lord most high —
But now in dust our boasted honours lie ;
Devouring flames encompass us around ;
We're rooted up in wrath, all recklessly,
And the destroying axe's dismal sound
Proclaims that righteous vengeance lays us with the
ground.

Let the All-merciful, Eternal God,
Look on the Man to whom he conquest gave,
And take from us the fierce avenging rod
That threatens with an everlasting grave !
Behold the Mighty One, that's strong to save,
And reconcile thee to thy chosen race !
Oh ! raise us up, that we new life may have,
And see again the brightness of thy face,
And evermore rejoice in thy reviving grace !

THE PENITENT'S CONFESSION.

A SINNER, Lord, of sinners, I
Unto thy footstool now draw nigh.
No outward act, no thought within,
But what has been defiled by sin.

Guilt's stamped upon my blushing brow :
Forbear to strike in vengeance now ;
Oh God ! a moment's respite give,
And let a trembling rebel live !

Were I to prison dragged away,
Till I the utmost farthing pay,
Lord, when wouldst thou thine anger cease ?
Thy debtor, when wouldst thou release ?

When might I to thy presence go,
And say, I've paid thee all I owe ?
When might I say, I am forgiven,
And now may claim a place in heaven ?

When countless ages had gone past,
Still would the dungeon door be fast ;
Still should my captive soul be there,
In chains of darkness and despair.

Source of all bliss and glory Thou !
Now is the time of pardon, now ;
Now would I claim that heavenly grace
Thou'st promised to our fallen race !

Jesus ! our God's eternal Son !
But for the triumphs thou hast won,
Ours were a life of toil and care,
A death of anguish and despair.

Lord ! but for thee, what creature here
Before his Maker dare appear ?
And but for thee, in flesh arrayed,
Vain were the prayers by sinners made.

Oh ! but for thee, we should have known,
Nought but the terrors round the throne ;
The darkness, blent with gleaming fire,
Awakenings of the Almighty's ire.

And but for thee, blest Son of God !
We should have felt the avenger's rod,
Doomed, through eternal years, to mourn
The fatal day when we were born !

TIME SHALL BE NO MORE !

A DAY shall arrive — the last and the greatest,
When pardoning mercy hath spared to the latest,
And, perished the trophies erected by man,
Earth turns like the void ere creation began.

When earth's latest music hath melted away
On the fresh breezy dawning of nature's last day,
And the minstrel, unconscious the strain is his last,
Hath swept the harp strings, and their thrilling is past ;

And he that o'er gay summer fields hath been straying,
With light heart dilated, and wild fancy playing,
Hath gazed on the scene he must gaze on no more,
That seemed more inspiring than ever before :

As when fondly we near some dear dying one stay,
And mark when the spirit is hastening away,
The last gleam of life on the parting saint's face —
A holy expression no pencil can trace.

When the last Sabbath bell hath assembled the throng,
To raise in God's temple the last mortal song ;
When the last Gospel message hath broke on the ear,
To warn of danger and waken to fear ;

And the blessing of peace been pronounced for the last,
And the season of grace and repentance is past ;
And when closed is for ever the hallowed door,
To open a refuge for sinners no more ;

When the sun hath imprinted on nature's sweet face
A lover's enraptured, but farewell embrace,
And shrouded in darkness withdraws from the sky,
In token that ONE more resplendent is nigh ;

And we springing up, where we soundly lay sleeping,
Midst shouting for joy, and wailing and weeping ;—
Shall I on that morning awake from the dust
A sinner unpardoned, or rise with the just ?

HORACE, ODE XIV. BOOK II.

"Eheu, fugaces," &c.

How years in swift succession pass away !
Nor piety itself averts our doom ; —
The ills of age — the marks of sad decay —
Nor saves one pleading victim from the tomb.

Vain is the blood upon the altar shed,
Though man the nightly sacrifice renews —
Implacable, the Ruler of the dead
The unprevailing offering sternly views.

For all that now this spacious earth sustains —
From him that bends beneath oppression's rod,
To him that o'er the yielding nation reigns —
Must share alike the spirit's last abode.

Vain is our joy, when war is heard no more,
To think man has a respite from the grave ;
Vainly secure we bless the peaceful shore,
Safe from the storms that swell the treach'rous
wave.

In vain we shun with dread the infected air,
 Lest of our cheek it blight the healthful glow ;
 Inevitable fate leads on to where
 Death's deep, dark streams, in sullen windings flow.

Then all thou valuedst, all thou lovedst so well,
 With all the joys thy cheerful home e'er gave,
 Must be relinquished, when thy soul shall dwell
 In awful solitude beyond the grave.

And not a tree that bloomed beneath thy care,
 Whose living green, well-pleased, thine eye surveyed,
 Save the dull cypress, tends its master there,
 To lend his sepulchre a doleful shade.

Thy worthier heir, profuse, consumes the hoard
 A hundred locks in vain secured before ;
 And richer never graced a Pontiff's board,
 Than thy Campanian wines, that stain the floor.

REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD.

Too soon I found I was not here to dwell,
When all was taken that I loved too well ;
Too soon I found this was no place of rest :
My youthful friends, the loveliest and the best,
Dropped from my side, and I, through endless tears,
Viewed the dimmed prospect of my early years.
Of many a loved one have I been bereft,
And oft I've trembling asked why I was left.
Oh ! how unceasing flowed the bitter tide,
When she I loved most vanished from my side !
Nor can I yet, though many a year's gone by,
Think of that dear one, but with streaming eye.
To all my ardent hopes what blight was given
By that severe, but just decree of heaven !
Light was my heart till then — too light for earth,
For I remember well our cheerful hearth,
When all I loved was circled round, and I
Knew not the meaning of a heartfelt sigh.

This world appeared a thousand times more fair
Than when I found it was a place of care ;
Birds, fields, and airy blossoms, shaded streams,
Fulfilled my hopes, and all my golden dreams.

How would I gaily nature's sweets pursue,
 Found in her cultured plains and deserts too !
 A sunny morn, a shade at sultry hour,
 And the rare treasure of a moorland flower,
 Filled with ecstatic joy my youthful heart,
 Ere of affliction it had felt the smart,
 I heard, and wept to hear, of human woe,
 But thought 'twas something I should never know.

I've heard at eve, when strolling in the wood,
 The parent mourning for its rifled brood ;
 I've found the unfledged nestling some rude boy
 Had stolen, and tortured with destructive joy.
 And then I wept ; for, ah ! the time hath been
 When such was all of suffering I had seen.
 Or it hath chanced, that some sad-plighted child
 Had rambled in a thorny thicket wild ;
 I've met the crying straggler all forlorn,
 With garments rent, and hands and bosom torn ;
 I stemmed the bleeding hands, I wiped her face,
 And questioned of her name and dwelling-place.
 This was a scene not soon to be forgot ;
 I soothed and led her to her parent's cot ;
 I warmly pled her cause, and would compose
 The half-feigned wrath that in the mother rose ;
 I lingered till the anger would subside,
 Lest she might still the little truant chide.
 I well remember, such a scene as this
 Was all that chequered those young days of bliss.

But suddenly the airy spell was broke —
 I from the dream of happiness awoke ;

106 REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD.

Tears, bitter tears — a sad incessant shower,
Fell down my face, that smiled not from that hour.
By sad experience, I've been taught to know
What is the bitterness of human woe !
And did I murmur ? No ! I thank my God,
I felt all humbled by the chastening rod.
I acquiesced, whatever me befel :
I knew 'twas Thou who hast done all things well ;
I felt 'twas all in tenderness of love,
To draw my youthful heart to thee above.
And, Oh my God ! take what thou wilt away,
And leave me nothing but the power to pray ;
Yea, cast me out to wander, and to die,
But leave the consciousness that thou art nigh !
Still would I feel that all is thy decree,
To make me cling with fonder trust to thee.

PSALM CXXXVII.

IMITATED FROM BUCHANAN.

"Dum procul a Patria," &c.

On the banks of Euphrates we sat to bemoan
Our glory departed, our kingdom o'erthrown ;
And we, the proud children of Judah before,
Now slaves to the tyrant, and honoured no more.

Not our own, but the fate of Jerus'lem, we wailed,
When we thought on her temple and altars assailed,
To the servants of Belus become an abode —
Bereaved of her sons, and forsaken of God !

All tuneless our harps on the willows were hung —
We thought the last hymn of our country was sung ;
And the loud lamentations and weeping expressed
The sad recollections that troubled our breast.

Behold what the fierce Babylonian demands,
Who had ravaged our fields, and unpeopled our lands,
That we, his sad captives, in thralldom should raise
A measure of Salem, a sweet song of praise !

Can melody flow from the spirit oppress'd ?
Can we sing as when Israel was envied and blest ?
Thou Gentile profane, shall we tune to thine ear
The song that our God condescended to hear ?

O Solyma blest ! with thy hallowed shrine,
O'ershadowed by radiance of glory divine,
If thy sacred image depart from my mind,
Let my harp to oblivion be ever consigned !

And the tongue that was wont to accomp'ny the
 strain,
All parched as the desert, ne'er waken again,
And my heart be as cheerless as region untrod,
If the joy of that heart be not Zion and God.

Be mindful, O God ! of our enemy's joy,
When the foe, like a blast, come our land to destroy :
To ruin, cries Edom, let Zion be driven —
Erased from the earth, and the outcast of Heaven !

Thou, Babel accursed, though so boasted thy powers,
Destruction awaits thee more deadly than ours ;
And blest shall he be, who with strength from the
 Lord
Is anointed to punish with rapine and sword.

Nor shall he from slaughter and vengeance forbear,
But, deaf to the anguish of childless despair,
With fury relentless shall tear from the breast,
And dash on the pavement, thy infants unblest.

THE BAPTISMAL VOW.

I MADE a vow to live and die
 The servant of the Lord Most High;
 And Oh ! to hear me thus declare,
 What awful witnesses were there !
 The Lord Jehovah, just and true,
 And men, and holy angels too.

I promised, in the Saviour's might,
 Against the flesh and sin to fight,
 And, onward by his banner led,
 To bruise the guileful tempter's head.
 I vowed that every rebel thought
 Should captive to his law be brought.

I vowed that, when the world beguiles,
 I should resist its deadly wiles ;
 I vowed 'to hold, with steadfast zeal,
 The faith his oracles reveal ;
 I vowed through life and death to tread
 The holy way that Jesus led.

O God, my strength ! assist me still
 That sacred promise to fulfil ;
 Be with me, lest my courage fail —
 Be with me, lest the foe prevail —
 Uphold me till the fight be o'er,
 And sinful powers assault no more.

HYMN.

EACH secret sin, Oh! dearest Lord,
That lurks within my heart,
Compel, by thy Almighty word,
Thence ever to depart.

How can I love thee as I ought,
Or think to do thy will,
If I indulge one sinful thought,
And grieve thy Spirit still?

Humble and watchful would I be ; —
And still to good inclin'd ;
And daily grow more like to thee
In purity of mind.

What could earth's wisdom me avail ?
To what its honours tend,
If I in one known duty fail,
Or wilfully offend ?

Yea, Lord, to slight the least command,
Which by thy Word is given,
Draws down just vengeance from thy hand,
And shall exclude from Heaven.

H Y M N.

OH Lord ! thou source of pure delight,
 My heart's desires in thee unite ;
 My morning thoughts ascend to thee —
 At noonday hours thou'rt still with me ;
 And when I lay me down to rest,
 Still with thee is my mind possess'd ;
 My midnight dreams bespeak thee near,
 Thy form I see, thy voice I hear.

I've lov'd thee since my infant heart
 Could in thy praises bear a part ;
 And from that helpless hour till this —
 Thou overflowing source of bliss ! —
 I've humbly worshipped at thy feet,
 And found my hopes in thee complete.
 I would not lay thy favour down
 To be enwreathed with many a crown ;

Earth's brightest laurels can impart
 No lasting gladness to the heart.
 To have thy guidance day by day,
 And thee to hear me when I pray,
 And thee to soothe me when I weep,
 And thee to guard me when I sleep,
 Is all, dear Lord ! my heart's desire,
 And all the sinner's wants require.

STANZAS.

WHEN pale disease is o'er me spread,
 And languor dims my closing eye,
 And mourning friends have smoothed my bed,
 And I have laid me down to die,
 And all that charmed my youthful heart,
 Like fleeting dreams of morn depart —

My God, in that dread hour, be nigh !
 Thou, thou alone, canst succour bring,
 The tempter's malice to defy,
 And pluck from death its poisoned sting.
 Sin's latest struggle, Lord, subdue,
 And death's dark flood, O lead me through !

Almighty Friend ! should fears prevail,
 Do thou my fainting spirit cheer ;
 For what can mortal strength avail,
 When more than mortal foe is near ?
 When Satan, watching for a prey,
 Would snatch a trembling soul away.

TO THE MEMORY OF A —
 YOUNGEST SON OF COLONEL — OF —

WHO DIED IN PRINCE OF WALES' ISLAND.

WHEN imaged oft in mem'ry's eye,
 The scenes ere childhood had gone by,
 In that sweet place where all my care
 Was bent on flowers that withered there —
 (And still is dear a leaf decayed
 That once hath decked its summer shade) —
 I see that loved, light-hearted boy,
 Partaker of our early joy ;
 But o'er the retrospective scene
 A melancholy darkness lies,
 And the deep shades that intervene,
 Are parted friends and broken ties.

The voice of mirth — the cheering glow
 That's kindled in the festive bower,
 Shall soon be changed to scenes of woe,
 For 'tis some dear one's dark death hour.

And soon shall fade the sparkling joy
That animates the mother's eye,
When, telling of her healthful boy,
He droops beneath a foreign sky !
In an Indian isle, far o'er the deep,
The Genius of Death a garland weaves ;
In a sunless bower, retired to weep,
He twines it of the cypress leaves.

On dingy wings, contagion dire,
With blasting influence, is flying,
And breathes the fever's deadly fire —
The dark-haired stranger-youth is dying.
O'er his flushed cheek, the nervous tear
Falls burning from his vivid eye,
Where not a relative is near
To smooth his bed — to see him die.

When fancy paints each scene anew,
Of friends and native plain afar,
He feels as if his last adieu,
While gazing on a setting star,
Were borne upon its parting ray,
And hopes his mother's watchful eye
May first behold it far away,
When rising in their northern sky.
And in short painful heavings now,
His soul is struggling to be free ;
The grave's cold dews are on his brow —
Bless him that wipes them tenderly !
And thanks to Heaven, then to prepare
One stranger's heart to kindness there.

Now dawning of immortal smiles,
The tremour of his soul beguiles,
Though dim to earth, his heavenward eye
Beholds a glowing Eden sky,
And mildly o'er his changeful face,
Peace beams, with new, celestial grace;
And even there seemed a holy ray
To linger o'er his lifeless clay.

Perchance, at home, the father's prayer
May then be rising for his son,
That heaven his fav'rite child would spare,
Whose life immortal has begun.
Moment of death, how fraught art thou,
With cause of joy — with cause of pain!
'Tis then grief shrouds the parent's brow —
'Tis then, in heaven, a festal strain
Welcomes the ransomed spirit free,
To mansions of eternity!
Thus, when beneath the midnight sky,
The storm is raving loud and wild,
Tears fall from many a sleepless eye,
And wanders many a homeless child.
In other climes, the glowing sun
O'er summer fields is shed serene,
Where blithely is the day begun,
And joy pervades the blooming scene.

Well may incessant tears be shed
O'er the undutiful, when dead:
But he was not a wayward son,
And he hath early glory won;

For Consolation, from the skies,
Stoops down, and bids your mourning cease ;
And, as parental tears arise,
She whispers, that he died in peace.
She, soothing tells — one friend was near,
By him to watch — with him to pray —
And with the Word of Life to cheer
His lonely death-bed, far away ;
And filled with gratitude and love,
As God unveiled his perfect ways,
His spirit sought the courts above,
To render Him more ardent praise.

HORACE, ODE XXII. BOOK I.

"Integer Vitæ," &c.

To him of upright soul, by virtue steeled,
 Vain is the aid that martial weapons yield :
 He, undismayed, can smile upon the dart
 That, winged with death, is pointed to his heart.
 And he is safe, though doomed to distant lands —
 Safe 'midst the fatal shoals or burning sands ; —
 Safe on the mountains with eternal snows,
 Or in the land where famed Hydaspes flows.

For, as I wandered in the Sabine grove,
 Without a thought of care, entrancing love
 Inspired me. I unconsciously prolong
 My devious course — my fairest was my song.
 Defenceless, I a hungry wolf espy
 Glare on me fiercely with devouring eye ;
 But suddenly the savage, seized with dread,
 To dark recesses of the forest fled.
 No creature more ferocious e'er invades
 The folds, by night, from Daunia's beechen shades :
 And Libya's wilds ne'er nursed a beast of prey
 More terrible than this that crossed my way.

Let me be placed even in those sterile plains
Where a malignant, sluggish nature reigns —
Where not a verdant shrub we can descry
To lend a shade or ease the aching eye,
And not a breeze to cool the noxious air,
Or fan the pilgrim, that is dying there ;
Place me where bleak tempestuous regions lie,
Beneath the influence of an evil sky ;
Place me where Phœbus, with untempered ray,
Sheds on the earth intolerable day —
Where scarce a shower e'er glads the accursed
ground,
And not a trace of human foot is found —
Still shall my heart to her with transport beat,
Whose smile is Heaven, whose voice is music sweet.

TO THE REDEEMER.

Joy of the saint, since e'er the world began !
 Theme of the bard's seraphic lyre of old !
 Restorer, Saviour, Friend of wretched man,
 Whom every eye was eager to behold —
 Whom every tongue shall own, as seer hath told,
 When all dominion under thee is cast,
 And thou unshaded glory shalt unfold —
 Desire of every land, from first to last,
 Throughout all time to come, as in all ages past !

When, pierced with thorns, thy holy temples bled,
 And dying anguish quenched thy radiant eye,
 When thou, all-patient, meekly bowed thy head,
 And uttered forth that last embittered cry,
 And thy sad mother, watching thee, was nigh,
 The Eternal viewed from Heaven his dying Son,
 And in that hour of unknown agony,
 Declared that thou the crown of life hadst won,
 When thou proclaimedst on earth, redemption's work
 was done.

Thou wast all lovely, when, despised and lone,
 Thou leftst the glories of thy native skies,
 And wander'dst in this earth, though all thine own,
 A homeless stranger in the humblest guise,
 Submissive to reproach and injuries ;
 And, oft repulsed by men's ungodly scorn,
 Thou pass'dst the dreary night in tears and sighs,
 In some dark wilderness, where, all forlorn,
 Thou sought'st a place to pray, to meditate, and
 mourn.

Thou wast all lovely in the prophet's eye,
 When by the Spirit he could sing of thee,
 And through dark ages could his God descry,
 In that rejected One that was to be
 Creation's heir from all eternity !
 Though man in thee no loveliness could trace,
 The day draws near when every eye shall see
 The once despised-one of the human race
 Full of Almighty power, and dignity, and grace.

Jehovah ! terrible in wrath art thou !
 Who may abide thee in that awful day,
 When humbled nations shall before thee bow,
 And own the yoke they now have cast away ?
 And they who spurned thy love in fear obey ?
 When the dread tempest of thine ire at last
 Sweeps the wide wondering earth resistlessly.
 Oh ! hide, till all thy fury be o'erpast,
 Thine own, beneath thy wings, safe nestled from the
 blast !

Oh, best-belovèd ! noblest theme of song !
Who all the paths of human woe hast trod ;
To thee all homage, love and praise belong,
For thou hast borne for us the Avenger's rod ;
Thou led'st triumphant to the mount of God,
When thou achieved'st thy pilgrimage of pain ;
And when thy ransomed gain that blest abode,
No tempter dare assault their glorious reign ;
No cherub's flaming brand shall drive them forth
again.

Yea, thou delight of every heart ! in thee
Truth, light, perfection, love, are all combined ;
Pledge of our life of immortality,
Sole, perfect portion of the aspiring mind !
The countless myriads sprung of human kind
Have wandered seeking rest, since time began,
In the dark maze of superstition blind ;
And wisdom still devises many a plan,
But where, except in thee, is happiness for man ?

I, too, with weary step and anxious thought,
And many a wayward flight on fancy's wing,
For happiness in mortal joys have sought —
Destructive joys that left a burning sting ;
For what on earth can unpained pleasure bring ?
'Tis not the gay of heart's fantastic round —
'Tis not the sweets of love, as poets sing,
Where pure, serene, internal peace is found,
Like summer eve's soft sunlight, slumbering on the
ground.

'Tis not some wild enthusiastic flight,
Some gleam of hope illusive, undefined,
Some fitful flash of self-deceiving light
That kindles in the proud fanatic's mind,
Urging to godless zeal — destructive, blind;
But 'tis a sweet release from power of sin,
With lowliness and gratitude combined,
A calm, surpassing words, that dwells within —
Foretastes of endless bliss that now on earth begin.

When the worn soldier homeward bends his way
And the gay city's pageant meets his eye,
He stops no regal dwelling to survey,
Nor courteous greetings pays, but hastens by,
Heedless of all — for now his rest is nigh;
He pants to clasp the objects of his heart,
Home all his thought, and each endearing tie;
And while one pace continues him to part,
Of wounds and weary feet he feels no burning smart.

Thus on the weary soul, by sin oppressed,
No pleasure can the pomps of life bestow,
But on it hastens to its place of rest,
Distasteful of the allurements here below,
And scarcely feels the throbs of earthly woe,
In eager yearnings to behold the face
Of Thee, the only friend that sinners know,
And to repose in thy divine embrace —
Jesus, the weary's home, and blissful resting-place !

MRS. CUNNINGHAME'S
GRANDCHILDREN.

MRS. CUNNINGHAME'S GRANDCHILDREN.

PART I.

HOUSE-TICKETING.

"The golden age, it is but too true, is not the lot of the generation in which we live: but, if it is to be found in any part of the track marked out for human existence, it will be found, I trust, not in any part which is past, but in some part which is to come."

BENTHAM.

A COMBINATION of all qualifications for usefulness is never to be found in the possession of one person. Wealth, influence, physical ability to endure laborious exertions, and, above all, that moral energy which seems to redouble its vigour as difficulties arise, and, like faith, to remove mountains, are in rare instances concentrated;—a proof that it is intended that men should act in concert, in order to promote the general good. Every man possessing health of body, and soundness of mind, may

render himself useful in some way. But even he who possesses the most extensive means, and who conscientiously endeavours to employ them, must often be impressed with an humbling sense of his own individual insignificance, and the feebleness of human efforts.

There are few who do all that is in their power. The world is overrun with dilatory and selfish people, and the misery which they occasion to themselves, as well as to others, is incalculable. The dilatory man lets run to ruin the affairs of those who have the misfortune to commit them to his trust; and as regards himself, he doubtless risks his own soul, for there is nothing he takes so leisurely as the work of repentance. The selfish man may not be quite so unprofitable a member of the community. His spiritual concerns, to be sure, are not in a much more hopeful way than those of the procrastinator; but as he is in general alert in looking after his own worldly interests, he may possibly do you a service, if there be the smallest chance of any benefit resulting from it ultimately to himself. But this need never be expected from the dilatory man, who takes in hand a hundred things, about which he gives himself no farther concern, and which will probably never occur to his mind again, until, perhaps, a hundred years after, when, in another state of existence, he has abundant leisure to take a retrospect of all that he has left undone in this.

On a windy day, about the beginning of winter, in the year 18—, an aged female was seen tottering along an unfrequented street in Edinburgh, and

holding occasionally by the railings, to save herself from being blown over. She was a poor emaciated creature, with a toy and a black riband on her head, and about her shoulders a wretched shred of a brown mantle, which partly concealed her short-gown of old-fashioned calico, and blue petticoat.

Behind her walked a young lady, who had also considerable difficulty in keeping her feet. A sudden gust of wind at an angle of the street threw the poor old creature down. The lady hastened to her assistance. Two or three other passengers soon collected on the spot, and the poor woman was set on her feet again, but so stunned that she scarcely had strength to move along. A butcher's boy, who had come with the others to assist, cheerfully undertook, at the request of the lady, to help her home, no doubt looking forward to the reward that awaited him for his humane and obliging conduct. The young lady followed to the domicile of the poor old creature. It was a miserable dungeon of a place, in a range of mean red-tiled houses. The old woman with difficulty got down the two or three steps at her own door, which seemed rather the entrance to a dark cellar than to a dwelling-house; and the young man having carefully deposited his charge, lingered about, and looked inquiringly at the lady; but what was his disappointment, when he only received a smile, and look of approbation. "You are a shabby one," thought he to himself, as he sullenly trudged back to his master, repenting of his simplicity for having rendered his services for nought.

The lady entered the wretched dwelling. Besides

the old creature already described, another female, older, and still more helpless and infirm, was there. This was her aunt. She was afflicted with asthma and rheumatism — diseases contracted by long residence in this low, damp hovel with its clay floor. The lady, without inquiring into their circumstances, hurried away, promising to call for them next day.

The history of these two individuals was no uncommon one. They had come to penury in the usual way by which the working class decline from a state of comparative comfort to one of absolute destitution. Their last and only means of support was now withdrawn. Owing to some change in the administration of the poor-rates, the scanty out-pension they had from the work-house was taken from them. Such of their neighbours as sympathised with them in this calamity, gave abundance of advice, but little assistance. They directed the old woman to go to the different official persons who had the management of the poor's money, and represent their case; for no one doubted that it must have been through some oversight, or mis-statement of their circumstances, that their names were struck off the list. Accordingly, the niece, day after day, wandered about from this one to the other, and was sent here and there; for each one who condescended to give her an answer at all, said that she had applied at the wrong place, and that she was misinformed if she thought that he had any thing to do with it; and she hung on for hours at the poor-house gate, waiting for redress, but no one attended to her. Her petition for relief was a dirty ill-spelt scrawl, in form of a letter. It

was rejected as informal, and she was making her way home with a sore heart after all this fruitless labour, when the disaster above related happened.

Something like a ray of hope gladdened the two helpless old women, when the lady volunteered to repeat her visit. They had heard a great deal about benevolent ladies, although none had ever found her way to their out-of-the-way place; but they had no doubt that this was one, and that something would be done for them; and their spirits revived, and the natural love of life returned. For, the night before — and a long dark night of despondency it was — they had both agreed that this was a weary, weary world, which they were willing to leave at the earliest summons, and they could leave it with the greater comfort because they were in nobody's debt.

According to her promise, the young lady called next day. It was at their dinner hour. They were seated on the hearth. A basin, with about a gill of skim-milk in it, was placed before them, upon a low stool, and each stooping forward with her elbows resting on her knees, dipped the potato she held in her hand into the liquid. Potatoes and milk were a very good meal, if there had been plenty of them. But the extreme scantiness of the portion, and the look of starvation in the old women's countenances, and the cheerless appearance of their dwelling, which was so damp that at one corner there was a hole dug in the floor, and a barrel sunk into it, to drain off the water, to be emptied, of course, as it collected there, made it altogether a scene of greater poverty and discomfort than is often to be met with.

This visit ended like the former. The lady went away, and offered no relief, and promised none. The poor old creatures were now in despair. They bemoaned their situation, and each brought to the recollection of the other, passages in their early history which betokened better prospects, and a less desolate old age — and they crept into their miserable pallet as soon as the day declined; for they had neither fire nor light to induce them to sit up. But they went not to sleep. Then came on the asthmatic cough, and the gnawing rheumatic pains, and the cravings of hunger, and the restlessness and shivering coldness, and numbness of limbs, and anxieties of heart, and despondency, and weariness of life; and withal unpreparedness to die. "It is desirable to be drawn, not driven out of the world."

At an early hour the following day, the stranger again paid them a visit, and she seemed like a person in earnest about their welfare. She inquired more particularly into their circumstances. A tale of poverty is soon told. Their wants appeared many, but their wishes were very moderate. They desired to have nothing but what had been taken from them — their *benefices* from the parish — and if they could only work, they would not even ask that. The niece, who was spokeswoman, told, in a manner and with feelings peculiarly Scotch, of the independence in which they had always lived, and that they owed nothing, and were under no obligations to any body. But the other woman, rather with the desire of stating plain facts, than from any feeling of gratitude for the gift of the scanty garment she described, re-

minded her niece that she had received, on some occasion which she did not specify, *a bit flannin coat, wi' scarce thres half-breeds in't*, which was so *struit when it was on, that it shreadit up*, whenever she offered to *git her fit outwaer* the door step, which she (the niece) need not forget. But this was all they ever got, that they did not work for. As to them working now, it was out of the question, as any one might see from their age and infirmities.

Some people consider and reconsider, and inquire and investigate, before they give any thing away in charity to the poor, lest a bad use should be made of it. It was no prudential motive of that kind which actuated Miss Dennistoun on this occasion; but the fact was, she had nothing to give. She, and her family, like the two helpless objects before her, were deprived of all that they had. To give an account of the various devices of the law to drain people's pockets, while it professes to recover their property — and the promptness with which business is pushed on, as long as there is one part of an estate to throw away in quest of another — and then the tardiness when the pockets of the client are effectually drained, and the long dull years of delay and uncertainty that follow — and withal, the contradictory and bewildering advice on these occasions, of friends who haply know things more by theory than practice, and who do no more than give advice, or utter idle invectives against abuses beyond their power to reform, would be a wearisome detail. Suffice it to say, that the family of Miss Dennistoun had experienced these things, and now the tedious years of suspense

were still before them. This young lady had just been on at least the hundredth fruitless embassy to those who had the management of their affairs.

About this time, the death of a party, who had put in an unjust claim for a part of their property, caused an abatement in the suit. Whether this event might turn out ultimately to their advantage or not, was quite uncertain. They were advised to seek information on this subject from Sir ———, the only person likely to be able to give it, from his connection with the party deceased ; and Miss Dennistoun was now on her way to make the inquiries. In a couple of hours after her visit to the poor women, she was at this gentleman's door. She took with her a few documents relative to the case. Sir ——— was an entire stranger to her. She had, it is true, when she was a little girl, seen him every morning, for eight or ten days, at the promenade at a fashionable watering-place, and she remembered his appearance ; but it is not at all likely that he had ever observed *her*, or should remember a person now grown up, whom he might have casually seen when a child. To a delicate mind, there is always something painful in being obliged to obtrude one's own affairs upon other people, particularly upon strangers, and Miss Dennistoun was not fond of the task that was now before her ; but as it was a duty, she considered that it must be done, whether she liked it or not. It was some relief to her when the servant said that his master was not at home : it was like putting off the evil day, and she hoped that on the morrow she might be in better spirits for the un-

dertaking. But when she was coming away, the man, with more civility and consideration than many of the servants now-a-days are taught to have, said that it would be better, if she pleased, to step in and wait, for Sir —— was so little at home that she might call repeatedly and miss him. When people are in a desponding mood, an act of kindness, from even a very insignificant person, has a wonderful effect in cheering them up. The servant's civility augured well for the master.

She was shown into a room where a gentleman of handsome figure was seated at a table, whereon were lying some letters and papers ; but he seemed more at his leisure than at his work. He rose and placed a chair for her. After a long pause, during which he arranged and re-arranged the letters and papers before him, he asked her, in the most respectful manner, if there was any thing regarding business that she should wish him to communicate to Sir —— . She stated the facts of the case in a few words, and with that ease and readiness of speech which one possesses when well received and affably treated. After giving this information, she waited a little longer. The baronet, however, did not make his appearance, and she rose to depart. The gentleman said that he would not fail to communicate to Sir —— what she had told him ; but strongly advised her to call on the following day and see him herself, as he thought there was a great probability of him being able to give her the information she wanted. Miss Dennistoun took her leave with a heart lightened at the prospect of learning something that would be of use. . But

who the gentleman might be, who was so kind as to take an interest in their affairs, she could not guess. She hastened home to tell what had passed. The medical attendant of the family had just been paying a visit, and was taking his leave when she came in. This gentleman, not in a professional way, but as a friend, looked in now and then to see her younger brother, who was always an invalid.

"No fear of Frank," cried the Doctor, as he hurried down stairs; "give him plenty of beef-steaks and port-wine, and he will *do yet*." This was his prescription every time he called; but the poor sick boy could not strengthen under the prescribed regimen, for, alas! it was not in his family's power to give him any thing half so nutritious; and his grandmother used to sit, with tearful eyes, and gaze upon his delicate form, and beautiful but deathlike countenance; and if she ever repined at the affluence which she once possessed being withheld from her, it was on his account, and when she saw this child of her affections, with pallid quivering lips, but eyes beaming with thankfulness, silently offering up a blessing for the simple morning meal, of which she was always the bearer to him herself.

"Well," said the Doctor, as he met Miss Dennistoun at the door, "I have just been to see these patients of yours," alluding to the old women whom he had been requested to visit, that he might attest their inability to work. For Miss Dennistoun had not neglected their concerns. There was got from the work-house a printed schedule to be filled up, after the case was investigated, according to the

queries it contained. "But," continued the Doctor, "they will never get well in that damp cellar of theirs; you must see and get them a better lodging: let it be with a deal floor, and off the ground. They will not do much good, I fear, poor old creatures, wherever they be, for they seem quite done; but if you find out a suitable place for them, I will make you my almoner in paying their rent;" and, as he spoke, he took from his pocket-book a twenty-shilling note. "There," said he, "in the mean time, deal that out judiciously to them."

Their case was forthwith properly investigated, and attested, and given in; and in less than a week their grievance was redressed. They again received their allowance off the parish, with two shillings a month in addition to what they had formerly; and the old aunt used to say, when she looked round on the comfortable apartment to which shortly they were removed, What a blessed day of wind it had been to *them*!

Next day, Agnes Dennistoun repeated her visit to Sir. ———. She was somewhat disappointed when the servant said he was not at home. But he begged her to step in and wait. The gentleman she had seen the day before was in the room. She sat down. He apologised for the Baronet having been obliged to go out, but assured her he would soon be in. This gentleman seemed a beneficent person. He had a most benign air; and the courtesy of his manner cleared away all the difficulties she anticipated in having to encounter a stranger, as Sir ——— was, and to explain a business she herself scarcely

understood. He entered with increasing interest into the case, which she endeavoured to make as clear to him as she could; and when she was at a loss how to express herself on the subject, he, with more kindness than perhaps good manners, helped her out with it, and understood it all. He took out his pocket-book, and made memoranda — dates, names, sums, rentals, queries, &c. She then said that as she had explained every thing so fully to him, that she thought it unnecessary to wait, but proposed to leave, for Sir ——'s inspection, the documents she had brought with her. The stranger very considerably remarked, that it would no doubt be a satisfaction to her to see Sir —— herself, after she had had the trouble of coming twice, and that it would prevent delays, as he could probably give her in a few moments the information she wanted, or direct her to the proper source for obtaining it; and this, he added, was the right way of doing business, and bringing people (as it were) to their wits' end at once, and not to be hanging on from day to day, and never an inch nearer their object than when they set out. Agnes, in reply to all this, merely said something about her reluctance to trouble the Baronet. "As to that," said the stranger, "you are a very interesting young lady, and Sir —— will be happy to see you."

Miss Dennistoun was not particularly fond of the compliment; but she took no notice; only she began to feel uneasy, and to wish she were away.

"I declare," added he, softly, "you are very interesting;" ——

At that instant there was a violent ring at the outer-door ; and the gentleman rather abruptly rose and slunk out of the room, but, as if to shew a proof that he felt no embarrassment, he hummed a brisk air as he went. In a few moments Sir —— entered, but scarcely had he appeared, when there was another ring at the street-door, and a very loud voice inquired if he was in ; and the Baronet turned with this new visitor into another apartment.

Agnes by this time felt as uncomfortable as any body could well do ; and her vexation and anxiety still increased, while she sat for a full hour deliberating whether she ought to wait or to go away. At length, there was the loud-tongued visitor talking in the lobby, on his way out. He being dismissed, the Baronet re-entered the room where Miss Denbigh was. He gave her a look of inquiry ; and she appeared as like a culprit as any innocent person ever did, while she attempted an unintelligible apology. He looked stern and impatient, and asked her point-blank what she wanted. She stammered out something about her grandmother, and her brother not being able to wait upon him, and that she had called yesterday. Sir —— said he had never heard of it ; but what was her object in calling at all ? She forthwith proceeded with an explanation and an apology, but it was all downright rigmarole. She then had recourse to her bundle of papers, which she put into his hand. He slightly glanced at them, said something, of which, from the perturbation she was in, she did not take up the meaning, and return-

ing them to her, hurried off to other visitors, who were at that moment announced.

The vexation and disappointment at having no pleasing intelligence to communicate at home, together with the secret mortification she felt at her own ill-success, made poor Agnes as unhappy and ashamed as could well be imagined. She tried to reason on the subject, and argue herself into indifference; but all her philosophy would not do — her feelings still got the better of her. In her dilemmas, however, there was something like singular good luck, if we may use the expression, that always attended her. To her great relief, when she got home, she found that her brother James was out, and the rest of the family occupied with a visitor, so that it warded off the time, at least, of inquiry as to the result of her day's work; — for a day's work it had been, and a painful one too, and one that caused a sleepless night. Although she had not tasted food since her early and meagre breakfast, yet when she came in, she could not have partaken of a feast if it had been spread out before her, any more than she was disposed to swallow the dry morsel, which was all that the house afforded; and she sat silently down with her work, upon which she seemed very intent, but with which she certainly on that occasion did not make much progress; and she listened, or seemed to listen, attentively to the discourse of the lady who had come, in an easy way, to put off her own and her friends' time for a few hours.

Mrs. Maxwell, for it is not fair in people to heap all peculiarities of character upon unmarried ladies, was

one of the most fatiguing, talkative women that ever existed. But to do her all due justice, she talked no scandal, and discussed nobody's private affairs. She was only a keen intermeddler with every thing of a public nature ; and if she could not with her tongue work reform in church and state, she at least tried to do it, which was no doubt a praise-worthy endeavour, so far as it went, and many people who have a great name can do no more. She was acquainted with all that was going on in the religious, political, and literary world, and she did not hoard her stock of knowledge, for she most liberally imparted all that she knew ; and her discourse was not a mere jumble, for the topics were methodically arranged ; and when she got to the end of her list, she began again, if the time she had fixed upon in her own mind for departure was not arrived. She generally gave a regular digest of the speeches in both Houses of Parliament, together with all the charity sermons and popular lectures for the season ; nor did she omit all that she knew and had seen of chymistry and botany, mineralogy, astronomy, and phrenology, with an account of the panoramic representations, and other sights — missionary intelligence from the four quarters of the globe — advertisements of cheap teas, and literary notices in abundance, picked up from newspapers and the covers of magazines. But on this night politics was her grand theme, and an entertaining and interesting one it may be, even to persons unconnected with public affairs, if they be in fulness of bread and abundance of idleness, and have no subject nearer home pressing upon their at-

testion. But we can hardly suppose that persons actually suffering under the pressure of private misfortune, as the Dennistouns were, could take a very deep interest in parliamentary proceedings. If they had been transported to the scene of debate itself, hearing the speeches flow from the eloquent lips by which they were first uttered, it is hard to say but that it might have had the power to make them forget their own concerns; but it is certain, that Mrs. Maxwell's second-hand rhetoric had no such good effect.

Mrs. Maxwell disclaimed all party spirit. She professed to be neither whig nor tory, although her forefathers, from time immemorial, had belonged to the latter grand and orthodox division of the political world. But she herself was of the proper way of thinking; and if every body would adopt her opinions, every thing would go right. But then, here was the difficulty—to get every body to think as she did.

Agnes was, perhaps, the only one of the party who did not think Mrs. Maxwell tedious that night. For she dreaded the moment of her departure, lest she should be questioned regarding her day's adventures; for Charlotte Dennistoun would lay aside, at any time, the most interesting work she might be engaged in, to listen to her sister's conversation, which she used to say was as entertaining as reading a book. But, to avoid all cross-questioning, Agnes slipped away to bed before Mrs. Maxwell took her leave, or her brother James came in.

It is no uncommon thing to meet with persons,

chiefly of the female sex, who begin in conversation a story of some particular family or individual, and they branch it out into histories of a dozen other people who (although there may be some slight association in the narrators' own minds) have no apparent connection with the main story, which they generally lose sight of, and to the end of which they seldom by any chance ever arrive. This observation is not made as a guarantee that we ourselves, on the present occasion, will not make any digression from the main subject; but, on the contrary, it is intended as a warning to the reader not to be surprised if he find our narrative no better connected than some of the tales related by such persons as those above alluded to.

Although we have often listened with woeful weariness to the long-winded discourse of worthy personages who had no fault in the world but that of speaking too much, we are not sure but that, after all, their disjointed narrations are much more after the life than the more systematical tales of professed story-tellers. Therefore, this may be some apology for us in some degree following their example. There is, no doubt, a wonderful concatenation in human affairs, and no part of them is without its connecting link. But then, many of those links entirely elude human observation; and we have often wondered at the skill of the novelist in putting all the parts of his narrative so well together; when, upon the most minute observation of real life, although no doubt a connection does exist, it is certainly not always so apparent. And any one making the in-

investigation will find, in his own experience, that there are many passages in his history, as well as in that of others, which can nowise be accounted for, and which seem to stand out from the usual train of events; but which, though singular in themselves, come to nothing, humanly speaking, as probably they seemed to rise from nothing. But if the individual is what we earnestly wish every one to be, he will content himself with the assurance that what he knows not now, he shall know hereafter. It has been remarked, that if a man read much he will have occasion to write little, as he will find already expressed all that he could possibly say on any subject; and we have always had a great dread of telling people what they have been told before, and haply know better than their informant. And it has often kept us silent, lest people, after the precepts of the great teacher of artificial good breeding, should sit with patient endurance and listen to what they have heard a hundred times already, but to which, according to the rules of the great master alluded to, they must give attention as if they had never heard it in their life before.

Were this feeling to become general, it would deter people from ever opening their mouths at all. And if it be seriously considered, it might well put an interdict upon any information whatever being communicated; for in this enlightened age, nobody but he who forms an overweening estimate of his own knowledge, could possibly imagine that he could utter any thing upon any subject that other people were not as well versed in as him-

self. There was some need to make this preamble; before gravely telling the people of Edinburgh that they who mean to remove from their houses at the Whitsunday term, put up their tickets at Candlemas. While the world lasts, many people will open oysters with rolling-pins, as well as the individual who first occasioned the witticism by his elaborate oratory; and many people will encumber their stories with moral reflections, as well as a celebrated writer of ancient history has encumbered his, by making all the improvement of the matter that he ought to have left the reader to make for himself. But to return to our subject of House-ticketing.

When, at the beginning of Spring, we move about the streets, and see, in all directions, the tickets stuck out at the windows, indicative of the want of permanency of abode here below; if one has no particular business of his own to think of, and is not entirely engrossed with himself, and with what other people may be thinking of his gait and appearance as they pass by, it is no bad theme for improvement, to reflect on the diversity of circumstances which may prompt the proposed change of residence to the individuals inhabiting those dwellings. We do not mean to follow out the train of moral reflection to which it might give rise, but merely suggest it as a fit subject for meditation to those who walk about the streets without any definite object in view, and who are doubtless often at a loss for something with which to occupy their thoughts.

A gentleman, who had come to Edinburgh on particular business of his own, had undertaken, in order

to please a maiden aunt who lived near him in the country, to make some of those calls which gentlemen, in general, hate to make. But as he had pledged himself to be the bearer of certain little messages — compliments and apologies for not writing — and inquiries after colds, and sprains, and rheumatisms, and sore eyes, &c. — to special friends of hers; he was true to his word, and executed his commissions, although, to tell the truth, he delayed doing so till the last day of his stay in town. This was a day in the month of February. An unusual show of tickets was exhibited that season. The whole world seemed to be on the wing, that is to say, the whole Edinburgh world — (and a strange little world it is). — Whether Henry Gordon observed the display of tickets or not, it is hard to say: probably he did not raise his eyes so high, for he was no philosopher and no poet, and generally studied the pavement as he walked the streets. But it must not be supposed that he had a down-look, like an evil-doer: all that we mean to imply is, that he did not gaze aloft, nor about him, nor stare in the faces of the passers-by.

He was a landed proprietor in the county of ——— He was bred a lawyer, and had sailed about in the Parliament-House in his gown and wig. But this was all that he had done in the way of his profession, and all that he meant to do; for now he resided permanently at his estate in the country, and at the time we speak of he had, as we said, come to town for a short time only, on business. In regard to his looks — But a man's looks, some people say, are of no consequence. If people be not disagreeable-

looking, nor dirty-looking, nothing more is necessary. This may be a vulgar idea, but nevertheless it is a perfectly correct one. What was better than good looks, Henry Gordon was a man of solid sense and sound principles. He had neither self-sufficiency nor selfishness; indeed, the entire want of confidence in himself, which amounted almost to indecision of character, was not altogether irreprehensible. But although there is a chance that a person may be too diffident, there is no possibility of one having less selfishness than he ought to have; and as the character shows itself most in trifles, Henry Gordon's entire freedom from that most detestable and most prevalent of all moral imperfections, manifested itself in some degree even by his paying the visits alluded to, to please his old aunt, although it no doubt punished himself. Some people may say, that he must have been a silly man to pay idle visits to please any body. But if all men are silly who do not study themselves, and who keep their word, and faithfully fulfil whatever they take in hand, we may compliment the present generation as being very wise, for not one among a thousand betrays any weakness of this sort.

It is not surprising that most of the people Mr. Gordon visited that day had out their signals of removal, and it helped the conversation to talk about their proposed change of residence. The ladies did not moralize upon it; but they talked about the causes, some of which were of course true, and some only alleged. The afflictive dispensations of incurable smoke — moths, dust, noise — superficial building, ill-

finished doors and windows, &c. proved a rich fund of conversation. All this was, no doubt, descending to the vulgarities of life. But what can people do when a stranger comes in? They must talk about something; and the dull realities of life are a very rational theme. The *poetry* of human existence is too sacred to be made a topic of common discourse. We keep that to ourselves: it is something to be felt, not talked about. Mr. Gordon was not of a romantic turn of mind, and he was philanthropic in a high degree. So he liked all the people he called upon very well, that is to say, better than he expected, except one lady who wore him out a little with a confidential conversation regarding the dampness of the under-story of her house. This, she told him, she would not have divulged to any one but himself, for fear of hindering its letting, but gave him full permission to communicate the interesting secret to his aunt. And she farther intimated to him, that she had made up her mind to go abroad to some more genial climate, to regain the health she had lost by residing so long in it. Now the real state of her case was this. There was a certain Major who lived in the same street, who, she hoped, had not irrevocably made up his mind to remain a widower; and after all her assiduities to entrap him had failed, she, as a last resource, put out a ticket, in order to bring him to the test, and gave out that she was going to emigrate to a foreign land. But the hint did not take, as the sequel proved. The unconscionable man would actually have let her cross the Straits, or even the Atlantic, if she had

actually ever intended it ; so when the time drew near that she should have made preparations for her departure, she was opportunely seized with rheumatic head-aches and tooth-aches, and aches of all sorts. So she quietly drew in her ticket again, and staid till another flitting-time should suggest some more successful stratagem.

Mr. Gordon had now completed his task ; but as he went along the street, he met with a youth of his acquaintance with books under his arm, and apparently returning from College ; and this meeting reminded him of one other visit in particular that he should have paid. This young gentleman's grandmother, Mrs. Cunninghame, had been an early and intimate friend of Mr. Gordon's family ; but owing to their different destinations in life, and the various circumstances by which intimacies are usually broken up, they had scarcely had any intercourse for years. Mr. Gordon had been charged to inquire for this old lady ; but except for the circumstance of his meeting with her grandson, he certainly should have forgot till it was past time to remedy the neglect. The day was wearing on past calling hours, and he made his apologies to the young man, and said, that as he had learned from him how his friends were, he would defer calling for them till the next time he came to town. But as where they met was not far from their residence, the student pressed him to go along with him at that time, and see his grandmother and sisters. Mr. Gordon made a flying visit. He had resolved, in his own mind, after his interview with the last lady he waited upon, to enter no more ticketed dwellings ; but on

taking leave of Mrs. Cunningham and her granddaughters, as he cast his eye towards one of the windows, he saw protruded from it the intimation —

“ TO BE SOLD.”

“ I see,” said he, while he shook hands with the young ladies, “ that you are moving. Where shall I find you when I next come to Edinburgh? To what quarter of the town are you going?” “ We cannot tell,” replied the elder of the two sisters, while a tear slipped over her eyelid. He hurriedly took leave, hurt that he had inadvertently awakened any painful feeling.

Henry Gordon had got all his own business settled to his heart's desire, and had leisure now to let his thoughts take their own wayward course, without being obliged to bend them to any particular subject. But on that night, in the midst of all his cogitations, as he sat alone, ruminating on the past day, his mind constantly reverted to the quiet tear that he had unwittingly started. He could not guess at the cause of it; but the thoughts of it haunted him for at least the twelve succeeding hours, that is to say, till the business of next day, and the bustle of preparation to leave town, took his mind off it.

Four or five months passed away amidst the avocations of the country, where he devoted himself to plans for improving his estate, as well as for the spiritual and moral condition of the tenantry upon it, and he forgot all his house-ticketed friends.

One day about the middle of August, when law-

yers have leisure to recruit themselves, by taking excursions from home, he was unexpectedly favoured with a visit from a brother of the profession. This gentleman was rather his father's friend than his own, and on that account he felt himself bound to receive him the more cordially. He prolonged his stay for several days ; and on one occasion, the conversation accidentally led to the mention of that family, in which an interest had been created in Gordon's mind by the circumstance above narrated. His guest, in naming them, uttered a common-place expression of commiseration for them, which excited his interest still more, and also his curiosity to know why they were to be pitied.

Their early history he himself knew, which was this : — Mrs. Cunninghame's only daughter was married in very early life to Mr. Dennistoun, a younger son. This young pair died within a very short time of each other, leaving their orphans — two sons and two daughters — to the guardianship of their maternal grandmother. The younger boy was from his infancy afflicted with debility of limbs, and an affection of the spine. The elder brother, James, was a youth of great promise. He was fitted to adorn society ; but he lived retired, as, indeed, all the family were inclined to do, for with this taste they were brought up by their grandmother. James Dennistoun was designed for the medical profession. He was not thought singularly clever by his companions ; and his acquirements were not of that brilliant kind which attract superficial observers. He was a young man of deep, clear judgment ; and what was better

than the intellectual superiority which he possessed, he had advanced very high in spiritual attainments. In short, he had at a very early age arrived at a perfection of character rarely to be met with. They were considered to be in affluent circumstances. Mrs. Cunningham was wealthy, and, of course, all that she had devolved to them.

Henry Gordon used to pay them an occasional visit, and at the last he made, he had not any reason to surmise a change in their circumstances. But this gentleman that visited him, gave him a full account of their affairs. It was such a detail as a lawyer only could give, and only one bred to the law was likely to understand. It is sufficient for the purpose of our story to say, that theirs seemed to be a very intricate, interminable, hopeless business.

A process, unconnected with the principal suit, had been engaged in to recover some claims of their father. The deceased Mr. Dennistoun's patrimony had never been paid up. He did not require it in his lifetime, and allowed it to accumulate. The estate was now insolvent, and the present proprietor put under trust. It was said the property would be free in twenty years, and every thing should then be right, and indeed better than ever; but, in the meantime, the uncle, with an extravagant wife, and an ill-brought-up family, was starving on these good prospects. This, of course, had nothing to do with Mrs. Cunningham's affairs; but her law-agents had, as a sort of by-play to the main game, been trying to recover this sum for her grandchildren; and their dwelling-house was now for sale, to defray the

expenses of this process, which, after all, came to nothing.

Henry Gordon had a very feeling heart, and he was particularly alive at this time to any tale of affliction. He had, just before this gentleman's visit, buried his aunt, his only near relative, and one to whom he was much attached; and he remembered how she had proposed to renew her intimacy with Mrs. Cunningham by inviting her and her young people to pay her a visit in the summer. But summer was now fading into autumn, and she had gone down to the grave, without the power to fulfil her wish.

Mr. Gordon's guest gave him a very touching account of the trials they had met with, and the still greater hardships they were likely to endure; and for many successive days and nights, his mind was occupied with it. But days and nights, and weeks and months, wore away — and the impression which the accounts of their destitution first made upon him, wore away also. When his mind did casually revert to their situation, it was not without a secret qualm of conscience, and some bitterness of self-upbraiding, that he had allowed the time to go by when he ought promptly, and, without hesitating, to have manifested his friendship.

MRS. CUNNINGHAME'S GRANDCHILDREN.

PART II.

LADY MAITLAND AND MISS MACFARLANE.

“ In principatu commutando civium,
Nil præter domini nomen mutant pauperes.”

Which may be translated thus —

Though states may change, the poor man's still the same ;
No change he knows but in his master's name:

THIS motto seems to threaten a chapter on politics. But far be it from us to intermeddle with a subject of which we are profoundly ignorant, and with which we have nothing to do. Indeed, it is surprising that any man who is convinced, as every man might well be, that he is in a world, the fashion of which is passing very rapidly away, should take a very deep concern in affairs over which he has probably not the least control, and which, whether they be prosperous or otherwise, very little, or rather do not at

all, affect his welfare. It has been remarked by one who, in knowledge of human affairs, is not surpassed by any, that "Great public events have but little direct influence upon the body of the people, and do not, in general, form the principal business, or happiness, or misery, even of those who are in some measure concerned in them. Even in the worst and most disastrous times — in periods of civil war and revolution, and public discord and oppression, a great part of the time of a great part of the people is spent in making love and money — in social amusement or professional industry — in schemes for worldly advancement or personal distinction — just as in periods of general peace and prosperity. Men court and marry very nearly as much in the one season as in the other; and are as merry at weddings and christenings — as gallant at balls and races — as busy in their studies and counting-houses — eat as heartily, in short, and sleep as sound — prattle with their children as pleasantly — and thin their plantations, and scold their servants as zealously — as if their contemporaries were not furnishing materials thus abundantly for the tragic muse of history. The quiet under-current of life, in short, keeps its deep and steady course in its eternal channels, unaffected, or but slightly disturbed, by the storms that agitate its surface."

And who, in his own experience, has not observed that, even in the most peaceful and prosperous periods, when the people in the aggregate may be enjoying the protection of a wise and good government, numberless individuals are overlooked in the

crowd, and feel neither safe nor happy, nor cared-for, amidst the national prosperity? And this is not the fault of the rulers of the land. They would be more than human if they knew the circumstances of all, and could make provision for every one's individual happiness. But it leads to the conviction that he has chosen the wiser part, who lets the rulers of this world govern as they list, while he attaches himself to the service of a Master who, though his sway is over the vast extent of creation, cannot overlook him on account of his insignificance; for, to his omniscient eye, the very insect which the human sight, aided by art, can scarce perceive, is known individually, and placed in the circumstances best fitted for the purposes of its existence, and for its well-being — a Master who is not only the upholder of all things, but his particular friend — a friend not at a distance, but beside him in all exigencies, and equally near to him in whatever part of the universe he may be, — whether placed among the millions of his fellow-men, or driven to the most obscure and solitary corner of this world's wilderness. And the term of his care over him is not limited to the period of his existence here; for, even when his bones are laid in the earth, and his spirit, ranging through the regions of eternity, can trace no longer where its mortal part was laid, — when changes in matter have scattered far and wide his undistinguishable ashes, still his Almighty Friend watches over them as something precious, — even part of the harvest of his Son's blood, and out of the apparently annihilated dust He will present to the faithful spirit a perfect

form, wherein to reside in the full enjoyment of an eternal existence of pure, intellectual, and spiritual blessedness.

Lady Maitland was a widow. She never had any family, and she spent her whole time in charitable exertions, and in doing good, as it were, by hook or by crook. She was so extremely injudicious, that it is a question whether in most cases she did more good or harm. The sentiments of the Abbé * de St. Cyran, in regard to charity, were none of hers. He "consulted not only the necessities but the feelings of others." But the refined Christian benevolence so beautifully exemplified in all his conduct; as, for instance, in the mode he took to give relief to some persons of distinction, incarcerated with him at Vincennes, was what this lady could neither have appreciated nor understood; but, according to a homely expression, those who were beholden to her good offices had to take the "bit and the buffet."

There is one precept of the New Testament which had probably slipped out of her memory (no wonder she, who had so much on hand, could not keep in mind every thing), *i. e.* "Let not the left hand know what the right hand doeth." On the contrary, her ladyship generally sounded an alarm when she

* Jean du Vergier de Hauranne, born at Bayonne in 1581, and appointed in 1620 to the abbacy of the monastery of St. Cyran. The same sentiments were expressed, and the same principles acted upon, by Nicholas Pavillon, Bishop of Alet, who used to say that "people are but half charitable, who, whilst they supply the wants, never consider the feelings of others."

was about to be doing good ; and the blast of Lady Maitland's trumpet was heard far and near — and often there was nothing but the blast.

One day, when Miss Dennistoun called, Lady Maitland had just returned from an airing. She was reclining on a sofa by the fire, in rather a state of exhaustion ; for although a robust-looking woman, she could not bear much exertion.

" You are come in good time to help me," said she to her young friend ; " I feel so tired, that I cannot get through with my business ; will you write some for me ?"

" With pleasure," said Agnes, not aware what she was taking in hand, for Lady Maitland was so clever at the pen, that she seldom required help in that way ; and she sat down at a table near her ladyship, where all the writing apparatus, subscription books, &c. &c. &c., were spread out.

" It is only one or two little notes that I wish you to write," said Lady Maitland. " But, in the first place, I wish you would promise to call upon some of your rich acquaintances and get me some money."

" I have very few rich acquaintances," replied Agnes.

" Oh ! what has become of Mr. this and that, and the other ?" continued her ladyship, naming over a list of people whom she knew Miss Dennistoun was in the habit of visiting, but from whom Agnes would not have gone to ask money for any purpose whatever.

" They would not give me money although I should ask it," said Agnes.

"You have never tried," persisted the indefatigable Lady Maitland. "Never say what people will or will not do, till you try. Can't you ask Mr. Murray, with whom you are so intimate?"

"Mr. Murray has a very small income," said Agnes.

"Well, you may say I don't want much from him — only five shillings; I'm sure he would not miss that; any body could give five shillings. Didn't you say he was a very good, benevolent man?"

"Yes," replied Agnes; "but I know he has not much to give away."

"Much! I don't want much," reiterated Lady Maitland; "I'll take as little as he likes to give. Will you only ask him? It is your duty, my dear, to try; and you may make my compliments, if you like. Will you promise to do that?"

"I fear," said Agnes, with a faint smile, "that Mr. Murray would say that I had more need to be begging for myself." And as she made this little sally to ward off Lady Maitland's importunity, the palpitation at the heart, and the colour that rose and passed away again from her cheek, were indications that what she said was but too true; but Lady Maitland was not a quick observer, and she persisted.

"Really, I am surprised that *you*, young and healthy as you are, do not exert yourself. Well, if you won't get money for me, will you help me with my school? that is to say, will you go on the days that I am not able to attend? That you cannot refuse to do — D'ye hear me, my dear?"

"Yes, Ma'am," said Agnes, "but I fear I cannot take that in hand just now."

"Just now! What do you call just now?" echoed Lady Maitland.

"I mean at present," said Agnes mildly. "I could not undertake any thing this year, or indeed at any time, for I have other things to attend to."

"What other things can you have?" rejoined Lady Maitland — "Dear me! I know of nothing you can have to do but to attend to yourself. Your brother Frank, you say, is better, and does not need much attendance; and you do not keep much company, at least you said so — Is it not the case?"

"We keep no company at all," said Agnes, "nor would the keeping of company ever deter me from engaging in any undertaking that seemed a duty; but I have other duties, which I could not possibly lay aside to engage in any new thing."

"I never thought you were so disobliging," replied Lady Maitland, rather tired with her own argument. But Miss Dennistoun, although sorely pressed, and hemmed in by questions from which there was almost no retreat, dexterously avoided giving any explanation of what the duties were which stood in the way of her taking in hand any of Lady Maitland's charitable schemes. Lady Maitland at length desisted from the attack, and set about having the cards which she proposed, written.

"I wish you to write me a note first to Mr. Drysdale; he owes me his subscription for this year," said Lady Maitland.

Agnes took a sheet of paper, and waited for her

ladyship's dictation. "What shall I say?" said she, as Lady Maitland seemed to be considering.

"Oh, I have not a great deal to say — It is only to tell him that he should have sent his seven and sixpence a month ago at least. Begin — Lady Maitland desires Mr. Drysdale ——"

"Shall I not give him your compliments?" inquired Miss Dennistoun, hesitating to commence the card so uncereemoniously.

"No, no; I'm not going to be sending my compliments to *him*; he is only the man that I buy my stationery from. Just say — Lady Maitland wishes (that will be better than desires), Mr. Drysdale to send by the bearer, his annual subscription of seven and sixpence, which, he will observe by the book now sent, should have been paid last month. Lady Maitland hopes that Mr. Drysdale will recommend her Society to his customers." Here her ladyship made a pause; and Miss Dennistoun was preparing to date and fold the note: But there was more to be said — "If Mr. Drysdale's family ever require to take any person in to wash, Lady Maitland can recommend a most respectable, decent woman. She requests Mr. Drysdale to mention this to his wife, Mrs. Drysdale. The woman's name is Widow Wilkie. She lives in the Old Fishmarket Close. Her mother is blind and her daughter an idiot, and she has them to support. She only takes tenpence a-day, which is twopence less than any body else takes. Regarding victuals, she is very moderate as to the quantity, and by no means particular as to the quality; and she does not insist on drams, nor malt liquor, which is of

great consequence in a washerwoman. Lady Maitland hopes Mr. Drysdale will take the trouble to inform Mrs. Drysdale — No; put your pen through that, or scrape out the word trouble with the pen-knife. I don't like the word trouble. It can be no trouble to him to tell his own wife. Can you help me to a better phrase?"

"You hope he will have the goodness," said Miss Dennistoun.

"That is worse," continued Lady Maitland — "there would be no goodness in it; the benefit would be their own, in employing such a person as Widow Wilkie." — And here she recapitulated the washerwoman's good qualities, with an appeal to Agnes if any thing could surpass them. "No, no — the word goodness will not do," pursued Lady Maitland; "it would make it look as if I were asking a favour. Besides, my dear, one ought not to write to that sort of people in that style. Just say — Lady Maitland hopes Mr. Drysdale will not neglect to inform Mrs. Drysdale of all this; and that Mrs. D. will not only employ the poor woman herself, but recommend her to her neighbours; in doing which, she may use Lady Maitland's name, if she thinks it will be of any weight — No, no; you may leave out that; just say, that she may use my name, and no more."

Miss Dennistoun now folded the card, and was preparing to address it; but poor Mr. Drysdale was not to get off so easily. After her Ladyship had devised such an advantageous plan of household economy for him, she felt at full liberty to make a

farther demand upon his purse. So she begged her young friend to add the following postscript : —

“ Lady Maitland had almost forgot to say that she is doing what she can to get the poor boy that she spoke of some time ago to Mr. Drysdale, put to school. She is collecting some money for that purpose. She therefore hopes Mr. Drysdale will send her half-a-crown along with the seven and sixpence.”

Agnes folded the note a second time, and began to address it.

“ Now,” said Lady Maitland, “ be sure you don’t put Esquire ; it is so preposterous. They call shopkeepers and every body Esquires now-a-days. Just say — Mr. Patrick Drysdale, Bookseller. Are you certain that you have not put Esquire ?”

“ Quite certain,” replied Miss Dennistoun ; and she handed the card to Lady Maitland that she might convince herself that she was speaking the truth.

Her ladyship’s next correspondent was the Honourable Colonel Johnstone. A sheet of finer paper being selected, her communication to him ran as follows : —

“ Lady Maitland’s compliments to Colonel Johnstone, and, as he gave her a guinea for her Society last year, she hopes he means to do the same annually. She therefore sends her subscription book, and begs the favour of him to send the money by the bearer. The funds being very very low, Lady Maitland will take it as a personal obligation if Colonel Johnstone will endeavour to interest his friends in the Society, and ask them to become subscribers.

Lady Maitland also begs the favour of Colonel Johnstone to keep in view what she mentioned to him about the young man Mr. Nicholson, in whom she feels a deep interest. He has, in the meantime, opened an Academy at —, in Berwickshire, and is anxious to get boarders. Lady Maitland therefore requests Colonel Johnstone to offer her best compliments to his sister, Mrs. Bruce Mildmay, who may be in the way of hearing of something that will suit Mr. Nicholson — Lady Maitland means in the way of boarders; and as Mrs. Bruce Mildmay has a large family of sons herself, Lady Maitland could almost take the liberty of recommending Mr. Nicholson's Academy for them, unless she has some decided preference for, or prior engagement with a private tutor. The situation of the Academy, Lady Maitland understands, is delightful, and public conveyances pass daily. Besides, Mr. Nicholson is a married man, and his wife is a sensible superior woman. The terms of board are only thirty guineas per annum, and Greek and Latin and Mathematics, in short, every thing is taught at that. The washing, of course, is extra. But, upon the whole, the terms are most reasonable, considering the advantages that are offered; and Mrs. Bruce Mildmay may be assured that every attention would be paid to their meat and morals."

Lady Maitland had probably forgot to recommend the washerwoman to the Colonel, and her amanuensis took care not to put her in mind. But something suddenly occurring to her Ladyship that she had omitted, she caused the note to be re-opened. A

far more touching case than the washerwoman's was reserved for the Colonel.

As she was under no apprehension of losing her dignity by writing in too condescending a strain to a man of the Colonel's rank, her diction flowed much more easily; and the following postscript was supplied faster than Miss Dennistoun's fingers could put it down : —

“ Lady Maitland begs leave to take this opportunity of mentioning a very distressing case which she once spoke of to Colonel Johnstone. He must remember the sad story of the poor crazy man that she told him. The only remedy now is to get him boarded in the country; and Lady Maitland has heard of a farmer who will take him for twenty guineas. Lady Maitland has only collected eighteen pounds fifteen, three guineas of which she subscribed out of her own pocket. If Colonel Johnstone would have the goodness to send a guinea towards this, along with his other subscription, it would be an act of great Christian benevolence, and Lady Maitland would make no scruple to add the odd shillings herself, so as to get the sum made up without delay. Lady Maitland has always been of opinion that really this poor lad has some claim upon the Army. His uncle was a Captain, and served in the Peninsular war, and met with a sad fate. He was wounded; not dangerously, she understands, but was left, poor man, to lie in a wet field all night, which proved his death. Indeed, every body says that it was the wet and not the wound that killed him. Now, had this man lived, which, but for negligence, it is certain he

might have done, he would naturally have supported his poor helpless nephew. Lady Maitland hopes that Colonel Johnstone will consider this case with due attention ; and trusts that, through his interest, she may be enabled to raise a sufficient sum for his board in future years.

"Lady Maitland is utterly at a stand what the poor creature is to do for clothes when he goes to the country, as he literally has none except what are on his back, and these are perfect rags. If Colonel Johnstone has a coat or shirt, or any thing about him that he can spare, it will be a great act of charity to the poor imbecile man, and a great favour to Lady Maitland, if he will send them by the bearer, along with the money."

This document, which occupied two sheets, was now finally made up without further appendix ; but in addressing it, Lady Maitland peremptorily prohibited the word "Honourable" being prefixed to the name, as she said that those styles and titles ought not to be used between correspondents who were on an equal footing.

This was entirely new to Miss Dennistoun, who never before understood, that however intimate correspondents might be, that any difference should be made on that account in the usual form of address on the outside of their letters. But she readily conceded this point to Lady Maitland, as, in the first place, it was a matter of no importance ; and, in the second, as she herself was more in the habit of dealing with plain Esquires, who were not so punctilious, she considered that she was much more likely to be mistaken in that respect than her ladyship.

She was in the act of preparing to write a third note, which Lady Maitland assured her was to be very brief, as well as the last, when the arrival of a visitor caused an interruption. The door was thrown open. A lady was announced by a name which sounded very like Rumbledythump, and a female of surpassing height and breadth, and encompassed with voluminous silks, made an annihilating sweep past the quiet, unobtrusive Miss Dennistoun, and in an instant was in the arms of the overjoyed Lady Maitland. After an affectionate embrace and long squeezing of hands, Miss Rumbledythump sat down as close as possible to her ladyship.

"What a good soul you are, Lady Maitland!" she exclaimed; "always doing good. I'm sure I often say, if any one could gain heaven by their good works, it would be you."

Poor Lady Maitland looked up with beaming eyes, that shewed she was luxuriating in all the enjoyment of self-complacency, and was only able to give her dear friend's hand a squeeze in reply.

"How did you come on," continued Miss Rumbledythump, "with your subscription for your blind man and your dumb boy? But, by the by, what an amazing sum you collected for that poor Greek! — What a noble-looking fellow he was! What was his name? Was it seventy or ninety pounds you got? I called it seventy to somebody, but I think I heard since that it was ninety."

"Oh, it was ninety," interrupted Lady Maitland, or it is possible the other lady would have made fifty more queries before waiting for a reply. "It was

ninety, and I gave five guineas myself, although you know I am not very rich. But Oh, dear me, if every body would do what they can, what a vast deal more good would be done! I have just been saying this to my young friend, Miss Dennistoun, but she will do nothing;" and here she introduced Agnes in a special manner to Miss Rumbledythump, giving at the same time a sort of genealogy of the young lady, and dwelling upon the long intimacy which had subsisted between herself and the Dennistoun family. Possibly Miss Rumbledythump could not perceive any object so insignificant without her spectacles, and it was not worth while putting them on, on the present occasion. So she sat glimmering through her eyelashes, but never gave the slightest indication, either by word or gesture, that she saw the person to whom Lady Maitland was labouring to draw her attention. Only as Lady Maitland expatiated at great length on the particular friendship that she had always manifested to the family of Agnes, no doubt Miss Rumbledythump inferred from it, as any body else would have done, that Lady Maitland must have given very substantial proofs of her friendship in that quarter, and more especially as she talked a good deal about gratitude, a virtue which, she insinuated, she was doubtful if her young friend possessed, otherwise she would surely shew more readiness to co-operate with her in all the schemes she had in hand. The heart of poor Agnes, so far from being ungrateful, was one that treasured up the recollection of every favour, and the most insignificant act of kindness — a kind word or look

was never unnoticed nor forgotten by her. But on the present occasion (and surely her memory, which was a very excellent one in general, had not failed her) she could not have specified any one thing beyond the common courtesies of life, which Lady Maitland had done either for her or her friends.

But Agnes sat silently, and let Lady Maitland say as she liked, and Miss Rumbledythump think as she liked; for their sayings and thoughts on the subject could do her no harm.

Lady Maitland, at length, exhausted her topic; and Miss Rumbledythump then asked a string of questions about every thing, or rather nothing, and seemed to want no answers to them; but at the end, she tacked to a shred of glaring flattery; and a preparatory rustling of silks indicated that she was ready to take leave. The two friends again hugged each other at parting; and Miss Rumbledythump walked out of the room with such a sublime air, that it made the frail, old-fashioned ornaments on the chimney-piece rock, and the whisk of her tail, as she passed by, caused the loose sheets of writing-paper to fly off the table in different directions. When she was fairly off, and no likelihood of her making a re-entrance, but not till then, Agnes picked them up from the carpet, and prepared to finish the note she had commenced; when Lady Maitland began a fresh attack. "Why didn't you speak, my dear, to Miss Rumbledythump, after I introduced you, and said so much? You really ought not to be so silent: you can speak very well when you like; and Miss Rumbledythump is a very pious woman. She

does a great deal of good : she goes and visits all the poor people, and she tells me that she reads to them, and converses with them, and instructs them, which is more than you do. Dear me ! think of her going to the poorest places — a person come to her time of life, for she is not young. Really, my dear, you are wrong not to exert yourself ; you should take an example from Miss Rumbledythump."

"Heaven forbid !" ejaculated Agnes to herself ; but she did not utter a word. By this time, her head ached so violently, that she felt desirous to be gone, which, together with the gnawing anxiety of heart, which almost never left her, rendered her in no mood to parley with Lady Maitland. She therefore begged to be allowed to finish the card she had begun, as it was getting late. It was merely an invitation to a young lady to come and take tea with her ladyship ; and there was nothing in it beyond the usual form, except that she hoped that the person invited would ask her mamma to give her half-a-guinea to bring along with her, for the benefit of the Hottentots or Laplanders, or some such purpose.

"Well, good bye ; a good appetite, and a good dinner to you," said Lady Maitland, as she shook hands heartily with Miss Dennistoun, and thanked her for all the trouble she had taken, and then rang the bell for the servant to open the door. But as Agnes was in the act of shutting the room-door, her ladyship called out to her, "D'ye hear me, my dear ?" Agnes re-opened the door, but stood in the door-way ; while Lady Maitland continued to call out to her from her sofa, "D'ye hear me, my dear ?

If you won't get money for me, nor help me with my school, I wish you would try to hear of a governess's place—I'm sure you may do that well enough. I have so many of them upon my hand at present. There's Miss Floggins, and Miss Dobbie, and Miss Dick, and Miss Sanders;"—(and she named a long list of protégées, most of them fresh from the Merchant Hospital);—"but I am most interested in poor Floggins; she has neither father nor mother, and has a lame brother to support. Speak to your friend Mr. Murray about her. D'ye hear me? You can say that she is accomplished—indeed, I paid for her music myself. And she sings: it is a great article to have a good voice. But, by the by, why don't you sing yourself, my dear? You can sing very well, if you like. Why won't you sing? I think you have made a rule not to do any thing that I bid you. You should not be so obstinate. But no matter about that just now. Be sure you keep in mind Miss Floggins. Her salary is fifty guineas: She got that in her last place. But there's another thing that's come across me just now. I wonder you don't think of taking a situation yourself. You are well qualified for it; you are very accomplished. You will really need to do something, if you never get any of your money. I know, if I were ill off, I would do any thing—no matter what it was. I think you might get fifty guineas as well as Miss Floggins. You can talk French, and draw figures, which she cannot. Take a thought about it. I could have mentioned it to Mr. Drysdale—a man, in his public way would be a good hand

to speak to. Do take a thought of it. Miss Floggins was treated like one of the family, which was a great deal, considering that she was not on a footing for that. Now you, of course, it would be expected, should be treated even better, because you would be on an equality with any family you might go to; indeed I would make the bargain that you should. Mrs. Clarke paid Miss Floggins great respect, and gave her a gown now and then; and Captain Clarke gave her five pounds when she left them. Now, you might have as good a chance. What do you say to this, my dear? Many a one has had to do for themselves. Lady Jamieson's daughters took up mantua-making when their father failed. D'ye hear me, my dear? what do you say to that?" And the lady continued, at the top of her voice, talking in this way, much to the edification of the man, who was standing at Miss Dennistoun's back, waiting to open the outer-door for her; for he had an incalculable degree of curiosity about him, like all lazy, half-idle male attendants that lounge about in ladies' houses, where there is not much for them to do; and he took a great interest in all the private concerns of his mistress's visitors, whose affairs he was in the habit of hearing very freely discussed during his attendance at table.

Agnes stood motionless as a statue, without uttering a syllable; her whole desire was, that Lady Maitland would make a pause, so that she might with civility get away. Had she been of a less philosophical turn of mind, the servant's presence might have annoyed her. But it did not. His opinion, or

the use he might make of what he heard, was a matter of perfect indifference to her, and indeed not worth a thought. Being at length compelled resolutely to decline Lady Maitland's proposal of re-opening Mr. Drysdale's letter, and placing her case alongside that of the washerwoman, she made her exit.

One evening, when Mrs. Cunninghame and her young people were seated in their quiet home, Agnes engaged in directing the studies of her sister Charlotte, the finishing of whose education had now entirely devolved upon her, a message was brought begging the favour of Miss Dennistoun to come and see Mrs. Macfarlane, who was very ill. This was a most unlooked-for request. Agnes had met with Mrs. Macfarlane in a very accidental way about two years previous to this. She was visiting a poor girl who was dying of consumption, next door to whom, in the same passage, were lodging a mother and daughter: the former had caught cold by travelling outside a coach, and was seized with inflammation. Agnes had gone in to see the sick woman: she was a Mrs. Macfarlane, who, with her daughter, had newly come to town. Shortly after this, they changed their abode, and Miss Dennistoun entirely lost sight of them, and never expected to hear of them again. The little girl who brought the message left their address. Their residence was now in a part of the town not agreeable to visit at any time, but less so under night. So it was agreed, that as James had to attend a class that evening, he should call for them on his way.

172 MRS. CUNNINGHAME'S GRANDCHILDREN.

It may not be uninteresting to give some account of these two individuals. —

Mrs. and Miss Macfarlane were the widow and daughter of a surgeon, who had practised for upwards of thirty years in a thinly populated district in the north of Perthshire. During the old man's lifetime, although he had but a scanty income from his profession, they contrived to live with respectability and comfort in their moorland dwelling, with their patches of barley and oats, their spot of flax by the burnside, and potato *rig*; their garden stocked with purple coleworts, leeks and chives, and bed of tansy, beside which, in the summer season, their clucking hen was tethered regularly, that she might take refuge there with her young brood, when she espied the glead flying over-head. They had their fuel without cost — peats for the casting and leading in — birch-brushwood, from the neighbouring woods, to make a blaze under their whey-pot. They had their stock of winter provisions — such, perhaps, as a Southron's palate could not relish; but *they* desired no better. Their skim-milk cheese, their small, shrivelled, mutton hams — fore-legs as well as hind-legs — hanging in the smoke; *caspons* and *sauster-scones*,* for the old gentleman's breakfast, made of the mincing pieces of the two-stone-and-a-half of the minister's *mart*, which they received annually as part payment for medicine and

* *Sauster-scones* are made up like force-meat balls, and flattened and fried. Minced beef, well seasoned and packed in a jar, is kept for this purpose.

attendance; and this was the only beef they saw throughout the year. They had their meal *girnell*, in which a variety of skin puddings were imbedded, — their *sowens-seeds* and groats; their fowls' grease and pork-seam to burn in their *cruizie*; and their small store of ill-coloured and worse-smelling, thick-wicked, dipt-candle of their own manufacturing, reserved for particular occasions; — and they had their grey-beard too, of usquebagh, kept expressly to give the old man a mouthful when he went out very early on a frosty morning, or came home very late, with the rain running off him, or the icicles dangling at his cloak; for the rest of the family, although they had taken no vows of sobriety upon them, almost never indulged in any other beverage than *sour-milk* or whey.

Such were the circumstances of the Macfarlanes for a long series of years; and they were a happy, quiet, unambitious family. But their misfortunes came upon them all in one day. A young interloper — an M.D. fresh from College, took up his residence within a few miles of them. He was highly dressed, and talked high English, which had its own weight; and he had condescendingly commenced taking lessons in Gaelic, of which he expressed great admiration, from a Government chaplain who resided near where he had taken up his quarters. And he rode upon a smart, sleek, lowland poney, that put to shame the wretched-looking, worn-out, greyish-brown, scraggy, long-tailed *sheltie*, that old Mr. or, as he was called, Dr. Macfarlane, bestrode. And the people began to find out that the rider of

this sorry beast had no more skill than an old wife. But if it was the case, as it might be, that he had not more, it is a certain fact that this young son of *Æsculapius* had less. What Mr. Macfarlane's book-learning might be, we cannot pretend to say, but it is certain that he could not have painfully, and anxiously, and conscientiously, followed his calling for upwards of forty years, without acquiring some knowledge of the human constitution. And he had been a successful practitioner in his poor district — which nobody called in question till this spark came and gave them better light on the subject ; and they were willing to trust their lives in the hands of him who had but a smattering of his profession from books, and what he learned by handling or helping to hack up a subject on the dissecting-table. Singular good luck attended him. His first patients were a few females, middle-aged as well as young, afflicted with the “ nerves ; ” and as acting upon the imagination is the best, or rather the only specific for that complaint, he gained great celebrity by the marvellous cures which he effected in apparently incurable and always undefinable diseases. The old man's spirits were damped when he saw his popularity declining, and for no remissness on his part, for he made his rounds as assiduously as before. But he had sufficient penetration to see that those who used to welcome him, were now shy of his company ; and he was not insensible to the coolness with which he was received by the Misses at the manse, who really felt themselves scandalized by such a grotesque figure being permitted to ride up to their father's door.

And he who had never been bed-ridden for a day, and had out-braved the storms of his native climate, and never shrunk from crossing hill and moor in the face of the wildest midnight winter blast, when duty called him, and, humanly speaking, from his hale constitution, might have continued to do so for many years — at the age of seventy fell a prey to disappointment and wounded feelings. And his was not a lingering illness ; a few days did the work : his spirits sank ; his appetite forsook him ; he felt no pain and he took no medicine ; but from the bed on which he laid himself down in a state of exhaustion, that he had never before exhibited, he never rose again. And his wife and daughter could scarce believe that he was gone, even after they had wrapt him in his winding sheet ; and they sat and gazed on the large figure laid out before them, that the hand of disease had never touched ; and it seemed like an incredible rumour when the news spread through the Strath, for every body remembered to have seen him pass by but a week before, or it seemed to them but a day.

His son, a robust young Highlander, who had worked their land, and “ guided their beasts,” and, in short, done all the out-door work that was to do about the place, married, and went with his wife and father-in-law’s family to America.

Their landlord died, and his estates passed into the hands of a new proprietor, who came there only at the shooting season ; but when he came, as he was a keen improver, he turned every thing upside down. Among other improvements, he projected a new line

of road through the moor and the glen, and by the bridge, for the accommodation of his wife, to go once perhaps in the year, to the parish church, instead of having to cross the hill and ford the river; and as the Macfarlanes' dwelling stood in the way, it was ordered to be taken down, which was done — but the road remains unmade to this day.

Widow Macfarlane was too old (for her years were more than those of her husband), and too infirm, and her feelings were too much deadened, to be much affected by all these changes. But Miss Macfarlane felt them keenly. She saw, when the spring came, their little spot of barley-ground lye waste, and no hand to dress it. And what would it have availed her, although her brother had still been by her side? There was no use to sow the land whose harvest they were never to reap — the land they expected shortly to see cut up by fifty mattocks, and covered with the shivers of the rocks to be blasted that lay beneath the thin soil, and of the great whinstones that lay on the top of it; and in the hopelessness of the prospect before them, and the state of inactivity to which she was now necessarily reduced, poor Miss Macfarlane was thrown into a severe and lingering illness. But, as the plans of improvement could not be carried into effect so rapidly as they were framed in the projector's mind, they were not compelled to remove from their habitation, as they expected, at the May term, but were allowed to remain in it till harvest. And a sad harvest it was to them — desolation without doors, and almost starvation within. Mrs. Macfarlane was incapable, from her years, of

forming any plan as to their future mode of life, and her daughter had been too ill and dispirited to devise any means for obtaining a subsistence. And now, at the end of the summer season, she was but beginning to regain her strength, and to venture to creep about a few paces before the door.

A report of her weak state of health had been carried to the mansion-house by a person employed to survey the grounds, who had taken shelter one day in their cottage from a thunder shower, and in a few days after, a deputation arrived from the lady. This consisted of the head nursery-maid, a smart English woman, escorted by a man in livery, bearing a basket, the contents of which were scarcely welcome, from the ungracious manner in which they were presented. The man, it is true, was quiet and discreet, and made no complaints, although his white stockings were all bespattered; but his companion was in a regular, insolent, bad humour; and her tongue went as glibly as ever it had gone in her life; and she talked with unpardonable disrespect of the heather and the hills, and the roads, and every thing connected with the highlands; and she shewed that she had reason to complain; for, besides the black border round the skirt of her gown, there were various other indications that she had *landed* into a peat-moss, in endeavouring to find out the short cut she was directed to take, and she was up to the ankles in brown loam, and she sat down upon the corner of a wooden chest, and took off, in despair, her slippers, which had never been on before, and were not fit ever to go on again. The old deaf

woman sympathised, and, with some degree of tact, was more deaf than usual, so that she heard nothing that was not agreeable to hear ; she only saw the plight the flippanant dame was in, who, for what she knew, was the lady herself, or if not the lady, she might have as much, or more in her power, which was all the same thing ; and she paid her all due homage accordingly ; and she scraped and wiped her shoes, and uttered many expressions of commiseration, both in Gaelic and English, and offered to wash out the hem of her gown. But to this the man objected, as his duties at home would not permit such delay ; of which remonstrance Mrs. Macfarlane prudently did not hear a word, otherwise it would have disclosed to her the quality of her female visitor. So, with undiminished respect, she courtesied to the ground, and continued her obeisances till she finally parted with the English lady, whom she convoyed to the termination of the little footpath that extended not many yards from her own door, and led to the trackless field of heath through which the strangers had to pass.

Miss Macfarlane had been engaged emptying the basket of its contents, which consisted of the residue of a feast — fragments of high-dressed and costly dishes, which the Macfarlanes had never seen nor heard of before ; and they were at a loss to distinguish whether they were composed of fish or flesh or fowl ; and upon trial, they could not eat, or at least did not relish them ; for it is a mistake to think that poor and hungry people can eat any thing. They are too often very fastidious in their taste in

regard to victuals. But the basket contained a more judicious present than these viands which could not be appreciated. There were four bottles of wine — two of Port, and two of Madeira.

A message had been left, that Miss Macfarlane was to call at the mansion-house as soon as she was able, as the lady wished particularly to see her; but the poor young woman, anxiously hoping to hear something that would be comforting to herself and mother in regard to their future prospects, went before she had recovered her strength. When she arrived, after her toilsome, dreary walk, she was put into an apartment on the ground floor, which was undergoing some alteration. There was a new window breaking out, and a new grate building in. The men were not actually at work, for it was their dinner time; but all their implements were lying about, and she took a seat where she could find it, among stones and lime, and carpenters' and masons' tools, and there she sat, it might not be half an hour, but it looked to her a whole one. At length she was summoned to the lady's presence. Miss Macfarlane had been accustomed all her days to an earthen floor, and walls japanned with smoke, and rafters over her head fringed with soot. She had seen but few of the elegancies of life; but she was not a woman of vulgar mind. The mere splendour of the rich furniture of the apartments through which she passed did not affect her; but the sight of the lady, into whose presence she was introduced, caused a sensation she had never till then experienced. She had, in fact, never before seen a perfectly elegant

female. She had been used to bronzed complexions, and bleached locks, or red frizly heads; and her imagination could not have pictured any form like that of the radiantly beautiful woman that was now before her; and there were two little boys, under the age of five, with golden curls, and as attractively lovely as their mother, playing about; and there were birds, and flowers, and perfumes, and an air of enchantment seemed to breathe through the apartment; and Miss Macfarlane, in her black bonnet and grey duffle cloak, and black stuff-gown, which bore about with them an intolerable smell of peat smoke, felt, while she stood in the middle of the room, a degree of embarrassment which she never had felt before. And the lady did not help her out of it. She spoke to the children, but was some moments before she addressed Miss Macfarlane. She rose not from her couch, nor did she bid the poor, pale creature, almost fainting with fatigue, sit down. She probably thought that Miss Macfarlane had no right to be a judge of good breeding; nor did she pretend to be so. But she, as every body else does, knew what kindness is; and the illusion which the first sight of the lady created, seemed to vanish, by the repulsive way with which she received her. She had indeed at all times a disappointing manner for one so exquisitely lovely. But it was not pride, but selfishness, and a total indifference to every thing unconnected with herself. She was spoiled by the admiration which her beauty had always received, and the idolatrous homage that her husband paid to her charms; and if her life did not fall a sacrifice to

over-indulgence, like that of Sir Kenelm Digby's wife, * she was, at least, rendered an almost useless member of society. Her business with Miss Macfarlane was—a proposal of taking her into the family as an assistant to the housekeeper and lady's maid—in short, to be a useful person in the house, and to do what the other upper-servants left undone. Not an enviable post truly! But to a person who had little else than the prospect before her of starving, this was not an offer to be rejected. But then, if she accepted, how was her mother to be attended to? She would require to be with the family the greater part of the year in England—and was her mother to be left alone? She saw, by a look of dissatisfaction that passed over the lady's countenance, that she did not anticipate even hesitation as to the proposal, far less a refusal. But Miss Macfarlane did refuse. In simple, but forcible language, she depicted her mother's age, and infirmities, and helplessness; and her conviction, that, however advantageous the situation, it was a manifest duty to remain with her parent. She furthermore stated her wish to have employment at home, wherever her future home might be—that she could take in work, or keep a school. But the lady had nothing to do with Miss Macfarlane's plans or wishes as regarded herself. So, without paying the least attention to the latter part of her discourse, she pulled the bell, to have the noisy children removed; and Miss Macfarlane made her retreat, along with the maid and

* There are various accounts of the cause of her death.

the man who came to take away the beautiful, rebellious little urchins.

Thus ended this negociation. The poor weary creature, disappointed and dispirited, recrossed her native moors, which seemed longer and drearier than ever they had done before. And when she got home, and sat down, her heart palpitated, and a sort of nervous agitation came over her, and she trembled, and sobbed, and gasped for breath ; and the old woman's efforts could not compose her ; nor was she composed till the long dreary night was closed in around them, and then, while her mother slept soundly by her side, a quiet, copious flood of heart-relieving tears fell upon her pillow ; and when these were exhausted, she felt amazed at herself why she should have been so agitated.

When the lady reported to her husband Miss Macfarlane's rejection of the proffered situation, he pronounced her to be a most ungrateful, undeserving person ; one, in short, who ought to get leave to shift for herself as she could — and so, poor creature, she did.

She had never been farther south in her life than Perth ; but she had heard a great deal of Edinburgh, and besides her predilection for a place of which she had heard a very favourable report, she was advised by her friends to try her fortune there. So they sold off every thing, but their feather-bed, and a chest of gean-tree drawers, and a little wooden-clock which hung upon the wall of their room ; and the old woman insisted on retaining also her small two-handed wheel for spinning flax, and her big wheel for

spinning wool, and her cards, although her daughter remonstrated against it, and tried to dissuade her, on account of the difficulty of having them carried safely such a distance, as well as the entire uselessness of these articles after they should be brought to their destination; but the old woman would not be convinced that spinning was a profitless employment.

On their arrival, they sought out some highland cousins, who received them cordially enough, and did not deny the relationship. Miss Macfarlane excelled in needle-work; and she intimated to her friends her intention of taking in sewing, and hoped they would employ her. But her relatives were of that economical, wealthy class, who never expend what they can save, and nothing was given to do *out* of the house that could be done *in* it. They would have considered it worse than waste and extravagance, to employ any one to do what they could do themselves; and they were not *clannish* enough to make any exception, even in favour of a needy relative. But they recommended her to a respectable shop, where orders were received for outfits of linens for gentlemen going abroad; and here Miss Macfarlane, after endeavouring in vain to drive a better bargain, was obliged to agree to take shirts to do at sixpence a-piece. She continued at this for about a year. A shirt she could not make in a day; and she usually sat up half of the night to finish the task she imposed upon herself. And, Oh! it was a wretched pittance after all — sixpence a-day for strangers, in a strange place, to pay for every thing as they required it! But she did not complain; and she would

have persevered ; but her health gave way, and she resolved to make an effort to do something for which she should be better remunerated. She cared not for herself, for she was as self-denied a creature as ever lived ; but her heart was like to break when she saw her old mother enfeebled, and sinking under actual insufficiency of sustenance. She made some attempts to collect a school. A few bare-footed children came for a few weeks, then dropped away, and never paid. She then made application for work from private families ; and she had the good fortune, at the very outset, to be recommended to a lady who was a noted promoter of, and talker about, all charitable and religious things. The lady gave her, as a beginning, a complete dress for a walking child, consisting of frock and trowsers, of very fine materials. Miss Macfarlane sat late and early till these were finished ; but as she never had done any thing of that sort before, she was at a loss what charge to make. She, therefore, called at the Repository for Females' Work, in Queen Street, and requested to be informed what she ought to ask. She was told that, beautiful as the work was, she should not expect more than one-and-sixpence. This was, no doubt, a disappointment ; but, as she was to deal with a charitable lady, she was not without hope that she should get a great deal more ; and when her employer asked her what she charged, she falteringly said, eighteenpence, although in her heart she expected twice that sum.

" Eighteenpence !" echoed the lady ; " Oh no, I cannot give you that. The most that I can or will

give is eightpence ; and if you cannot take that, I know plenty who *will*, and be most thankful for it."*

She took the money, and as she went along the streets, she was so blinded with her tears, that she scarcely saw the way before her ; and when she got home, and had to pay the people at the foot of the stair for the half-hundred-weight of coals and the candles she had used, she had not wherewith to buy a morsel for her starving parent ; and she sat down and sobbed, as if life would sob out of her.

It was about four weeks after this circumstance that James Dennistoun went to see them. They lived at the top of a high land of houses which were not all occupied, and the few tenants which were in it not of the most respectable character. He groped his way up a very dark narrow stone stair, at the top of which was a flight of wooden steps. When he ascended these, he was still in darkness, except the star-light of a clear frosty winter sky, visible through a few panes of glass in the roof. He groped with his hands, till he found, at the end of the landing-

* We would recommend to economical ladies to take good bargains and cheap work, only where they can with a clear conscience. Let them beat down the exorbitant charges of fashionable milliners and mantua-makers. Let them take good bargains, if they can get them, at the shops where they ask double value for their goods ; and, above all, let them take cheap bargains at the roupings of the effects of miserly old-maids and bachelors, — but do not grind the faces of the poor, particularly of your own sex ; for it is a grievous thing to see the many respectable females starving, not on account of their idleness, but their ill-requited industry.

place, an open door, but still there was no light. He saw a window, and the reflection from a small mirror opposite to him, and he stood and looked, and listened, at a loss what to do. At length he said — "Is there any one here?" But no answer was returned to him. He listened again. There was not a sound of breathing. But although there was no indication of any living soul being there, he was sure that it must be an inhabited dwelling, for, as he moved a few steps forward into the room, he felt that he was treading on a carpeted floor, and he stumbled on a chair and table, and a clock was ticking, and as he stood, it struck seven, in a rapid weak chime. He was on the point of making his way down stairs again, when he heard the sound of ascending footsteps, and the glimmer of an approaching light began to shew the furniture of the apartment, and shortly appeared a young woman bearing a candle in her hand. She was too extenuated to look well; but she was not otherwise than comely, and she was sensible-looking, and her attire was not that of one whose dress is put in order for an occasion, but it was that of habitual neatness. She was pale, very pale, and her brow was deeply furrowed, and through the black hair braided upon it, a few premature silver hairs were discernible. Miss Macfarlane started when she perceived a gentleman standing at the top of the stair; but, on a second look, the very striking family resemblance that he bore to his sister made her at no loss to judge who he was. She apologised for the length of the stair and the darkness of the night, as she showed him into the interior of the

apartment, which he had now an opportunity to survey. Every thing was neat and respectable ; but the air of the chamber was cold and comfortless. A kettle stood upon the side of the grate, but there was no fire — only there remained traces that one had been there, perhaps recently, for a few white ashes were in the bottom of the grate, and scattered on the hearth ; and by the fire-place was an arm-chair, with an old red cushion in it, behind which stood a wheel, with some Dutch lint upon the rock ; and as he cast his eye about the room, he observed a bed in a recess, with dark blue-checkered curtains, which were tucked up ; and under the glaring patched coverlet, there lay a figure stretched out, but so still and so straight, that Mr. Dennistoun was startled, for it looked so like a corpse, and he hesitated to approach it. He said to Miss Macfarlane, that if any medical advice were wanted, he had come instead of his sister, and that no time should be lost.

“ I give you a thousand thanks for your kindness,” said Miss Macfarlane, in a low tremulous voice ; “ but I fear, Sir, that I might have spared you the trouble of coming. My mother is past your skill, or any human skill. Oh, I should have gone to beg from door to door, rather than let it come to this !” And as she spoke, she gave a hysterical sob, and sank down upon a chair, and hid her face with both her hands. James Dennistoun was timid and unobtrusive, but he was not, as many diffident people are, wanting in presence of mind. He snatched up the candle, and approached the bed, to see if the old woman was really gone. He folded back the bed-

clothes, which were up about her face. She looked as pale and as ghastly as a corpse ; and there was almost as little genial warmth about her. But there was life : she was breathing ; her eyes were staring and her cheeks were hollow, and her lips were apart, and her tongue looked swollen and parched. A chalky paleness was about her mouth ; and in both her hands, which were resting upon her chest, up almost at her throat, she clasped something. He put forward his hand to feel her pulse. Her touch was as cold as death ; but when he endeavoured to raise her wrist for that purpose, she grasped the more closely what was in her hands, and her eyes looked wilder, which were the only signs of consciousness about her. Mr. Dennistoun put down the candle, and with both his hands took hold of hers. She gave a feeble groan or low murmuring in her throat, while he disengaged from her grasp what she held so firmly, and what seemed to be a piece of coarse tweeled sacking. It was, indeed, a small meal-bag turned inside out ; and it was moist with her saliva, and there were marks of her tongue having licked it all over, and the flour of the meal was still upon her parched lips. God alone knows what were the feelings of the young man's heart at this discovery. Bitter as they were, and experienced with tenfold bitterness by him, on account of his own circumstances, it were good for some who never witnessed poverty, to feel such pangs as shot across his breast, when he who had suffered in his own person many, many privations, saw a scene of wretchedness such as he had never seen before, and, worst of all, had not the means to relieve. An

ejaculation, begging God to direct him, almost audibly escaped his lips. By this time Miss Macfarlane had recovered from her agitation, and probably recovered the sooner because left to herself. She now approached the bed. She seemed the monument of hopelessness, when she uttered, "Oh Sir, it was all my fault—I should have begged, but I was ashamed. I worked till I was almost blind, and got nothing for it; but then I should have begged. Nobody would have been so cruel as to refuse me a morsel for my mother." And she clasped her hands, and, in a harrowing tone of remorse, she made a painful reiteration of the words, "I should have begged—yes, I should have begged."

What James was suffering at this moment is not to be described. He had not a farthing at command. And what would money have availed to a person in whom life seemed almost extinct? He felt the pulse again—it was scarcely beating. He asked Miss Macfarlane if she had nothing in the house, for he scarcely knew what he was saying. She said she had not an article but what was in a tea-cup, which she took down from a little book-shelf, and in it there was a spoonful of coarse raw sugar and water, with which she had, from time to time, moistened her mother's lips. She told him that she was afraid to be in the dark, in case of what might happen, and that she had gone out for a candle just before he came, but the people would scarcely trust her. "And what am I to do, Sir?" she exclaimed, in a tone of anguish; and she sobbed and trembled, and her teeth chattered; and although not such an appalling picture as the

dying woman, she seemed a more pitiable object than she. James Dennistoun, with his hands crossed upon his breast, appeared to be solemnly offering up some silent ejaculations. He then said to Miss Macfarlane, "Could you contrive to get on a fire? Your mother is benumbed with cold, as well as almost gone for want. You must beg or borrow coals of a neighbour. But if you cannot do that, I shall go myself and see what I can do for you." He hurried away, and entering the little shop at the bottom of the stair, he ordered the woman to send up coals and bread, which she did without delay, asking no questions where the payment was to come from.

In about an hour and a half, Mr. Dennistoun returned. By that time a good fire was blazing in the grate. He drew from his pocket a bottle of wine, and presented it to Miss Macfarlane; he then put a sum of money into her hand. She thanked him in a voice scarcely articulate, and wept as she laboured to express her gratitude.

"Do not thank me," said the youth, with that upright manner and firm tone which shewed that he really felt that no thanks were due to him. "This supply is not from me; therefore do not thank me for it. I am as poor as yourself; for so Providence has ordered; and I am not ashamed of it. I mention it to you for your comfort, as it sometimes reconciles one to their lot when they hear that it is not singular. I spoke of your situation to some of my companions at a class I have just been at, and this is what they gave me for your relief. Be of good cheer. God hath chosen the poor of this world. We shall all, I trust, be rich hereafter."

MRS. CUNNINGHAME'S GRANDCHILDREN.

PART III.

FRIENDS, BOTH OLD AND NEW.

Not underneath green shades, by fountains shrill,
Amidst the Nymphs and Syrens, fruits, and flowers,
Is placed our bliss, but on the rough steep hill
Of virtue, climbed through sunshine, snow, and showers.

WIFFEN'S Tasso.

WHEN a man stands in need of a dinner, he is seldom asked out. Feasts are not made for the hungry. This is the way of the world; and the world will have its own way, in spite of all precept, divine and human.

There is on record an affecting memorial of a poor widow, who went out to gather a few sticks to dress her last meal for herself and her child, before they resigned themselves to die. And that was at a time when the dew and the rain were withheld from the earth, and the famine was sore in the land.

But it is to be feared, that in the present day, when neither are the brooks dried up, nor the garners empty, there are too many widows in this land, who sit down to their last morsel, with as little human prospect of relief as *she* had, when she met the man of God at the gate of the city.

It was almost midnight before James Dennistoun returned home. He left not Mrs. Macfarlane until he had administered to her the cordial, and used every means to restore her, in which humane work he was assisted by the woman who sold the coals ; for she, as soon as she had shut her shop, came up to offer her services—a kindness she had never shown before to these unfortunate neighbours of hers, she having always kept aloof from them, from a very reasonable fear of being induced to give them goods upon credit, which she, a poor woman herself, could not afford to do. At James's suggestion, she kindly agreed to remain with them during the night.

It was not till next morning, when he went back to inquire for his patient, that he learned the full extent of their distressed circumstances. He had scarcely arrived, when the officers came to carry away their furniture, which had been for some time under sequestration for the rent. The knowledge of this fact had made people decline giving them credit. Part of the few pounds which Mr. Dennistoun had collected the night before, was given to the men, and they were dismissed for the present.

The composure in Miss Macfarlane's countenance proved to James that her mother was at least no

worse. She shewed, upon the whole, symptoms of amendment. But he discovered that she was suffering from a slight inflamed sore throat, which in some degree obstructed her swallowing. This, Miss Macfarlane said, was a complaint to which she was subject.

The circumstances of these two poor females took up the attention of James Dennistoun for several days. Theirs was a case which to relieve effectually required more than ordinary exertions from a person who had no means himself. But he did relieve it. A blessing seemed always to follow whatever this youth engaged in. Mrs. Macfarlane gradually recovered; and he was enabled, by the kind and willing contributions of gentlemen to whom he spoke, to clear all their little debts, and to give them a considerable overplus for their subsistence. His sisters also took part in the work, and they interested their female acquaintances, and were the means of finding for Miss Macfarlane better and more permanent employment.

The Macfarlanes' story was altogether but a dismal variety of incident to poor Mrs. Cunninghame and her orphans; but scenes such as it, were the only variety at that time in their dreary, but not unprofitable lives.

There was, however, one palliation to their own distress — they had no personal debt. They never purchased what they could not immediately pay for; and although they were singularly respected by tradespeople for their punctuality, and might have had credit from them to any amount, they did not

avail themselves of it, but adhered more strictly than ever to their principle, and chose the alternative of wanting even the necessities of life, rather than of incurring debt. In regard to their affairs at this time, legal measures, as has already been stated, were asleep. But there was still a show of something doing in their matters by their well-wishers. Opinions were offering, conferences were holding, and scores of friendly letters were passing between them and Mrs. Cunningham's London solicitors.

The most anxious and zealous of their friends was Mr. Murray, an elderly gentleman, of narrow income, who kept house with his sister. He was a simple-hearted person, but possessed most of the qualities required in a friend. He was sincere, disinterested, actively benevolent, anxious, and prayerful. He was the only human being who knew the privations they endured, for they shewed no external signs of poverty. He, without informing them, went to their agents, and tried to rouse them to activity. He convened their friends, and consulted about measures for their immediate relief. The only thing that appeared which could be done was, for one or more to advance, upon moderate interest, a few hundred pounds, which should meet their wants till James got through with his studies, and into a situation; and until a plan could be devised for the girls to turn their talents to account, which might be done by and by, as the younger sister was now above sixteen. No one objected to this proposal; nay, it was applauded as the only feasible thing that could be thought of. But here the matter rested, — nobody's loan was forthcoming.

Mr. Murray was disheartened at the failure of this attempt to serve his friends, but not in such a degree as to deter him from persevering. After revolving the matter over and over in his own mind, and sleeping and waking upon it, he determined to try another quarter. He knew Lady Maitland's charitable zeal, and that she possessed the means. He therefore purposed to ask her to advance such a sum as she could conveniently spare, and he was certain that, with regard to interest and other stipulations, he should have no difficulty in getting it all settled in a way very advantageous to his friends. Without communicating his intention to a living soul, he stole out upon his benevolent errand. He had not seen Lady Maitland for many years. He had a great respect for her, as indeed he had for every one that was anxious to do good; and he was naturally disposed to view people in the most charitable light. His reason, although he never expressed it to any one, for not visiting Lady Maitland, was, that he felt it extremely painful for him to refuse assistance to her schemes, all of which he would have promoted if he could; for he not only approved of the object of most of them, but gave her great credit for her praiseworthy exertions and perseverance. But his means were exceedingly limited. He had two sisters dependant entirely upon him. The one, as has already been stated, kept his house. The other, who had met with some disappointment which had shattered her nerves and injured her health, was a poor object of pity, boarded at a distance from her friends. This claim upon him, which no other could supersede, took

away a considerable part of his small income, and he was constrained to the frugal measures he adopted; and not a shilling could he give away but what was a real sacrifice of personal comfort.

Lady Maitland was not a little surprised at his visit. He did not immediately broach the subject he had come upon, but entered with interest into all her Ladyship's benevolent plans. He paid her down at a word ten shillings for the benefit of some case, into the merits of which he did not enter, nor had he any distinct idea of what it was; but he was so intent upon his own errand, that he was willing to clear away, by his concession to all her demands, every impediment to success. He paid three shillings for a book of religious controversy, written by a student who could find no publisher but Lady Maitland; moreover, he took in hand to find places for two governesses and a writer's apprentice, and pupils for a teacher of the German language. He promised, that is to say, he did not object to transfer his patronage from his own to her Ladyship's dairy-woman and coal-merchant. In a word, he undertook, in his zeal to serve his friends, the Dennistouns (than whom nothing of a worldly nature was nearer his heart), to do and say every thing that Lady Maitland imposed upon him. At last he unfolded the object of his mission. Lady Maitland was so delighted with Mr. Murray's obligingness, that she was almost on the point of acceding to his request. But Lady Maitland could do nothing without taking the advice of her man of business, which was but reasonable and right. Every body knows what a law-agent's advice would be on

the subject; and Lady Maitland's agent was one who had basked always in sunshine, and had very little commiseration for those who lived under cloudy and rainy skies. To lend money without proper security, which the Dennistouns could not give in the present position of their affairs, was what no man nor woman in their senses would do. And as to lending it for a share of the property at stake, that was out of the question, as her adviser informed her it was prohibited by the law. To these unanswerable reasons for declining to grant the accommodation, he added many sensible remarks, which exactly accorded with Lady Maitland's ideas, and which nobody could gainsay, as they were unquestionably as rational things as could be said on the occasion. He remarked, that every man and woman must put to their hand and work when there was a necessity for it. "Most assuredly," responded Lady Maitland. That if people have but twenty shillings of income they ought to live on nineteen. "Undoubtedly," replied Lady Maitland. He further observed, that economy was a most admirable property in young people — indeed, both in young and old, — and where there was economy, there was never any difficulty or necessity for money-borrowing. This met with Lady Maitland's cordial assent; and he went on to remark, that he suspected there was a great deal of pride to contend with in dealing with that sort of people. It is to be taken for granted that he meant the Dennistouns; but what sort of people he fancied them to be, he left undefined. But Lady Maitland comprehended his meaning clearly; and what he only suspected,

she could have sworn to ; and in reply to his observation, she appealed to him if he thought any thing could be more sinful than pride, or, to say the least of it, more foolish.

The gentleman agreed that nothing could be worse, in his opinion ; and when they had settled this point in such an orthodox manner betwixt them, he pronounced it to be his determination, that if his family ever were in need, he should make his sons break stones upon the road, and his daughters tease wool, rather than let them be idle. To these magnanimous sentiments Lady Maitland responded with all her heart, and she repeated them a hundred times ; that is to say, she told them to every body she conversed with for the next six months after they had been uttered by her counsellor, whom she discovered to be really a much more sensible and pious man than she previously had considered him ; and this affair ran in her mind till she became occupied with a deeply interesting case of a foreigner — a man of high birth — in short, a nobleman in his own country, which luckily took her mind entirely off the Dennistouns' affairs ; and to him she actually gave fifty pounds in hard cash, without uttering a syllable to her man of business on the subject. This man of rank, whom Lady Maitland patronised, decamped with her benefaction, and sundry others, whilst his benefactresses were entranced with admiration of his fine abilities, and before they had discovered whence he came. And we forbear to state who he really was — whether a Jew or Gentile, a Spaniard or a Pole, an Italian or French Count, or native of the Emerald Isle, lest

it should be inferred that we had some particular prejudice against the country or the creed we might specify. And it would be injustice to ourselves to allow such an inference to be drawn, when we can from the heart say that we have no prejudice against any tribe of our fellow-creatures, although we certainly love those of our own country best, on the same grounds as we love the members of our own household better than the strangers we may meet in the common intercourse of life, whom we never saw before, and may never see again.

Lady Maitland, as was agreed on, wrote a note to Mr. Murray, requesting him to call on her, to hear the result of her conference with her agent. Mr. Murray heard it with all the disappointment which people experience at the failure of any scheme very near their heart, and of whose success they had been almost sure. But, although not very good at disguising his feelings, he strove to conceal them. He was not a neglectful man; but it is true that the half of Lady Maitland's commissions had escaped his memory, and he was rather taken unawares when he found that not one iota of all that he had undertaken had slipped from hers. He did not, however, enter so cordially into all her plans as on the former occasion. He was sadly cast down. But he made use of all the tact that he was master of, and truly that was not a great deal; and he endeavoured to appear unconcerned, and to take an interest in what she was saying. She refreshed his memory on every point that he had forgotten; and he promised a second time to execute all her commissions; and, without having

the power to refuse, and without examining the bargains he was purchasing, he paid for, and deposited in his pockets, a lot of pin-cushions and fancy baskets, and black velvet butterflies, to wipe pens with. But it may be stated that he never used pens, for he was no writer himself, and never handled a pen except to sign his name when he drew his annuity ; and he had no favourable opinion of people who wrote much, especially females ; and he often said, that if he had daughters, he would not allow them to be taught to write at all. This day's transaction confirmed the prejudice ; and he ever afterward had a strong antipathy to all writing whatever, if it were possible that any being so gentle and beneficent could harbour an antipathy. But he was never known to do any thing so violent or indicative of passion in the whole course of his life as on this occasion ; for he actually tossed the black butterflies into the fire, whenever he got home ; but the harmless pin-cushions and baskets he took carefully from his pockets, and delivered to his sister, to do with them what she pleased.

Mrs. Cunninghame was now rather inclined to despond, when she saw that every source was dried up ; and she grieved on account of what could not be recalled — her having given consent to certain steps which had been taken in her affairs — and when she was repining, both at what had been done and left undone, and foreboding the most distressing issue to their prospects, and silently weeping in all the feebleness of helpless old age and poverty, her grandson James, who, in the midst of all, bore an unclouded

brow and untroubled breast, reminded her that all things were working together for good; and his cheering, heaven-born smiles, and faith-breathing words, broke in upon her like sunshine, and dried her tears. He assured her that second causes can only work so far as they are permitted; and that if all their trials and losses were the means of improving in them one Christian virtue, they were so much gain; and that there is nothing which should be considered a real evil, except that which may endanger the salvation of the soul.

"Whenever I feel tempted to dread any trial," said he, as they were assembled one evening to family worship; "I remember how easily and unexpectedly it can be removed out of the way; and I never yet felt perplexed about difficulties, but it came forcibly into my mind what the desponding women said among themselves on the morning of the first Christian Sabbath — 'Who shall roll us away the stone from the door of the sepulchre? And when they looked, they saw that the stone was rolled away from the door of the sepulchre, for it was very great.'"

And he chose for the portion of Scripture which he read that night, the chapter from which these texts are taken, and he selected his favourite Psalm, — "The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want." — And a more confiding, grateful, joyful strain, could not have risen from his heart and lips, if he had been abounding in all the blessings this life can give; or rather it should be said, if his happy spirit, freed from its tabernacle of clay, had been rejoicing amidst the immortal sweets of the Paradise of God.

On the day following, James having gone to dine at Mr. Murray's, where he was a frequent and welcome guest, Agnes and Charlotte set themselves to some work which they were anxious to finish. Mrs. Cunninghame was dozing by the fire, and her favourite Frank at her side, had his head resting on her shoulder, when the announcement of a stranger rather annoyed them, by breaking up the quiet and busy evening they hoped to have. The person who called did not come into the room, but sent in her name, with a request to see one of the young ladies. She was an old servant of their family, and had been married a number of years since.

Her husband kept a dark dirty den of a shop near the head of the Cowgate, where he drove a trade in salt and sand, pease and beans, buttons of blue, and barley, meal and cheese, lamp-oil and cotton-wick, sharps and barley-dust, red herrings and salt fish in all its variety — tusk and ling, cod and *seth*, or *cole-mieseth*, herrings on the spit and in the pickle, *sour-milk*, and *camstone*, dipt-candles, fresh butter and brimstone, mustard and American pearl-ashes, half-penny hanks of grey thread and darning needles, potatoes and penny beer, whitening and ivory black, gingerbread men and women, and quartern-loaves a penny under the standard price. She had served two successive generations of the Dennistoun family, in the joint capacity of laundress and dairy-maid. She had been taken into service from a child by the present family's paternal grandmother, and from her she had learned all her rules of economy, and none of these rules were forgotten. She practised them in her

own household, and talked of them in her circle on all possible occasions — and her circle now was no despicable one — she had risen in the scale of society. She was now, as the wife of a respectable merchant and truly worthy elder of the Old Light, a person of some standing. Her maidenly appellation of Chirsty Butters was for ever discarded for the more dignified one of Mrs. Horne. She was a person of very homely, almost coarse features, with a sharp black eye. In her shop she was in appearance rather a dirtyish, tawdryish woman ; and when she went out on visits of importance, she seemed the very personification of vulgarity, with half her wardrobe on her back ; and no matter whether it might be June or January, perhaps a *roaring*-red printed gown, fawn-coloured shawl, fur tippet, tamboured collar, gauze napkin, and crape scarf — muff and reticule, rings on every finger, and cotton mits, lace borders in superabundance, and knots of sky-blue satin ribbon, velvet bonnet of the shape and size of a coal-scuttle, surmounted with a black lace veil and hearse's plume of black feathers. She was a woman of sense and real merit, notwithstanding her bad taste in dress. She made her husband happy. She brought up her children according to the most approved rules for training youth. She spared nothing on their schooling, and what her own tongue could teach in the way of precept, she did not fail to inculcate, and she was continually inculcating. Her daughters were taught to sew satin-pieces and darning pieces, because old Mrs. Dennistoun, who was dead and gone, had taught her daughters to do so thirty years before. Her sons

were taught Latin and mathematics, for she often lamented her own ignorance in these and other branches, and hinted that her education had been neglected — but by saying so she could mean no reflection on her parents, for she said she was sensible that things had not come to such a pitch in her younger days as they were now ; and as she had laid aside the Scottish dialect, although she could not get free of certain provincial expressions of her native county of —, she pressed any word *is* or *not is* the English language into her service, to express her meaning as occasion required ; and she never failed to wind up her discourse to her minister, when he favoured her with a pastoral visit, or her sons' writing-master, when he came by special invitation to tea, and after she had enumerated all her plans of economy, and explained her education system, with a statement of its success, that she had tried every *stratagem upon* her family to bring them forward in the world.

Such was the person who now paid the Dennistouns a visit. She came about the twilight, and nothing of her dress was forgotten ; and in addition to her usual encumbrances, she had a basket, of the shape of a lady's reticule, but of the very largest size, a large dingy cotton umbrella, and something in form like a bottle, tied up in a man's coloured pocket-handkerchief. She was not a frequent visitor ; the servant never had seen her before, and was at a loss where to dispose of such a guest, for she asked for the ladies in her very best English. The basket, which was evidently a ponderous one, and the bottle, were startling accompaniments for a lady

visitor ; but then the towering black feathers demanded some respect. The servant, therefore, erred on the safe side, by asking her to step up stairs, intending to shew her into a public room not much in use ; but Mrs. Horne declined, on the score of her shoes being dirty, and her fear of injuring the stair-carpets, and said that she would wait till one of the Miss Dennistouns came to her. She put down her basket, and stood upon the foot-mat, twirling her umbrella with the palm of her hand. Miss Charlotte Dennistoun then came out, and immediately ushered her, her basket, her bottle, and umbrella, into the room where the family were. After proper inquiries after health on both sides, Mrs. Horne put down her umbrella, that she might have her hands free to unfold the contents of the basket. She drew forth a ling-fish, rolled up and tied with a string, and a Dutch cheese ; then undoing the knots of the pocket-handkerchief, she placed a sealed bottle upon the table, which she said was a bottle of French brandy, that she had got in a *compliment* from a gentleman of her acquaintance, the mate of a vessel which sailed between Leith and Rotterdam. She entered upon the merits of the fish and of the cheese ; the former of which, she said, she could speak upon from experience, for she had had the *neighbour* of it boiled for her own and her family's dinner that very day, and it had not made her *dry* ; but indeed she was seldom *dry* after *hard* fish, if it was right made ready, but that every thing depended upon that ; that it should be let *come to the boil*, but never allowed to *come through*, but just *get leave to satter*, —

otherwise there was neither pleasure nor profit in *hard* fish. As to the brandy, she could not pass her word for *it*, but she could pass her word for the gentleman who gave it to her, and he would not give her what was not *legal*, she was sure of that; far less would she offer any thing that she thought was not so to the ladies; and they must just excuse her for using the freedom to bring what could not be called a *dentist*;* but people that had always *dentists*, sometimes liked a common thing for a change. She then brought from her pocket a small package of mannacroup, which she said that the same Dutch gentleman had given her; but her family were all *robust*, and required none of those *niceties*, — indeed she never *learned* them with any thing but what you might call plain wholesome diet; that she gave them their satisfaction of barley broth, and such as that, but very little *butchery* meat, for she highly disapproved of stuffing the stomach with mixtures and *combustibles*; and young people should not be *overly* fed, and parents were not *legal* who did not attend to all these things; and she thought the mannacroup would be a fine thing for Mr. Frank; and as she spoke, the poor sickly boy, in his wheeled chair, gave her a sweet smile of thanks for her remembrance of him.

Mrs. Horne, when she paid a visit, generally sat a couple of hours at the shortest, but on the present occasion she sat about twice that time. She usually gave a history of every thing regarding herself, her

* Dainty.

family, and her business; but that night, notwithstanding her lengthened stay, she spoke little after having made her presents acceptable in the above manner. She played with her umbrella, and made a disagreeable jerking with her basket-lid. She wiped the perspiration from her face with the coloured handkerchief which had enveloped the bottle; and no wonder that her face did perspire under the velvet bonnet and the feathers; but entreaty could not prevail upon her to part with her hat while she sat, for she said that her cap was not *ceremonious*, and besides that, she durst not sit a moment. Still she never went away. At last the sound of the watchman calling ten o'clock startled her. She rose and seized her umbrella and her basket. She said that her husband had seldom to challenge her for being out late, for, indeed, she made it her study to shew him no bad example, for there was no saying what latitude he might take, for as good a man as he was, if she were not trying every *stratagem* upon him. Here she stopped short, and again laid down her basket and her umbrella. She took off her gloves, and searched first one pocket and then the other. When she seemed to have found what she was in quest of, she drew out her hand, and was evidently endeavouring to make a speech, but it would not succeed. At length she began about her husband, a subject on which she could be very eloquent, and she described him as by no means a *precarious* man. Mrs. Cunningham and her young people thought by her manner that she was going to reveal something unpleasant about him or his business. She made some

observations on the duties of a wife, and expressed, in strong terms, her disapprobation of all manner of *deceivry* ; but ended by stating her conviction, that however good a man might be, that it was not *legal* for a wife to tell him every thing ; at least this was her idea, and this was her practice, and she found it to answer best ; that, for example, what she was now going to say, she did not see there was any call to tell even her husband, for as good a man as he was, and a man that never said it was wrong she did. She unfolded a dirtyish piece of paper, which she handed to Miss Dennistoun, saying that that was her own, and her family knew nothing about it ; that she had earned it chiefly in the service of their grandmother, Mrs. Dennistoun, who had added many a pound to it ; that she was sure it would be safer any where than with her, for her house was so full of *stockrie*, and there was so little room in it, that she really might say that she had no enjoyment of her house ; that it was a wonder she kept her health, she who had been accustomed to plenty of air, and she got so seldom out now to take the air. Miss Dennistoun meantime turned to the candle and looked at the paper. It was an endorsed bill for a hundred pounds sterling. Agnes did not exactly understand what she intended should be done with it, and asked her if she wished that she should take it in charge. Mrs. Horne resumed her umbrella and basket, and said it was to be looked upon as no charge, and there was nobody to be accountable to for it ; and that she did not mean it to lie useless ; for that she had always taught her husband and her family to be *econo-*

mous, and to put every thing to a proper use ; therefore, if Miss Dennistoun and Miss Charlotte, who were visiting and jaunting about the town, required any money, just to draw it immediately, and more than welcome ; she only wished that it were more.

Our reader may not be a believer in a special Providence ; and if so, we shall enter into no unmannerly argument with him. But we are not ashamed to confess our own belief, and that we have credulously taken in what Flavel and other divines have said upon that subject. The above fact seems not much behind some instances they have recorded ; and ever since we heard it, we must acknowledge to have felt something like a superstitious scruple to say that any person looks *vulgar*, lest under that disadvantageous exterior should be concealed such virtues as adorn not many of the bright ones of the earth. The result of Mrs. Horne's visit was of so surprising a nature, that it precluded the possibility of the Dennistouns properly acknowledging the favour. But next morning Miss Dennistoun repaired to her house, both to express their thanks, and also to give her such a written acknowledgment as might be required. The latter Mrs. Horne decidedly refused ; she said she had no fear for the money, but she did not wish that it should be regarded as a debt at all. Agnes had some curiosity to know how she had suspected that they were in want of money, and Mrs. Horne explained the matter after her own fashion. She had been to drink tea, two nights before, with a lady of her acquaintance, who kept a tavern on the Shore of Leith — here she could not resist giving an

account of this *lady*; and she summed up all her virtues by stating that she was much respected by the *quality* of Leith, and served many of them with table beer. She farther informed Miss Dennistoun that there was in the company that evening a gentleman from Edinburgh, who, *appearingly*, knew every thing, and with him she came up Leith Walk. She did not expressly say how the conversation had begun; but she hinted that she had been telling him how old Mrs. Dennistoun regulated her household, and this led her to discover that he knew about the family, and from him she had an account of their circumstances. She was not guilty, she said, of paying attention, *for* common, to what an *antrix* person would say, but *he* was a most sensible, *enticing* man, and he told her that they had a law-plea in London; and she was led to understand, by his account, that the *writers* in London were no better than the writers here. He also told, what grieved her more than any thing, that their house was sold at a *wanworth*, to a man who could not pay it but by instalments, and that the writer, *for his trouble in selling it*, was to have all the money to himself; and she could not get over thinking of this, — the house in which they had all been born, and in which their father and mother died; and more than that, it was the house in which she first *landed* when she came to Edinburgh twenty-three years ago, on the very day that Miss Dennistoun was brought into the world. Mrs. Horne farther stated, that she did not get a wink of sleep the whole night after, but whether it was what she heard, or the green tea, that put her off her rest, or her being

fatigued, or her finding every thing *real-raft* when she came home, she could not determine; nor could she find out what the gentleman was that gave her all this insight, or where he stayed, for he parted from her at the corner of the North Bridge. But he was *similar* to a man that lived upon his money, which she made no doubt he was, for he was both fat and fair, and his name was Mr. Mustard, and she heard the lady with whom they drank tea, call him Joseph sometimes, which led her to think he might be a *friend*.

Joseph Mustard! a name as familiar to Agnes as her own; but she did not see it necessary nor prudent to take any notice that she knew it.

Joseph Mustard was no other than Lady Maitland's inquisitive man.

On the sixth of January, in the following winter, a party met at the house of General ———, to an annual entertainment given there, on account of its being the anniversary of the birth of his eldest son, a young man, at that time on the Continent. The estate of General ——— was contiguous to Mr. Gordon's, and their residences were about five miles distant from each other.

When the company had arranged themselves at dinner, Mr. Gordon, who was one of the guests, was surprised to see Miss Dennistoun seated opposite to him. His visit was both sweetened and embittered by the discovery. She was dressed in deep mourning, and there was in her wan and spiritual countenance an expression of melancholy composure. Her features became gently agitated when she first per-

ceived him; but in a moment they were settled again to their usual placidity. A slight recognition across the table passed between them, but to speak would evidently have been to her both embarrassing and painful; nor could the quivering of the lip, and the occasional tears, in spite of her efforts to restrain them, which fell over her cheek from time to time, pass altogether unobserved.

In the course of dinner Mr. Gordon asked to drink wine with her; but he was both surprised and dismayed when Lady Eleanor called out from the head of the table — “ I always drink wine with Miss Dennistoun myself — Miss Dennistoun, take a glass of wine.”

Mr. Gordon was at a loss whether she meant to insult him or the young lady. He reddened, and she became of a deathlike paleness. But, as if suddenly recovering more than her usual degree of nerve, she first returned Mr. Gordon's compliment, and then bowed to the lady of the house.

Mr. Gordon remembered that Lady Eleanor, although a fascinating woman in her manners, and not unamiable in her dispositions, was of variable temper, and when out of humour she was always saying severe and sarcastic things, but generally repented of them afterward, and made ample amends for the aggression by extraordinary acts of kindness, and she was a warm friend when she took a fancy. The General, on the contrary, was a silent, unoffending person, but stiff and formal to the extreme; and a stranger had always the feeling in his company as if he had incurred his displeasure.

Shortly after dinner, Mr. Gordon joined the ladies in the drawing-room. As soon as he entered, he looked about for Agnes, but she was not there. One of the General's little girls jumped up upon his knee, and took him round the neck ; and while she was thus caressing him, he ventured to ask her, in a whisper, where Miss Dennistoun was. " She is in her own room, I suppose," said the child ; " but why are you asking for her ? she is our governess." Agnes soon after made her appearance ; but Mr. Gordon thought she seemed to wish to avoid having any communication with him. She took a chair beside a very intelligent-looking elderly lady, with whom she continued in conversation, till it was broken up by the entrance of two violin-players, whose music the General accompanied with his bass-viol ; and as he prohibited all foreign and new-fashioned dances in his house, Lady Eleanor and an old Baronet opened the ball with a strathspey, to Struan Robertson's Rant—a tune of the General's choosing. It must be confessed that the Baronet's performance was rather a failure ; but he deserved a vote of thanks for this exhibition of his ungainly person, for it afforded the company infinitely more entertainment than better dancing would have done, and it shewed in admirable contrast with Lady Eleanor's fine figure and graceful movements ; while all who witnessed her, did not fail to admire the General's taste or whim in restricting her to that almost obsolete dance, and could not help wishing it into fashion again.

The festivity of the evening was kept up till a

late hour, and the company were in excellent humour with themselves and each other. Lady Eleanor's kindness was overflowing, and she insisted that Agnes should dance to raise her spirits; and in order to remove all her scruples, she prevailed on the General to transfer his violincello into other hands, and be her partner himself.

Upon a very slight invitation, Mr. Gordon prolonged his visit for another day; and his object in doing so was to obtain an opportunity of speaking with Miss Dennistoun,—but in vain. At length the hour of his departure came, and he happened to be in the breakfast-room alone with Lady Eleanor, whilst his vehicle was getting ready, when he took the opportunity of remarking, that he was happy that her children had got such an able instructress as he understood Miss Dennistoun to be. And Mr. Gordon said this sincerely, for the sake of the children; for he knew that Lady Eleanor's own faults were the fruits of a wrong education and improper training, and he had not much reason to doubt that her family should suffer by the transfusion of her notions into their minds, unless counteracted by better and higher principles.

"Oh, poor thing!" said her ladyship, in reply to his remark; "I took her out of pure charity, when I had a most superior one in view, a Frenchwoman, whom my sister recommended. But I was literally forced into this by the importunity of some of your religious folks. And the General has some prejudices against a French one; and he is pleased with Miss Dennistoun, for no reason that I can discover,

but that she plays Scotch music to his taste. Now, for us who are always in the country, a different sort of person was required. I could have wished one with more brilliancy of style in her accomplishments, which would have been of infinite service to the children ; but, besides that she has nothing of that sort, she is downright melancholy, which I decidedly think is injurious to the young people."

Mr. Gordon asked if she had lost her grandmother.

"No," replied Lady Eleanor ; "she is in mourning for her brother, who caught a fever when visiting the Infirmary. She has another brother, but he is lame ; and she has a sister, who stays at home to take care of him and the old grandmother ; and I believe Miss Dennistoun's salary is all they have to look to."

Mr. Gordon made no comment on what Lady Eleanor told him ; but he hurried away, and was thankful for the length of the drive, which allowed him to be so long alone, and without interruption to his thoughts. The reader may naturally suppose that he was planning something heroically benevolent ; but woe is me ! he is mistaken in his good opinion of him. His indecision, his faintheartedness — (his friends were pleased to call it diffidence or modesty) — paralyzed him, and, whatever he may have planned, two months elapsed, and he remained inert. Twice that length of time might have passed away, and the objects of his sympathy might never have known that there was one who was feelingly alive to all their sorrows, but for a circumstance which led him again to the General's.

There was a meeting of heritors held upon some parochial business at a village near General —'s residence, after which the General asked him to accompany him home to dinner. Mr. Gordon gladly availed himself of the invitation. Between the time of their arrival and the announcement of dinner, Mr. Gordon comported himself in a manner not very attractive, for the person he wished most to see was not with the ladies in the drawing-room, and he had not courage to ask if she was still there. But when they were arranged at table, his eye again rested on Agnes's meek countenance, nor was she less mournful-looking than on the former occasion. Notwithstanding that he had resolved, when he went, to show her every attention, he failed in this resolution, as he had done in many others, and he neither showed attention to her nor to any one else, but was abstracted for the whole evening; and then he tormented himself with the thoughts of what he might have said and done. But the occasion was now past. He was distressed at the probability that, from want of opportunity, he should again leave the house without being able to express one word to Miss Dennistoun, to shew that he took an interest in her welfare. But at last he found means to inform her that he was going to Edinburgh some days thence, and should be happy to carry any communication to her sister, and hoped she would have it ready for him in the course of that forenoon. Now Mr. Gordon had nothing very pressing to take him to Edinburgh at that time, except to be the bearer of the said letter, if she should avail herself of his offer. In an hour after she came to

the drawing-room, and presented him with a packet for her friends. He grasped at it as a much-desired treasure, and fondly hoped that it might be a connecting link to some farther intimacy and correspondence.

He journeyed to Edinburgh with his precious deposit, and his first business was to deliver it.

Charlotte and her grandmother now resided in the suburbs in a small flat on the second floor. When he entered their little sitting-room Mrs. Cunningham seemed as if a dozen of years had been added to her life since he saw her last. She was bowed down with anxiety and care. It was a few seconds before she recognised Mr. Gordon, but when she did recognise him, it seemed to sharpen all her faculties, and to awaken a train of old recollections.

Charlotte Dennistoun was a very elegant young creature, and gave promise of more perfect beauty when the graces of her face and figure should be matured and more fully developed. She appeared embarrassed on Mr. Gordon's entrance, but it soon wore off; for he made himself so lively, and talked so incessantly, that he allowed no awkward pauses in the conversation; and he never, in the most distant degree, alluded, nor gave them an opportunity of alluding, to their change of circumstances and other trials. He made a very long, unfashionable visit, and begged to be allowed to call again for any commands they might have for Miss Agnes, as he was soon to return to — shire. But when he rose to depart, Mrs. Cunningham could resist no longer the impulse of her heart to call his attention

to a tender subject. She drew from her bosom a miniature of her departed grandson, taken in the days of his boyhood — and there he was to the life, with his high forehead and intellectual eye. But when she held it to Mr. Gordon's view, she could express nothing of what she intended to say — she only shed tears, and Frank wept aloud: Charlotte had hastened out of the room. After Mr Gordon examined the picture, he returned it in silence to its owner, who was secretly gratified to find, when replacing it in her bosom, that she had obtained for it a tribute for it was moist with other tears than her own.

Before Mr. Gordon left town, he did joyfully receive a letter from Charlotte to carry to Agnes, and also many verbal communications from Mrs. Cunningham. This furnished him with an apology for soon repeating his visit to the General's, and he courageously sought and obtained an interview with the young lady, as he had something like a plea for so doing, as the bearer of communications from her friends, which he must deliver in person. So his errand looked very important. And important in its results, as far as concerned himself, it certainly was. From that day he often found his way to the General's upon very slender pretences for calling; and Lady Eleanor could not help wondering what brought him so frequently, when she remembered she used to have some difficulty in getting him to come at all. And she put the General upon his guard, lest he should be taken unawares; for she strongly suspected that his motive in coming was to pave the way for the accomplishment of a favourite scheme that he had in

view, and which only another of the heritors had concurred in — and that was to have a new parish-church built, the old one being so impaired that it was not creditable to those who could afford a remedy. But a trifling circumstance disclosed to her the secret. There was seldom a week passed that Lady Eleanor and Miss Dennistoun had not some altercation about the management of the young people, and as Lady Eleanor generally began to find fault in presence of the children, they always became parties in the affray. All the part that Miss Dennistoun ever took in these disputes was to maintain her own ground in matters in which it would be improper to yield. But Lady Eleanor's wrath never lasted long; and the storms which she raised generally ended in reconciliation and kissing. One of these petty quarrels took place upon an occasion when Henry Gordon was in the house, but it was not in his presence. Lady Eleanor had used some bitter and cruel expressions which, together with the insolence of an ungovernable little boy, Agnes silently bore, and proceeded to the school-room to pursue her duties there, while Lady Eleanor returned to the parlour with her spoiled child. Lady Eleanor, in her conscience not satisfied with herself, yet wishing to extenuate her own fault by magnifying the injury or insult she fancied she had received, repeated her grievance to Mr. Gordon, as she would have done to any one who might have been at hand to listen to her; and in her recital she was assisted by little Tom, who felt himself of great consequence in having such an important ally as his mother. “And Mam-

ma said," — cried the little fellow in his eagerness — "Mamma said that her pride should be brought down yet."

Mr. Gordon's pride rose : Lady Eleanor had come to the wrong quarter to lodge her complaint. But he did not venture to speak till he composed himself. He then said, in a manner between jest and earnest, "I fear, that whatever the merits of the cause may be, I am in duty bound to be Miss Dennistoun's confederate rather than your Ladyship's ; and if Tom will go and fetch his ship, and show me how he manages its sails, I may give you a good reason why I cannot league with you in this warfare."

The little boy, with the volatility natural to childhood, ran off to find his toys, delighted at the prospect of having Mr. Gordon to play with him ; and Mr. Gordon took the opportunity of intimating to Lady Eleanor, that after Miss Dennistoun's term of engagement in her Ladyship's family should be expired, in all human probability, she should return to — shire as his wife.

Mr. Gordon left the house about an hour after this, and without seeing Agnes. Lady Eleanor continued for the rest of the day in a state hovering between good and bad humour. Nor was she in a more decided frame of mind when evening came : she made no advances towards a reconciliation, and allowed Miss Dennistoun to retire for the night without taking notice of her.

Agnes Dennistoun had great tenderness of conscience, as well as a very affectionate heart ; and she never remembered to have retired to rest before,

without being at peace with the whole world. She had not in any respect been the aggressor, and yet she took blame to herself, and she would gladly have made any concession so as to be at peace with Lady Eleanor again ; and she determined, that when morning came, it should be her first work to remove from her mind any cause of displeasure, if she had given any. Hour after hour passed, away and she felt no inclination to sleep. She thought of the petty strife of the past day—she thought of home—she thought of Henry Gordon. But she felt no elation when she thought of him. She never allowed her mind to be elated with any thing. She so thoroughly knew the uncertainty and instability of everything connected with this life, that she never formed a wish respecting her lot in it ; and she was always in a frame of mind prepared for disappointment rather than enjoyment. She remembered, that in the days of her girlhood, when her imagination was less disciplined than it was now, and first when she became acquainted with Mr. Gordon, that it had crossed her thoughts, that, if it were within the range of possibilities that she should change her state, that he would be the object of her choice. But the idea never formed itself into a wish, even in those early years, and in her maturer ones not the shadow of a chimerical thought did she ever allow to find entrance to her mind.

The objects in the apartment were now becoming discernible in the grey dawn of a September morning, when her chamber door was opened softly, and a tall figure in white, gliding into the room, ap-

proached the bed, and imprinted on her lips a fervent kiss.

"Why did you go to bed without wishing me good night?" said Lady Eleanor, in a kind, soft voice; "I have forgiven you—you might have known that I forgave you long ago."

There was in reality not a thing which Agnes had done which required Lady Eleanor's forgiveness; but Agnes was willing to be reconciled on her Ladyship's own terms, and she accepted of the forgiveness with all her heart; and the two tuned their pipes, and wept in concert.

After this part of the scene was enacted, and they had dried their tears, and sealed their reconciliation with more than one kiss, Agnes begged of Lady Eleanor to return to bed, lest she should catch cold. But Lady Eleanor was not disposed for this: she had more to say. The pathetic part of the business being over, she now entered upon the rational. She spoke both sensibly and kindly to Agnes. She acquainted her of what Mr. Gordon had told her on the preceding morning, and gently reproved Agnes for want of confidence in her, as she might have known, she said, her willingness to promote her happiness, to which she was afraid that, from entire ignorance on her part, she had often thrown barriers in the way. But the affectionate interest with which she expressed herself at this time on the subject, more than compensated for all the hard speeches she ever had uttered to her, and Agnes could not forbear earnestly to wish that a time should arrive when Lady Eleanor should be in possession of a better regulated mind and a steadier temperament.

Lady Eleanor's visit chased sleep to a greater distance than ever; so, as soon as she was gone, Agnes rose and equipped herself for a morning walk. She wandered down a long beech avenue which formed the western approach to the house. The conversation with Lady Eleanor which had just passed, seemed to stamp her prospects with a reality which they never seemed to possess before; and she ventured to feel happy: nay, in spite of herself, the inspiration of the fresh, balmy, bright morning, thrilled through her whole frame, and a few rapturous hours of existence passed away, while she sauntered along the devious foot-paths cut through the woods, or rested at times in the rustic bowers formed here and there in the midst of them.

When Agnes entered the breakfast-room, the General was in the act of opening the post-bag. It contained only one letter and a newspaper. The letter was a foreign one: it was from Naples, where his eldest son had been with some of Lady Eleanor's relations. But he was not there now, he had gone they knew not whither; and he had made a worse than foolish marriage—in a word, one which every body, as well as his doting mother, who scarcely thought any person good enough for him, would condemn. The accounts of his death would have been nothing to this. It caused a sad revolution in the family. Agnes was allowed to manage the children in her own way; and the servants were left to manage the house as they pleased. Agnes should have left them in November, but she could not in her heart do it when her presence was so much

wanted. She lingered on from week to week, and when Christmas arrived, she was still there. The 6th of January came, but there was no party invited. The General, with his hands at his back, wandered about from room to room, at a loss what to make of himself, and before it became dark he went out and took a short walk. When he returned to the dining-room, he complained that the lights were too brilliant, and ordered them to be shaded. The servant could not obey this order, but extinguished some of them; still he complained that they affected his sight in a painful degree. They were then all put out except one; but by that time Lady Eleanor was a widow.

It seemed as if Agnes's dream of happiness should never be realised, so many things conspired against it. To leave the afflicted lady in all the desolation of widowhood was impossible, and she resigned herself to circumstances, and promised to remain with her as long she possibly could; and this was no small sacrifice. Well as she loved Lady Eleanor, there were others she loved better, and whose happiness it was her duty to study.

By the General's deed of settlement, his eldest son was disinherited, and the estate conveyed to his second son, a youth then at his studies at Oxford. And there was an item in his testamentary document— "To Miss Dennistoun, as a mark of esteem, and as a small acknowledgement of my sense of obligation for her unwearied attention to my children's best interests, I bequeath one thousand pounds." Besides this, there was a clause which gave no small

gratification to Mr. Gordon. He left two thousand pounds towards the erection of the new church, to be paid as soon as the heritors should be agreed upon the subject.

Spring came round again, and Agnes was still with Lady Eleanor. Indeed she seemed to have become so necessary to her happiness, that she durst not speak of her departure. And Agnes, what between *her* affecting appeals to her compassion, and the entreaties of her lover, was very far from being happily situated, nor did there seem to be any end to it. Lady Eleanor had now no longer the supercilious air she used to assume, and nothing but sentiments of kindness flowed from her heart and lips. She was altogether a new creature, transformed by that divine influence which alone can melt and subdue the rebellious heart. The only unreasonable thing that remained in her, perhaps, was her anxiety to detain Miss Dennistoun with her; but there might be as much of real affection as of selfishness in it. At length Mr. Gordon interposed with his commands. His own anxiety and disappointment had been very great during all these delays; and Agnes's family in Edinburgh were not less unhappy and uneasy on account of them.

Soon after Agnes's return to Edinburgh, Mr. Gordon repaired thither, and they were united on a very bright morning in July.

The house, not a mile distant from his own, which Mr. Gordon's deceased aunt had occupied, was fitted up as a residence in future for Mrs. Cunninghame and her other two grandchildren; and Mr. Gordon

insisted on reserving to himself the pleasure of repaying Mrs. Horne. And he always said, that he felt her conduct as a reproach to him for his hesitation. But when duties were plain and evident to Mr. Gordon, he was never slack nor dilatory in the performance of them ; it was only when he was doubtful what really was the right line of duty, that he hesitated. He was so little under the power of imagination, that he almost never acted from momentary impulses of mere feeling ; for when he began to consider, he always began to suspect his own motives, as well as to doubt the propriety of actions which spring from these impulses alone ; and he was not sure but that, in most cases, they might be placed on the list of human delinquencies, rather than of human merits.

The amount of the sum with which he repaid Mrs. Horne, he, according to *her* doctrine, did not think it *legal* to tell even his own wife. But when Mrs. Horne received it, she said that she never till that moment knew exactly the meaning of one Mrs. Dennistoun's favourite sayings, that "bread cast upon the waters shall be found after many days." And it is a coincidence not unworthy to be noted, that shortly afterwards, a bankruptcy in Edinburgh, which ruined several families and trades-people, almost ruined Mr. Horne among others, and this hid treasure retrieved his circumstances ; and when Mr. Gordon heard of his loss, he added something more to what he had already given.

On the first sunday that Agnes spent at her new home, she, with her husband and sister and Mr.

Murray, was prepared soon after breakfast to attend public worship. The church was situate on the confines of the estate, and there was a short road to it through the woods, and by this way they meant to walk. There was no parade of a marriage party; but with unostentatious appearance, and with that calm frame of mind suitable to the sacred day, they set out. They passed the shrubberies, and crossed a narrow belt of fir-planting, beyond which was a grove of tall beech-trees and limes, which afforded shelter to some young oaks and larches. A rough stream, but almost dry at that season, wound its course through the grounds, and over it was thrown a rustic bridge which they had to cross. There was only room for two walking a-breast on it. Charlotte and Mr. Murray were sent on before. As soon as they got to the other end, they found the road take a sudden sweep round the planting; and as they followed its track, they perceived on the left-hand side something white gleam out among the trees. A large chesnut-tree concealed the object from their sight; Mr. Murray said that he thought it was the silver bark of a tall birch, whose light, airy foliage was seen waving above the young oaks; but another turn in the path brought them in full view of it. It was a monument of marble, and in beautiful relief it was encircled with a palm wreath, and in front was a cross and a crown; and the name of James Dennistoun engraved, with the term of his probation here — "Twenty-one years;" and underneath was inscribed, "He is not dead, but sleepeth." Charlotte did not linger here, but hastened on, for she said to Mr. Murray that she durst not wait till her sister came up.

"Ah," said the old man as he followed her, and wiped away his own tears, "your sister has a strength of mind, which, I think, she will sustain under any circumstances. I do not forget the last words the dear youth said to her — "Agnes, is your firmness to forsake you because I am going away?"

Mr. Gordon began to fear that he should have reason to repent having come by that way, when he felt his companion's step becoming less firm, and saw the colour entirely leave her face. But she knew too well what her duty to him was ; and she felt that it would be poor respect to the dead to distress the living. And with that mental effort by which she could almost at all times subdue her feelings, she said, while she looked up to him and smiled through the tears which she did not seek to restrain, "I see that I have more need of watchfulness than ever, lest *you* should make me forget that I am still but a wayfarer in the wilderness."

When divine service was over, the clergyman overtook the party at the church door, to offer his congratulations, and Mr. Gordon introduced his new hearers to him. His text had been "Pray without ceasing," which was a subject so much to Mr. Murray's mind, that he could not forbear to express his approbation. "I liked your subject and I liked your sermon," said he while they walked through the churchyard ; "I wish ministers would preach oftener on that subject. If men were stirred up to pray more, as well as to work, we should see a surprising revolution in this world of ours. But Heaven must withhold its bless-

ings, whilst men are neither in a frame for asking nor receiving them. It was truly said by you, Sir, in your sermon, which has done me more good than any I have heard for a while, that every thing is to be achieved by prayer. I could tell, in my own experience, many remarkable things, and if I were to tell them, some people would say I was a fool. But on this very day I see fulfilled prayers which I know were offered up many years ago."

"Yes," said the minister, while he shook hands heartily with the good old gentleman, "the man who possesses and exercises the right spirit of prayer, I really believe, has in the truest sense the privilege, *Fingere sibi fortunam.*"

Mr. Gordon's wife and her beautiful sister were, for a while, the topic of conversation in the country. Ladies came to pay their compliments to the former, and gentlemen accompanied them to satisfy their curiosity with respect to the latter; and Charlotte in a short time had more admirers than, perhaps, it was good for her to have. And her grandmother and Agnes were continually putting her upon her guard against being rash. But their prudent maxims had less weight than the eloquence of a young barrister who came down from London on a visit to his aunt, Lady Eleanor —, and to him she was soon married, nor could there be any reasonable objection, for he was a very amiable and excellent person. But Mr. Murray, who was invited to the celebration, took occasion to express his surprise at the two sisters' unaccountable partiality for lawyers, and he said they had now

both fairly cheated him by their choice, for he had long allotted clergymen for them ; and had even gone so far as to promise them away to two particular friends of his own. Charlotte's marriage was scarcely a joyful occasion to her own family, as it took her to a distance from them. But it made way for the happiness of a person whom Mrs. Cunninghame and her grand-children never lost sight of, both on account of her own merit and for his dear sake, who had taken such an interest in her. And that person was Miss Macfarlane. Her mother had died some time since — and she died full of faith. For he who had come to her as an angel of mercy, and saved her from perishing of want, was also the honoured instrument of imparting to her the knowledge of those truths which make wise unto salvation, and of which she had lived in ignorance, or at least without being under the power of them, for nearly fourscore years.

Charlotte's place was supplied by this deserving young woman, and she became to Mrs. Cunninghame as a daughter. We cannot calculate upon the duration of human happiness, but at present there is not in the realm ~~so~~ happier ~~to~~ than Mrs. Cunninghame, and Frank (who is now able to move about upon his crutches), and Miss Macfarlane.

OCCASIONAL PIECES.



TRANSLATION FROM VIRGIL.

BOOK VIII. OF THE ÆNEID.

"Tum Pater Eandem," &c.

STILL to his Pallas' neck the feeble Sire
Clung fondly, weeping, in a long embrace.
"Oh Heaven!" he cried, "might I but now retrace
My bygone years — might I such strength recall
As once I boasted, by Præneste's wall!
No hero there a keener weapon raised;
And, as a trophy, piles of bucklers blazed.
Foremost in fight, I, master of the field,
Made even the mighty Herilus to yield,
Whom at his birth three lives his mother gave:
The wondrous gift the warrior could not save.
Were not thy father's strength, with time that's
gone,
Forever fled, would I from thee, my son,
Be torn? Ah! were I what I've been,
Would on these coasts Mezentius now be seen,

- " With insult and impunity, presume
" To waste the land, and crowd the unclosed tomb ?
" Hear, mighty Jove, a king's, a father's prayer !
" If fate decree — if thine almighty care
" Preserve my son, and to his father send
" Him safe from battle, let my life extend
" To that bright hour — till then, each care beguiled
" With the blest hope to clasp again my child !
" But if fate threaten some untimely doom,
" Now, now, my soul release ! I seek the tomb,
" Whilst Hope the future, with delusive ray,
" Gilds with its sunshine even the saddest day —
" Whilst in my withered arms I clasp my boy,
" My Pallas fair, my last, my only joy !"

THE WOUNDED SPIRIT.

PALE was her face and placid, as if care
 Had never been to cause a ruffle there.
 But, ah ! her soul was sad — none knew its sadness ;
 For in that face, at times, were gleams of gladness,
 To cheat the world, and hide a heart that bled.
 She talked of life when thinking of the dead,
 She talked of life's concerns, and mourners known
 She cheered, while untold sorrows were her own.
 She talked of happiness and peace to those
 Who thought her happy, for she hid her woes.
 She put on gay attire — she joined the throng —
 She smiled applause to the light-hearted's song ;
 But all the blandishments of mirth around,
 Like nipping frost upon a bleeding wound,
 Fell on her breaking heart ; and when alone,
 Her breast would heave the deep, subdued groan.
 Her heart throbbed hard, and from her lips would rise
 A soft ejaculation to the skies —
 " My God ! give strength and patience still to bear
 This weariness of life, this weight of care ! "

A child of grief she from her birth had been:
 Her heart was too affectionate, too keen ;
 And those on whom her early love was set,
 She lived to mourn, but never to forget.

She with the bard of old might say, for years
Her bitter portion day and night was tears.
Had her kind sympathies of soul been less,
She might have known some gleams of happiness.

When past the midnight hour, to her oppress'd
Sleep, broken sleep would come — But 'twas not rest ;
The piteous moan, the oft-convulsive start,
Betrayed the grief that preyed upon her heart.

Lone, at the twilight dim, with steadfast eyes,
She oft sat gazing on the starless skies ;
Her thoughts were wandering far beyond that sky,
Through the vast wonders of eternity —
Through that mysterious region where the mind,
Unwearied, disembodied, unconfined,
Expatiates o'er a land of light and gladness,
And loses there earth's momentary sadness.

She sought the soothings of her God alone,
To whom her bitterness of soul was known ;
And when refreshed and cheered by grace divine,
These were her hours of peace — her heart's sunshine.

All sensitive to others' woe, she, kind,
Would tenderly cheer up the soul that pined —
And many a word of hope she would impart ;
But then — (perchance 'twas lurking pride of heart) —
She never sought the sympathy she gave :
She bore her grief alone — she bore it to the grave.

EARLY HOPE.

WHAT heaven more blest than those bright scenes
 That glow within the youthful mind !
 No cloud of sorrow intervenes,
 And friends seem true, and good, and kind !

Imagination throws o'er all
 A bright, bewitching, sunny ray ;
 On woe itself, it seems to fall
 And melt its deepest shades away.

Sweet paradise of hope and love !
 No woe, no pain, no night is there ;
 And it were like the rest above,
 Were it as lasting as 'tis fair.

Might young Hope's Eden always bloom,
 A tree of life seems there to spring ;
 But in that garden is a tomb,
 And death's dark angel spreads his wing.

But still of life thou brightest day
 That fancy ever pictured here,
 I will not cast thy bliss away,
 Nor cloud thee by one anxious fear.

Oh youthful Hope ! sweet art thou still.
 Though o'er thy loveliest scenes divine,
 Broods a deep shade of future ill,
 I'll clasp thee fondly whilst thou'rt mine.

A PARTING ADDRESS.

O ~~now~~ I break the soft illusive spell
 That binds too close my throbbing heart to thee !
 Might I resolve to bid a last farewell !
 For reason urges that I should be free.
 Earth's but a place of parting — and why now
 Should I thus hesitate to say — adieu ?
 Fate soon may sever — death may seal the brow ;
 The breast, our faith reposed in, prove untrue.
 Ah, why with lingering fondness, then delay
 To break from thee ? Far rather bear the smart
 Of parting premature, than blindly stay
 To find thee but a trifle with the heart.
 Yes ! let us part, whilst still thou art too dear :
 Whisper no tender strain — I dare not hear.

Farewell ! farewell ! Here take a last embrace :
 Yes, dearest ! now it is — shall be, the last ;
 And, like the bygone summer's bloom, no trace
 Remain of all the endearing moments past.
 Farewell ! I still shall bless thee at the hour
 When the calm twilight woos my pensive eye
 To gaze aloft from out my lonely bower,
 And watch the pale stars as they mount the sky :
 And may the prayers, I oft for thee have poured,
 In heaven's best blessings on thy head be showered !

Farewell ! — forget me quite, or let me seem
(If aught should e'er recall me to thy mind),
Like the faint impress of some soothing dream,
A shadowy image, fleeting, undefined.

Farewell ! — a fairer and a dearer form

Perchance thou yet may'st clasp unto thy breast,
When I am far away, or through life's storm

Have pass'd, and laid my weary frame to rest ;

Then may'st thou be, all that I wish thee — blest ;
But chiefly blest with inward peace and joy,
Such as the world ne'er gave, nor can destroy !

TO
THE MEMORY
OF THE
REV. WILLIAM HENRY MARRIOTT.

"Death, his ruthless sword unsheathing,
Oft calls, to crown his dark triumphal pile,
Minds that Christian odour breathing,
Have made the *moral* garden smile."

LONG in the rural cemet'ry thou'rt sleeping :
Sleep on in peace, thy pilgrimage is done ;
Wild through the sky the winter winds are sweep-
ing ;
But all thy storms are past, thy prize is won.
Thine was a weary race, but now 'tis run ;
Thy toils, thy tears, thy struggles all are past,
And thou hast closed thine eyes in peaceful sleep at
last.

Would we lament that thou art happy now ?
Would we recall from rest thy slumbering clay ?
Would we unwreath thy heavenly radiant brow,
And woo thy spirit back from realms of day,
To wander here in anguish and dismay ?
Ah no ! dwell where thou art in heaven's sunshine,
Thy winter has gone by, eternal spring is thine.

Thy brief career the lifeless stone may tell, —
What thou wast here below, what now thou art ;
But how thou wast beloved, yea, loved too well,
Is graved on living tablets of the heart ;
And 'tis no artist's skill that may impart
To the cold marble what we felt for thee,
Though wreathed in glowing strains of sweetest poesy.

Why was he so beloved ? Was it the lore,
The eloquence, the classic taste refined,
The high and rare attainments ? nay, 'twas more,
That has for him a deathless chaplet 'twined :
It was the Christ-like lowliness of mind,
The heavenliness, the zeal, the faith, the love,
The purity of heart, the mildness of the dove.

Oh ! might we follow thee, our friend, our guide,
To the blest resting-place where thou art gone ;
And when our conflict's past, there, side by side,
May we in glory bow before the throne
Of Him who took thee from this vale of tears —
Thee, whom we fondly thought and called our own !
And ours yet may'st thou be, through Heaven's eter-
nal years.

IF there be joy in heaven over a sinner that repenteth — a sinner that is entering upon the difficult career of a new life — a sinner that has yet to encounter all the changes and chances of this mortal existence — all the scorn and buffeting of evil men

and opposing spirits, — all the hostile powers that would drive him back and rob him, if they could, of his salvation; must there not be a strain of more exceeding joy when a saint has accomplished his warfare, and entered into glory?

Mr. Marriott was born at Reading, in Berkshire, on the 14th of March 1800, and died at Edinburgh on the 23d July 1832, and, according to a wish expressed by him, was buried in the churchyard of Corstorphine. He received the early part of his education at Repton school in Derbyshire, under Dr. Sleath, and afterwards was sent as a sizer to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he soon became a very distinguished scholar. He came to Edinburgh on the first institution of the new Academy, but on receiving orders he relinquished his situation there, and was appointed Minister of the oldest Episcopal congregation in town, and which meets in St. Paul's chapel, Carrubber's close. A volume of his sermons is now being published at Cambridge. The most interesting period of his life was the four last years of it — those in which he was engaged in the Christian ministry.

The connexion between pastor and people is, in many cases, merely nominal, but with him and his flock it was not so. A real bond of affection and brotherly love subsisted between them; and although he is removed by death, the bond is not broken.

There are some persons endued with such heavenliness of deportment, that it is impossible to see them without feeling the thoughts glance upwards to spiritual things. Such was strikingly felt in the presence

of him, who, for a few short years, dwelt among us, — him whom, to the latest days of our life, among all the brilliant ones with whom we may have been conversant, we shall deem it a superior privilege to have known. He was one who, in his public ministrations, portrayed much apostolic devotedness and purity, and in private life he had all the kindness, and gentleness, and child-like simplicity, which characterise the true disciple of Jesus. His very appearance betokened him a Christian.

It is easy to write a panegyric on a great man : a hireling can do it ; but it is difficult to express the feelings of affection which glowed towards him to whom his flock looked up as their teacher and loved as their friend, and in whose afflictions, which were not few, they sympathised, and would have borne them for him if they could. He was very dear to them when he ministered among them, and their attachment to him increased as the tokens appeared on his wasting form that he was soon to be removed ; but the apprehension and anxiety felt for him during the few months of his decline are past — all that relates to him as a feeble fellow-mortal is at an end, and they need feel no more solicitude on his account. But they shall love him still ; yea, he is dearer to their hearts a thousand times, now that he is gone to his everlasting rest.

Time wears many things out of the memory, and the things of time place before us in constant succession new objects of interest ; but there are persons, and places, and periods in our history, the recollection of which time, with all its vicissitudes, cannot

efface. And so it is with our reminiscences of him ; and they shall be sweet and refreshing to us even to the end of our days. We shall count it among our early privileges to have heard from his lips the words of life, and to have received the cup of blessing from his hand. And we hope that the remembrance of him will not pass away with us, but that, when years have revolved, and they who conversed with him are sleeping in the dust, they who come after, to fill up their place on the earth, will be telling of one their fathers knew, who in his generation was loved above many — one who was a gentle, humble follower of the blessed Jesus, and who, without an effort on his part to draw any attention to himself, was regarded with that sincere love and honour which crowns cannot purchase, and time cannot wear away.

“ Lov'd one ! thy spirit, 'mid earth's tangled maze,
Pure, modest, fragrant, like the violet grew ;
Nor less with brilliant powers to nearer gaze
It sparkled, like the drops of gem-like dew.
But thou shalt bloom again in bowers divine,
Thou in the Saviour's crown shalt all-triumphant
shine.”

WHICH SHALL HE CHOOSE?

WHICH SHALL HE CHOOSE?

CHAPTER I.

MR. COLLINS was a gentleman retired from the commercial world. He had amassed a considerable fortune, and resided in a handsome villa near Belfast. He was a widower, with a son and two daughters. His eldest daughter was married to a gentleman in the county of Galway, with considerable extent of property stretching along the sea-coast. His younger daughter was at home; and his son was preparing to go to Edinburgh for his last winter there, to finish his studies, and to take out his degree as a doctor of medicine.

Previously to leaving Ireland, he received three letters of introduction to families in Edinburgh. Two were from friends in Dublin, and one was from his brother-in-law. He had during the former seasons of his residence in Scotland, had the misfortune to be cast among a vain, frivolous class of society, acquaintances picked up by chance, from which he derived no pleasure, and less profit, and of which the recollection afforded him no pleasing associations.

He came to town a few days before the classes opened, that he might have time to arrange comfortably about lodgings, and call upon his new acquaintances. He first directed his steps, and without any particular reason for the preference, to Mrs. Bosville's, a widow lady, who resided in a house within a garden, on the Bonnington-road.

Mrs. Bosville was one of the most agreeable lady-like women Francis Collins had ever seen, and her daughter was not less so. They were the widow and daughter of a West Indian proprietor.

During the time that Mr. Collins remained in their company, he thought he discovered in Mary Bosville all that constitutes a perfect being. Her dress, her manners, her face, shaded with her dark hair, her figure, chiefly her bust, which was equal to what sculptor ever modelled, were faultless ; and her intelligence was to him as surprising as her wit and vivacity were fascinating. In a word, she was different from any woman he had ever seen before, and more perfect than any which, even with his glowing imagination, he had ever hoped to see.

He could have remained the whole day, and he did remain longer than a reasonable time for a first visit. When he was taking his departure, Mrs. Bosville invited him to a party in the ensuing week. He accepted the invitation, but wished only that it had been the following day instead — for a week seemed to him a limitless period of time.

Mr. Collins made no more calls that day. He sauntered about upon the country roads, and down to the sea-shore, and returned to his lodgings to a late dinner, with his other two letters in his pocket.

On the morrow he was still in no frame of mind for making his other visits. He wandered down the Bonnington-road, in hopes that he might meet Miss Bosville by the way. But this ended in disappointment; and when he was tired and ashamed of pacing backwards and forwards, he, instead of going home, took his way through the town till he got to the other extremity of it, and strolled out by the Meadows and the Links, and never began to consider how far he was going, till he found himself on the Braid Hills. This was as profitless and unsatisfactory a day as he had ever spent, and it was succeeded by nothing but the vexation and misery which attend those flights of feeling and imagination.

Next day came, and he was undetermined how it was to be spent. He would fain have made another attempt on the Bonnington-road. But he began to reason on the subject, and he was feeling the effects of his rambles on the previous day, from the cold he had caught; for he was of a delicate constitution, and he had suffered a great deal in his lifetime from mental excitement, incessant study, and bodily exertion. After taking his breakfast, he became very rational, and resolved to deliver his other letters, and to occupy his time in the best way he could till the day of Mrs. Bosville's party should arrive.

His next letter was for a gentleman in Moray Place. Mr. Stewart was a person who held a high official situation in town. He had a wife and family, and they were in the midst of the wealth, and fashion, and literati of the place. He called on Mr. Stewart, who was a very kind, hospitable, gentle-

manly man ; but he was hurried with business, — his wife and family were out ; and without having time almost to speak to Mr. Collins, he asked him, in a way that precluded a refusal, to come back at six to dinner, as he was to have a few friends. At six o'clock Mr. Collins was standing in Mr. Stewart's drawing-room amidst a group of gentlemen talking about the news of the day till dinner was served up. Mr. Stewart's two eldest daughters, with their husbands, composed part of the company ; and although these were fine women, yet they were not to be compared with their younger unmarried sister Louisa ; and Mr. Collins could not help wondering how such a fascinating creature as she seemed to be, had not been preferred to either of them ; but she was very young, and probably, when they were married, she was still within the precincts of the school-room. But she was now the centre of attraction, and she dispensed her smiles, and shone radiant amidst her graces, like a divinity. She was all that a poet could fancy, or an artist form, of an ideal portrait of female loveliness, which he finds, after all his efforts, he never can transmit to canvass. She had all that was classically correct and beautiful in her face and form, and more than mortal attractiveness in her manner. She played and sang selections from Rossini, Weber, and Auber, and the most admired composers, in the most splendid style. Collins was passionately fond of music, and such music from a very ordinary mortal would have done havoc, and robbed him of rest at any time ; and after she had done justice to some of the first Italian and German masters, she rose from

the piano and leant over her harp, and struck a few notes of an Irish melody, which thrilled through his very soul. Before coming away, Mr. Stewart gave him a general invitation to the house, and said to his wife — “ I must transfer my young friend to you to shew him attention, for I have so much business on hand that I really am not my own master at present.” Mrs. Stewart immediately arranged with him to call next day at one, to accompany them to an exhibition of paintings.

The following day was Saturday. Louisa Stewart was not less beautiful than on the preceding evening, and even more fascinating. They went to the exhibition and some other sights; and when Mr. Collins was taking leave of the ladies, after seeing them home, Mr. Stewart looked in at the room-door, and called out — “ You must not go away, Mr. Collins. I hardly saw you yesterday. We are not to have a soul with us to-day, which I am very glad of. So you must stay and let us get acquainted.”

Mr. Collins was now fixed. He and Louisa were left together for almost two hours, and she was so sensible and well-informed, as well as captivating, that the time flew like hours in Eden. Mr. Collins had her music and singing all to himself that night, and after she had touched his every heart-string with his own native airs, he went home in a state of mind approaching to delirium. Nor was he to be long absent from her company. Mrs. Stewart, in order to fulfil all her husband's kind wishes in shewing attention to the young stranger, made him a friendly and considerate offer of a place in their pew at St. John's, as they could easily accommodate him; and it was

difficult for a stranger to find a seat. Mr. Collins being always a regular attendant at church, went on the following day, not merely to pass the time, or to lounge about for want of better amusement, but from principle as well as habit. St. John's was the chapel he always attended when in Edinburgh, and he could see no good reason for declining Mrs. Stewart's offer; although he felt, as he stood beside Louisa, and looked on the same book with her, something less pure than devotion to his Maker stirring in his heart.

His classes commenced that week, which was a happy thing for him; but on the Monday evening there was a note from Mrs. Stewart, informing him that an eminent literary character had come to town, and was to be one of a party at their house the following day, and giving him an invitation. Mr. Collins went. The literary man was there, and was brilliant beyond every thing; and while some of the company were listening to his sayings, even when he talked about a straw or the snuff of a candle, as if nothing so wonderful had ever been uttered before, or rather in surprise that a genius like him could talk upon the ordinary concerns of life, Frank had his attention rivetted elsewhere. The beautiful, the artless Louisa, shone like a celestial being among them, and he on that occasion was her only worshipper. The literary man might be very agreeable, or very much the reverse, for any thing that he knew.

A drizzling rain fell, accompanied by an easterly wind, when he went home, and the change from the heated rooms to the open air had its effect upon him,

and next morning he was confined with a severe cold. It was the day of Mrs. Bosville's party. He could not go, and he sat up in bed and wrote an apology.

He got better in the course of the week, and he could not do less, when Saturday came, than call on Mrs. Bosville, and express his regret in person for being absent from her party. Mrs. Bosville was out, but her daughter was at home. She was seated on a couch with a volume of the *Divina Commedia* of Dante in her hand. Collins sat down by her, and she laid aside her book.

"You are fond of the poets," said Collins.

"Very fond," said Mary. "But it is dangerous to be too fond of them, or to imitate them. There is nothing so inimical to happiness as to allow the imagination to gain the ascendancy; and whenever I begin to form to myself an ideal world to live in, I throw them all aside and restrict myself to my needle and the newspapers, and in the latter I sum up all the murders and accidents, deaths and bankruptcies, political dissensions, and hurricanes in the West, and slave insurrections, and I think to myself, here is no poetry but the realities we are doomed to experience, till I find myself becoming flat with these common-places and matter of fact proceedings, and then I take another dip in imagery till I get elevated again."

"And I suppose you are wishing to climb some of those aerial heights just now," said Mr. Collins.

"Yes," said Mary, "I have been rather dull for some days, and I must get up my spirits again."

Men have an unfathomable depth of vanity about them. How Mary Bosville should have been dull

for some days, was past Mr. Collins' comprehension, and he half allowed himself to fancy that she had felt some disappointment at not seeing him.

Mr. Collins sat with Mary till her mother came in, and a more calm, delightful, satisfactory hour he never spent in female society; and he made up his mind, as he went home to cultivate her acquaintance as much as he could, and to be upon his guard against allowing his affections to be centred in Louisa Stewart. He wondered to himself which was the more worthy of his attachment; for, when he coolly considered of it, he could not give the palm of superiority to the one over the other; but it is certain that Mary Bosville's image was in his mind the whole of that day and night, and till next day the brilliant eyes of Louisa welcomed him at church, and her sunny ringlets fell on the book they held between them.

When Collins had a leisure morning hour, it was generally spent at Mrs. Bosville's, and his idle hours in the evening were passed at Mr. Stewart's. But although life to him was passing in a whirl of pleasure, it was a miserable, unsatisfactory delight after all. A month passed away, and he had still his third letter of introduction to deliver. It was to a gentleman in York Place — a young advocate who resided with his mother, who was a widow. He had two younger brothers and a sister. He called twice, but did not find this gentleman at home — and a third time, at which he left his letter of introduction along with his card. Next day Mr. Bertram called on Mr. Collins, and invited him to breakfast the following morning, as his lodgings were in Duke Street, and in the immediate neighbourhood.

The three brothers were as excellent young men as could be found any where, and their mother and sister had so much genuine kindness, that Mr. Collins felt himself more perfectly at home in their society than ever he had felt since he came to Edinburgh. Julia Bertram's unaffected manners reminded him of his favourite sister at home, and Mrs. Bertram, with something of likeness in her features, which rather startled him at first, recalled forcibly to his mind the image of his own mother, whom he had lost two years before. His first work was to draw a comparison in his own mind, between Julia and his other two paragons; and it is singular that he thought in Julia was comprised something of the perfections of both. There was in the Bertrams' society nothing of the "glare of life, which sometime blinds the wise," but it was all a reality of the most refined and exalted kind. And there was something so angelically pure about Julia, and something in all that she did, — whether in her attentions to her mother, her brothers, or the stranger, — that made her rather like a ministering spirit, sent forth on errands of love, than an inhabitant of this lower world. The conversation and company of the brothers Mr. Collins found not less attractive. He contrasted them with Mr. Stewart, who was always busy and taken up with important affairs; and although his kindness was extreme when he had time to be kind, he never was at leisure to converse on subjects of ordinary or general interest. The three Bertrams, in course of time, became to him as brothers, and for Julia he felt a love as pure as for his own sister.

CHAPTER II.

ON^E Saturday Mr. Collins breakfasted at Mrs. Bertram's, spent the forenoon with Mary Bosville, and ended the day beside Louisa Stewart and her harp, and to return to her dangerous presence next day at church.

He began to consider with himself how was all this to end — was he in love with them all, or with one, or with none of them? Or did he mean seriously to fix his attachment on any of the three? He tried to draw a comparison between them, with the view to devote himself to the one he thought best fitted to secure his happiness. It was well enough to trifle away a few hours with one or other, and think no more of it; but had he any serious intentions of marrying one of them? He could not marry them all, and yet he thought there was not one of the three he would be willing to lose; for, whether from vanity, or from better grounds for such a supposition, he took it for granted that by any one of them his addresses would be favourably received. There was less of passion in his attachment to Julia than to the other two. He thought, if he studied his own interest, and wished for one who would secure his domestic peace on earth, and lead him, like an angel, to heaven, Julia Bertram was the person. But Louisa Stewart! there

was a wild dream of delight thrilled through him when he thought of her — and in a few hours he was to be again by her side ; and he thought she seemed to live only for him, and the illusion was aided by all the glare of life with which she was surrounded — all the accompaniments of wealth, rank, and beauty — together with the most flattering kindness and partiality shewn to himself by her and her friends, which he could not withstand. But from these dazzling attractions, he turned his thoughts to her unaccompanied by any external ornament — to the calm, steady, serenely beautiful Mary Bosville, with her neck of Parian marble, who, after all, had more of a woman's perfections than either of the others ; and he rose and paced his chamber, and he accused himself for his folly in allowing his heart to be so bewildered. He only wished that he could see the three together, and then he thought he would be better able to give a preference ; but that was impossible. They all three belonged to different circles of society, and never met. Not one of them knew of the existence of either of the others. Louisa was talked of, from her father's public character ; but the others were retired persons, and never heard of. There was no chance, therefore, of their being brought together in private ; and none, except Louisa, ever went to public places.

One day, in the Christmas holidays, a companion called for him to take a walk to Duddingstone Loch. It was a severe frost, and there was a vast assemblage upon the ice. There was a band of music — there was every thing to render it a lively, happy

scene. Mr. Collins observed some persons of distinction walking about, and Louisa Stewart was in the midst of them ; and she was hurried along by a young officer, whom he had met at her house. She smiled to Mr. Collins as she passed, but was evidently in too great haste to speak. She took her station where she could have a better view of the skaters, beside another group of ladies and gentlemen ; and among these was Mary Bosville, leaning on the arm of a tall handsome man, with a very noble cast of countenance ; and she, with the healthy tinge which the frosty morning gave, was more beautiful, more interesting, and more animated, than ever he had seen her. What a miserable moment this was to him ! Upon whom was she expending all these smiles and fascinations ? And he grudged from the heart every word she uttered, that it was not uttered for him alone. Louisa stood a few yards distant from her, and was engaged with the passing scene, and the strangers she was with, and had no time to take notice of him ; and Collins, in all the wild desperation of jealous and divided mortified love, was so miserable and wretched, that life seemed a burthen to him. Louisa gave him less uneasiness, for he had no doubt that she was with relatives, or strangers she cared nothing about, but to whom she was obliged to pay attention. The only question was, why was he, who was invited on every occasion, not asked to be of the party ?

But Mary Bosville, with her conspicuously handsome companion, was what admitted of no palliation, and his irritability increased, and he spoke not to her,

although she was within a few paces, nor did she ever observe him as he passed away with his friend. He had gone to a considerable distance from these ladies, when he met the three Bertrams and their sister, and the very sight of her soothed his perturbed feelings, and allayed all the distracting passions within him. Julia, so sweet, so kind, so engaging, with nothing of show-off in her manner, and nobody with her to excite jealousy — nobody but her three dear brothers, and when she met Collins she welcomed him as if he were a fourth brother; and she took the arm he offered her, and they walked down by the side of the loch, and in her delightful society his wounded vanity was healed, and he realized something of that calm of feeling of which he was in search. They went home together, and Mrs. Bertram received him with a mother's kindness, and he spent the remainder of the day at her house.

When Collins and George Bertram were alone, the former said something to him in commendation of his sister. George replied, "It may be a brother's partiality, but I see none who can bear comparison with her — Julia has, indeed, spoiled us for the society of other women, and I think we could hardly exist without her. It may well be said of her in the language of the Eastern Monarch, — 'Happy is that man who shall call her wife, happy those children who shall call her mother. But I would rather see Julia in her grave than married to one unworthy of her.'" And as he spoke, he gave Collins an earnest and scrutinizing look, of which he could not define the meaning, but it seemed to imply much, and to ask the question — "Are you worthy of her?"

Mr. Collins felt not quite at ease. He knew it was a light thing to trifle with a weak woman, and pass with impunity, while she, from delicacy or pride, hides in the recesses of her heart, those feelings which may consume her life and peace, but never seeks redress for the real injury she has received. But he was not sure that he might with equal safety tamper with the affections of one who had three such vigilant guardians. In a few moments they went up stairs to coffee.

In Mrs. Bertram's drawing-room there was an organ. Julia excelled in music; and the evening was spent in listening to the most exquisite passages from Handel and Beethoven, Haydn and Mozart. She sang like a seraph, and George accompanied her. If Louisa, with her music, transported him to the brightest visions of terrestrial bliss, the music of Julia seemed to realize something of the calm delight of the spiritual blessedness of heaven, and Francis withdrew that evening from that delightful family in a more troubled state of mind than ever. Jealousy of Mary and Louisa was still rankling in his heart, and ere he retired to rest he formed the resolution of relinquishing his foolish fond attachment for them, and fixing his love on Julia Bertram.

Time passed away, and alternations of feelings, such as these, passed through his mind. His Saturdays were spent at Mrs. Bosvilles; his Sundays at Mr. Stewart's, for he generally dined there; and seldom any of the other five days of the week passed that he did not look in upon the Bertrams. He made no avowal of attachment to any of the young ladies,

and whatever they felt, or thought, or expected, is not to be known. But the three Bertrams evidently considered Mr. Collins as an admirer of their sister, and they were so prepossessed in his favour that they cherished the thought.

One Saturday, Frank, as usual, wandered down to Mary. She seemed thoughtful that day, and had not much to say. Frank observed it to her. The piano was open, and often as he had been in her company, he never had heard her play. The fact is, that it is only when the accomplishments are more charming than the individual, that one seeks to have recourse to them. So, in Miss Bosville's company, music, or singing, or anything else, would have been but an ungrateful interruption to her conversation, or even to the pleasure of studying a countenance not less expressive in her moods of silence.

"Now, Miss Bosville," said Mr. Collins, "I see this is not one of your poetical days; you have been studying the newspapers. Will you give me some music to cheer me as well as yourself?"

"Neither is it a musical day with me," said Mary, but at the same time she sat down to the instrument and played a very beautiful Polonoise, with which is connected an affecting and romantic story. But she played it with little heart and with little satisfaction to herself, and evidently with less to Francis. She rose from the piano and gave him a smile, more inspiring than music, and she said to him, "I told you I was not musical to-day. My mind is wandering on something else than music, and I find I cannot fly two ways at once."

"Then tell me where your mind is wandering," said Francis, "and perhaps I may be able to assist you in your flight. I wish, Mary, that I could flee away and be at rest, for I have little rest here." And he sighed as he spoke, and a cloud passed over her fair brow, and her beautiful bosom heaved a deep sigh.

"I have been so busy this week," said she, "and so anxious to finish a task I imposed upon myself, that I have been little out of doors, and I think it affects the spirits when one is confined to the house." So in this manner Mary tried to give a good reason for her dulness and her sighing; she removed a newspaper which covered some drawing materials upon a table, and she shewed Francis a finely executed miniature, on ivory, which she had just finished, of her mother.

"I wish such an artist would draw my unworthy visage," said Collins, as he gazed on the beautiful creature that was sitting beside him; "it would be a gratification beyond every other, to think that any one would bestow so long her thoughts upon me. O, Miss Bosville, I envy your mother, and I grudge her every thought you ever bestowed upon her! Will you take my likeness?"

"When will you come to sit for it?" said Mary, brightening up and smiling, while she drew out a little drawer in the work-table, and took out another miniature, almost finished, and presented it to him. It was one of himself. Mary started up, as if afraid that she had gone too far, and hurried out of the room.

Mr. Collins put down the picture, and rose and paced about, and looked out at the window. What in the wide world was he to do? He felt himself entangled in a labyrinth he could never get out of. He was acting an unworthy part — he was tampering with the affections of three estimable persons, and he was working no happiness, but misery to himself. Miss Bosville, in a few moments, returned with a book in her hand, and asked him something regarding the meaning of a particular passage in it; but it was evidently merely something to vary the subject of conversation. Frank paid little attention to the nature of what she asked him, and gave her anything but a satisfactory or sensible answer. She put down the book, and said — “Now you wanted music to make you merry, but I am afraid my bad music has made you angry, for I think I never saw you frown as you do at this moment.”

Mr. Collins was not aware how the workings of passion within him actually caused a contortion of features. He affected a smile, and said — “No; I am not angry, but I am going to ask your advice on an important subject, and I must be grave.” And, while he spoke, he felt that Miss Bosville was the only one of the three to whom he could have said as much. He hemmed, and then continued, in a serious manner — “Mary Bosville, if you knew what a villain I am, you would spurn me from your presence.”

Mary looked pale, and her heart fluttered, while he went on — “You are the only woman to whom I could make the discovery, which I feel it is almost

an insult to do ; but at this moment I am distracted with contending feelings. There are three persons who, by my conduct, have a claim upon my heart, and I know not what course to take."

Mary, with a strong effort, brightened up, and appeared to take an interest in his case, without seeming to feel it a personal concern. " Well," said she, smiling, " give me a description of your three divinities, and I will give you my best advice on the subject."

Frank became easier, and he continued — " The one is all that I can conceive of angelical perfection, and innocence, and loveliness ; and the other is always what I have figured to myself what the poets, in their sublimest mood, have described of a goddess or enchantress ; and the third (and he caught Mary's hand as he spoke), is all that I ever could fancy of woman, in the fullest and brightest state of female perfection."

" Then," rejoined Mary, rallying all her energies, and gently withdrawing her hand from his, " I must help you to reason on the subject. What is the question you wish solved ?"

" Which is the most perfect of the three ?" replied Frank.

" I cannot tell you that, unless I saw them, and that, after all, is but a mere matter of taste. But perhaps I could help you to discover which you liked best, which, I think, is more what you want to know ; and if once you discovered that, your imagination could invest *her* with the perfections of the whole three."

And as Mary spoke, she became animated, and her embarrassment wore off. She knew pretty well that the influence of a woman's presence was more than the ideal charms of divinities and angels at a distance.

"Now," continued she, "suppose your angel were dead, or married—talking of angels dying or marrying is not correct, but it is merely an argument;—or suppose your goddess were married—there is no absurdity in talking of goddesses marrying, although they never die;—and suppose your mortal favourite were dead;"—But she had scarcely uttered the last words, when he caught both her hands; and a crimson wave from the heart's deep fountain mounted up and suffused her face and bosom, then gently ebbed back again to its source, leaving the brow and neck purer than they were before.

At that moment the door opened, and her mother entered the room. Mr. Collins rose up, walked to the window, talked to Mrs. Bosville about the view from it, and about the weather, but did not utter a word of common sense on either subject; and in five minutes took his leave.

In the evening he was at Mr. Stewart's, listening to Louisa's siren songs; and he retired to rest in a state of mind more miserable than that of a criminal in his cell.

CHAPTER III.

NEXT day was Sunday, but Mr. Collins did not go to church, but shut himself in his room the whole day. When evening arrived, George Bertram came over to his lodgings to ask him to go with him to hear a famous preacher, who was to deliver a sermon that night on behalf of the Irish, and he thought it likely to be a matter in which Mr. Collins would take an interest. Mr. Collins went, as a malefactor goes to his punishment; but except that the noise of the minister speaking, and the length of the service, almost drove him mad, it had no effect on him: he received no benefit, and could not have told a word of what was said. Mr. Bertram took him home with him; and he assented that all they had heard was excellent; and Julia looked so sweet and amiable, and talked of his country with such heartfelt interest, that his heart melted, and he could not forbear thinking to himself—"If I were to study my peace here and hereafter, there is the one in whom my affections should be centred." And while he was in her society, an hour or two of serenity succeeded to the perturbation of the day; and her influence always reminded him of that of a heavenly being, which hushes all the human passions to rest. But on the following night, all the waves which Julia had

calmed were stirred up again, more agitated than ever, in the presence of Louisa.

The term of Mr. Collins's stay in town was drawing near a close, and he was not a whit more rational than at the outset. And what affections or expectations he had awakened in the hearts of these three amiable creatures, Heaven only knows. The day before his departure, he was invited to Mr. Stewart's; and, except Louisa's married sisters, no company was there. Louisa had less vivacity than she used to have, and as evening advanced, she became almost sorrowful; but it seemed in Frank's eyes to add a new grace to her charms, and it accorded well with his own mournful mood. He lingered till a late hour; and when he rose to bid them farewell, she burst into tears.

Had Mr. Collins had an opportunity at that moment of vowing eternal love, he would have done it; but that was impossible.

Next morning he breakfasted with the Bertrams, and took leave of them, promising to correspond with George.

He went home to his lodgings to see after his luggage. He had, for the sake of the voyage, and to see the coasts, taken his passage in a sloop which was returning to Ireland; and two hours before it sailed, he set out to see Mrs. Bosville on his way. He sat with the two ladies for nearly an hour, and took some refreshment, or rather sat and looked at it, for he tasted nothing of what was set before him. Mrs. Bosville, when he rose to depart, shed tears,

and gave him her blessing. Mary was as calm and composed as ever she was in her life; and she did not even look dull. She and her mother walked with him through the garden to the gate, and as he bade them farewell, the old lady saluted him, and a second time wished him every blessing. And then he clasped the beautiful, the blushing, unresisting daughter to his bosom, and impressed upon her face and neck his glowing kisses — then sprang into the hackney coach which was waiting for him outside the gate.

When he got down to the vessel, George Bertram and his two brothers were waiting there to take leave of him again; and their mother and Julia had sent by them some beautiful little presents for his sister. All this kindness only added new misery to him; and when the vessel dashed off among the waves, and he stood on the deck, and gazed till he could gaze no longer, he secretly wished the dreadful, the daring wish, that the sea would claim him for its own, till that day when it shall yield up the dead which are in it, both small and great.

But death does not always come when cowards call upon it. He had a prosperous passage, and arrived once more in safety within his paternal walls. He soon after commenced as a practitioner in Belfast; and as people are always happiest when they have something to do, life passed away to him in tolerable quiet, as he became interested in his profession.

Two years elapsed, and all intercourse with his Edinburgh friends seemed to be at an end. George Bertram had for some time ceased to correspond with

him, and Collins' last letter to him remained unanswered. Frank, on his arrival at home, had written to Mr. Stewart to thank him for all his hospitality and kindness, and this was answered by a hurried scrawl of a dozen or two of words from Mr Stewart, all kindness and good wishes, concluding with his wife and daughter's love to him. He wrote also on his arrival to Miss Bosville, thanking her and her mother for all their kindness, which he would never forget. But it was a letter that required no answer, and he received none; and he was unreasonable enough to feel chagrined and disappointed that she did not answer it.

Francis Collins applied himself more assiduously to business than there was any need for; but it was to drive away care, and to leave himself no time to think. His health, however, was evidently suffering, and his friends and medical advisers entreated him to relax a little, and take some change of air. They recommended a sea-voyage, and advised him to go to France, or London, or any where that he had a mind. But Collins cared little about the preservation of his health, and still less did he care for London or France; and if he must go somewhere, he might as well go to Edinburgh, where all his happiness and misery were centred. In the beginning of October, he once more arrived in Prince's Street, by the Glasgow coach. After resting and taking some refreshment, he purposed to walk out and call upon his friends.

It was about seven o'clock, and dark. There were but three families in the whole place that he

cared for. It was not a suitable hour to go to Mr. Stewart's: they would be at dinner, and might have company. Neither was it a seasonable hour, in a dark night, to go to Mrs. Bosville's. But the Bertrams might be intruded upon at all hours; so he made his way to their house.

A woman servant opened the door. He asked for Mr. Bertram. He was within, but particularly engaged. Dr. Collins said, he was a stranger newly come to town, and would wait, if convenient, to see him. "There is distress in the house," replied the woman, "but if you will come in, I shall let them know." Collins stepped into the dining-room, which looked dark and dismal. Two candles were burning on the table, but unsnuffed and running down. He asked the woman, who was ill? She wiped her eyes and face with her apron, and said that Miss Bertram was looked on for death, and the clergyman was in just now giving prayers.

Dr. Collins had come to Edinburgh to recruit his strength, but by his first piece of information he felt that he had rather come to receive his own death-warrant. He took a seat on the sofa, and in half an hour George entered the room. They shook hands, but George could find no utterance; and Collins knew neither what to say, nor for whom to ask. They both sat down together, but not a word was spoken. At length George said — "Would you like to see her?" Collins gave no answer, but stood upon his feet, and shewed that he was ready to attend him to the sick chamber. The two ascended the stair. When they entered the apartment, Mrs. Bertram, worn out with

grief and watching, was seated by the fire, and opposite to her sat a tall figure, with his elbow resting upon the arm of his chair, and his head bent down, leaning on his hand. It was the clergyman. The other two brothers were kneeling, one at each side of the bed; and there stood a small table with the consecrated elements, which were covered over with a white napkin, for the minister had just dispensed the Last Supper. Dr. Collins went forward, and pressed Mrs. Bertram's hand. The clergyman never lifted his head from its reclining posture. George Bertram apprised his sister that Dr. Collins was in the house. She said she was glad to hear it, and asked where he was. Frank approached the dying girl. She was not much emaciated, or else her face was swollen with the stress of breathing and the cough. She stretched out both her hands to him, which he took in his; and she said, "I am glad you have come — I only wish you had come sooner. I suppose it would not do now," added she, rolling her bright blue eyes, on which the dimness of death had not yet fallen, to the other side of the bed where George stood. "I wish he had been sooner," she repeated, "but it is now too late."

"Too late for what, my love?" said George, bending towards her.

She could not articulate more at present, but glanced her eyes and pointed with her finger towards the consecrated elements on the table. George now understood what wish was passing in her mind; it was that Collins had been there to participate with them in the holy ordinance. Still in death as in life she was as a ministering angel. She again extended

her hands to Francis, and gazed in his countenance with such an earnest, steady gaze, that it went to his heart ; and she looked up at him till she became agitated and hysterical, and a few nervous tears came into her eyes. George begged of Collins to withdraw. He bent over her, and impressed upon her dying, convulsed countenance the first and last kiss he ever gave her, and hurried from the room and from the house.

By ten o'clock next day, and ere he was out of bed, an intimation was brought to him that she had departed at three in the morning. In the course of the following day, the invitation to the funeral came ; and between that time and the interment, how his time passed, or what he did, is more than can be told, and more than he could tell himself ; for he felt in a strange state, and was like a person stupified and bewildered, and went not out of doors till the funeral day arrived. He then repaired to York Place at the appointed hour. He was admitted, with a very few select friends, to the burial service. The remains were removed from the bed-chamber to the drawing-room, and placed before the organ at which she had so often sat like a seraph, hymning the praises of Him whom she now was worshipping, without alloy, in company with all the spirits of the just — looking forward to that day of consummation, when the mortal part, sown in corruption, shall be raised in glory, and “believers shall be made perfectly blessed in the full enjoying of God to all eternity.”

Mrs. Bertram stood at one side, supported in the arms of two female friends, who were the only ladies

present, and the brothers were ranged at the other side of the body. The servants stood in a group near the door. The clergyman came in, in his surplice. It was the same tall figure Dr. Collins had seen on the night of the death. He seemed about thirty years of age, and was a man of interesting, saintly appearance. His dark hair, curling upon his brow, shaded a countenance of the most pensive seriousness; and when he took his station near the head of the coffin, the figure which was stretched out in it was not more the image of death than he appeared. Disease, with unsparing, unpitying haste, was making its ravages upon him, and as his attenuated fingers, like transparent wax, opened the book, a few big drops fell from his mild blue eyes upon it, but his voice did not quaver when he began — "I am the resurrection and the life." With firm tone he went through the whole service, but at the end when he closed the book, a mist came over his sight, and he stretched out his hand, as if groping for something to support him. George Bertram caught him in his arms, and as his tall figure bent, and all sensation left him, the three brothers bore him to a couch and laid him out apparently lifeless. This caused an appalling consternation in the company. Was he really gone? Mrs. Bertram recovered her strength, and forgot her Julia, and bent over him with all the anxiety of maternal solicitude. His face and hands were like those of a corpse, and the latter exhibited a strange appearance. About an inch at the point of each finger became of a dark livid colour, and the rest of the hand remained as white as clay. Dr.

Collins resorted to the usual restoratives in cases of syncope; and they sent down to the company of gentlemen, now assembled in the dining-room below, to call up Dr. —, the Bertrams' family physician, but he was not there, and never came, some professional call having prevented his attendance. Mrs. Bertram chafed his hands, and Dr. Collins applied his remedies, till signs of returning animation appeared. It now seemed that the company could not, with propriety, be detained longer.

The men were called in to screw down the lid of the coffin; and the face-cloth being raised to take a last look, they who beheld Julia, with the smile of peace with which she departed, still lingering on the marble features, and the silken, chesnut hair still braided on her brow, might well exclaim —

“ Ah, lovely appearance of death !

“ What sight upon earth is so fair ?”

The brothers having taken another, and still another and another look of the face which they were to behold no more till the morning of the resurrection, appeared, as they went from the room to join the company below, more like images of clay than living beings. Collins offered to remain with the clergyman and the ladies.

When the clergyman revived and sat up, he asked where the body was; and when informed that the funeral had moved, he expressed his regret that he had not been able to attend, and asked how long it was since it had moved, and if there was any chance of him overtaking it. But this was out of the question. He then expressed a wish to go home. A

coach was sent for, and Francis Collins assisted him into it, and went with him to see him safe to his own house. The minister spoke little by the way, and any thing he said was only expressive of his esteem for the deceased, whom he described as one of the dear lambs of his fold; but trusted, nay was sure, that she was now in fairer pastures. They drove to a house in ——— Street, which was the minister's residence. Collins looked from the coach, and he saw a group of happy, pretty faces of little children, looking through the window panes of the house; and a nurse, with an infant in her arms, was among them. The steps of the coach being let down, Collins went out, and helped the clergyman to alight, and assisted him across the pavement, and up the steps at his own door. Ere he had ascended these, the nurse, with the baby in her arms, had the street door opened for him, and the smiling infant extended its hands to its father. He stooped down and kissed it. His wife, whose countenance bore an expression of habitual concern, came hurrying down, with looks of alarm and anxious inquiries to receive him.

They invited Dr. Collins into the house, but he declined; and as he returned to the coach, and threw himself down upon the seat, the thoughts of Julia, — the young — the beautiful, by this time pillowed beneath the green turf, were not more affecting than the image, which took strong possession of his mind, of him he had just left. He saw that he was exercising the duties of his sacred calling, when the poor, perishing body had scarcely strength to perform its

functions, as actuated by the willing spirit ; and that he had but restored him to his family, to be parted from them in a very little while for ever.

CHAPTER IV.

THE following day was pretty far advanced when Dr. Collins took a turn out in the fresh air. He had not proceeded far along the street, when he met Mr. Stewart, so kind, so happy, and so hearty, that he saw in a moment that all was prospering in his quarter. An invitation, which, like all Mr Stewart's invitations, precluded choice or refusal, was the result. He assured him there was to be no company ; and by six o'clock, Frank was in the presence, and enjoying the smiles, of Louisa Stewart, more beautiful, more bewitching than ever.

This change of scene was such a relief from the melancholy, miserable week he had passed, that he returned home in a happy frame of mind, and he fell into a profound and refreshing sleep, from which he did not awake till late on the succeeding morning ; and shortly after his late breakfast, and toilet after it, he found himself by instinct on his way to Moray Place.

When he arrived he was shewn up to the drawing-room, where Louisa was alone, and he enjoyed her

charming society for a happy hour, when a stranger was announced. A tall, and remarkably handsome man came in. Frank remembered to have seen him before, but could not recollect where; but when he began to consider, he remembered that it was at Duddingstone Loch. He was the gentleman he had seen with Mary Bosville. But what brought him here? He hated him upon first sight at Duddingstone, and he abhorred him now — and yet he was far from being an object of aversion; for, besides his very agreeable aspect, few people were so amiable and prepossessing in their manners as he was.

It was, however, some gratification to Frank to observe that Louisa lost some of her sprightliness when he came in, as if caused by disappointment at the intrusion; and he thought she seemed as if she felt a weariness of his presence. Collins determined to sit him out; but the stranger seemed to have made the same resolution; so they both sat, till at length Collins saw it proper to go away.

At an early hour on the day after, a letter was brought to him by a messenger, requesting an answer to be sent.

It was from Mr. Stewart — a very kind, friendly, and, for him, a long letter — It was an invitation! To dinner? No; to Louisa's marriage on the Wednesday of the following week; and Mr. Stewart, in his letter, enlarged on the good qualities of the intended bridegroom — a young gentleman newly succeeded to his father's estates in ——— shire, and no other than the elegant stranger that was announced in his presence the day before.

"Go to the marriage!" said Collins, as he threw down the letter. "I will as soon go to the gallows or the guillotine." And he set himself to write an apology, but he knew not what to say. He was above making any subterfuge. He could not say he was ill, or engaged, or going out of town, — and still less could he say he was so disappointed and mortified that he would not come. He tossed aside his pen and paper — thought that if the apology were sent any time in the course of the day, it would be time enough — and putting on his hat, sallied out, and down the Bonnington road till he came to the gate of Mrs. Bosville's residence. He opened it, and entered the garden, and stood for a moment on the very spot where he had parted from Mary and her mother. He went up to the house and rang the bell. Mrs. Hill, a respectable and confidential servant of Mrs. Bosville's, opened the door.

"How do you do, Mrs. Hill?" said Frank, brightening up at the sight of her well-known face, "and how are your ladies?"

"Oh," said the woman, "Mrs. Bosville is gone. She died six months ago. Did you not hear of it?"

"And Miss Bosville?" gasped out Dr. Collins.

"She is away, sir," replied Mrs. Hill. "It is a week yesterday since she went."

"Went whither?" said Dr. Collins impatiently.

"She sailed for Barbadoes," answered Mrs. Hill.

"But you had better come in, sir, and I will tell you all about it," added she, as she thought he would have fainted at the threshold. He followed the woman in. She led the way into the back parlour, where he and Mary had so often sat together, and

which looked out to the garden behind. The shutters were closed, the carpet was off, and the furniture all crowded together at one end of the room. Mrs. Hill opened one of the windows, and dusted a sofa for him to sit down.

"I am only remaining here," said she, "till after the sale. The furniture is all to be sold off next week. It will be a sore day, sir, the day of the sale, to see the things that Mrs. Bosville had such a respect for——"

"But what of Miss Bosville?" interrupted Dr. Collins, gasping for breath.

"She is gone out to her uncle and aunt in the West Indies," said the woman, and she began to weep as she gave the recital. "After my mistress's death, there was little pleasure for her here. She had no relations in Edinburgh, and few acquaintances; and what was worse, she was getting home no money. My mistress was greatly put about for some years back with never getting her remittances, and not a farthing has come since her death; but Miss Bosville's uncle, who is on the estate, wrote and ordered her to come out by the first vessel; and she sailed from Leith by a brig a week ago."

Julia's death — Louisa's marriage — were nothing to this. If the person who gave him the information had struck him dead upon the spot, she would have been doing him a kindness. He rose to depart, and had scarcely strength in his limbs to bear him to the door. Mrs. Hill asked him if he would take some refreshment, although she was sorry that she had nothing very good to offer him. But Dr. Collins

declined. He returned to the city, took his place for Belfast — wrote to Mr. Stewart that he was to leave town on the morrow — wished, for he could not but wish the kind, warm-hearted Louisa every happiness ; and in a few days he was again in his father's house.

New trials awaited Frank. He had not been many days at home when an express arrived from his brother-in-law, Mr. Dillon, intimating that Mrs. Dillon had been delivered of a still-born child, and that her life was despaired of ; and begging her family, if they wished to see her, to come with all speed. The father was too infirm to leave home at that season of the year, but the brother and sister set out without loss of time upon their journey. The alarm and anxiety which this intelligence created in his family took, in some measure, Frank's thoughts off his own private griefs, which had all been, in a manner, sorrow of his own seeking. But this of his sister's danger seemed like a legitimate source of affliction for his mind to rest upon, and instead of augmenting his uneasiness, it had the effect of calming the ruffled feelings of baffled hopes and disappointed passion ; and when he found himself by his sister's bed, and witnessed her sufferings, it tended still more to compose, and soothe, and sober down his thoughts.

But Mrs. Dillon did recover. And after her affectionate brother and sister had been with her above a fortnight, she was pronounced out of danger, but was so weak that there was no prospect of her being able to leave her apartment for some time. Then when

Frank's anxiety on her account was at an end, his own distressing thoughts flowed in upon him again. He discovered, when it was too late, that Mary Bosville was the object uppermost in his affections. Julia was now happy — and Louisa was now happy ; but Mary — the dear, perfect Mary, was driven from her native land to a climate which might be her death — driven by adverse circumstances, a friendless orphan, doomed, perhaps, to suffer more than she must have already endured.

Mr. Dillon's house was drearily situated upon the sea-shore, and no other was in its immediate vicinity. It was a place in every way calculated to encourage his gloomy reflections. It was exposed to the storms of that rough coast ; and many a dismal night had the family sat by Mrs. Dillon's bed, listening to the tempest and dashing of the waves, which, during the time of their watching by her in their sleepless nights, formed a melancholy accompaniment to their anxiety and grief. But now that she was better, and her worn-out attendants might retire to rest and sleep the more soundly, to make up for the weeks of vigils they had kept, the storm was allowed to rave, without an ear to listen to it except Frank's, for he seldom enjoyed a sound sleep.

On one occasion, at the dead hour of night, when he, sleepless, was listening as usual to the furious blast which had just risen, a noise and knocking was heard at the outer door. Frank started up and looked from his window, but saw nothing in the darkness, and heard nothing but the dashing of the waves. He listened again, and he thought he heard

the sound of voices below, and the fastenings of the door removing. He slipped on his dressing-gown and went down stairs, and met his brother-in-law issuing from his chamber. They hastened down together. The servants were all astir. Some miserable shipwrecked mariners were praying for admission. Mr. Dillon was all hospitality and kindness, and threw open his doors to receive them.

A tall youth, haggard and pale, and half-dressed, stepped in first; followed by a stout, bluff, red-faced man, whom Mr. Dillon recognised to be the captain of a vessel which, two years before, had lain for some time in Galway harbour; and after him came in a tall, well-formed man, of lofty carriage, with an exceedingly handsome countenance and a penetrating black eye. He appeared about forty. He supported a female figure in a dark dress, scarcely fastened on, and all drenched and clinging to her; and her dripping hair hung over her face and shoulders, and her feet were bare and bleeding. Behind these were three miserable-looking sailors, and a little, ragged boy, who was weeping and wailing for his mother. Mr. Dillon asked if the boy's mother was drowned, but the sailors said no — he was only mourning that he had ever left her, for he had run off to sea without her permission, and was now repenting of his disobedience.

The whole groupe followed Mr. Dillon into a parlour. The person who supported the female led her to the nearest seat; and he put back from her face the long dark tresses which concealed it. Francis Collins rushed forward, dropped down upon his knees, clasped her round the waist, and kissed her lips, her brow, her neck, over and over again. The stranger

who stood by, and who was pale enough when he came in, looked at that moment as if every drop of blood in him had mounted up to his face, and he said, in rather a stern voice — “Is this lady a relative of yours?” Dr. Collins started up on his feet, and as if gasping for breath he exclaimed — “Is she, is she not Mary Bosville?” And he clasped her again in his arms, and kissed her in spite of every thing and every body.

By this time Miss Collins had come down, and the servants were bustling about, to light fires, and to find refreshment.

Mr. Dillon took charge of the gentlemen, to have them supplied with dry clothing. But the person who had brought in Miss Bosville lingered in the room when the others had left, nor did he leave it till he saw the unfortunate, unhappy Mary, supported by a female servant and Miss Collins, led away to another apartment. There was soon a large fire blazing in Mr. Dillon's parlour, and every thing that hospitality could devise was furnished to make the strangers comfortable; and the three sailors, and the little boy, were as happy in the kitchen as persons escaped for their lives could well be. The Captain told their disasters. Collins left the room; and when he was absent, the agony in the countenance of the stranger was so evident, that Mr. Dillon, with some solicitude, inquired if he was ill, as he had all the appearance of a person suffering from acute bodily pain. But when Collins returned to the room, and observed his unhappy aspect, and detected his eye resting upon *him* from time to time,

with a look of suspicion and dislike, it created surmising and jealousies in Frank's mind, which rendered him not less miserable than the stranger seemed to be.

The Captain, in his account of their perilous voyage, stated that it was exactly six weeks since they left Leith Harbour. They had experienced very rough weather since the day they set sail. The wind was always against them, and they were obliged to anchor for a few days in Dornoch Bay. After escaping the perils of the Pentland Frith, the brig, which unfortunately was a great deal too light, was drifted almost to Iceland, when the wind suddenly changing, it was carried before it till they entered Galway Bay, when, on the twenty-seventh of November, the danger was so great, that the crew were quite prepared to meet their fate, as they expected the ship to be dashed to pieces against the rocks which were on every side. But the storm abating, they were enabled to direct their sails, till they found a comparatively safe anchorage, where they enjoyed pretty good weather for two or three days, and were getting things repaired and put in order; when all of a sudden, at midnight, a gale sprung up — the cable broke — the alarm was given, and the passengers were called up. The vessel reeled, so that the strongest man on board could hardly keep his feet, and it was driven ashore; but fortunately it was on a sandy beach, so that the danger was not great, but the waves were rolling fearfully high. Nothing remained for them but to save their lives as they could. Two of the sailors struggled through

the tide, and got on land, and by means of ropes, the ends of which they held in their hands, were assisting the passengers to escape; but scarcely had those who were now saved left the vessel, when a contrary wind arose, and drove it out to sea again, with the ill-fated crew that remained on board. The poor Captain and the pale youth, when they thought of this, looked so wretched, that they scarce enjoyed their own safety and comfort. But their companion, with his miserable aspect, seemed deaf to all they were telling, and was thinking of nothing, and enduring nothing, but the internal workings of his own mind. The Captain's fate was a peculiarly hard one, for, while he seemed guilty of a breach of duty in having abandoned the vessel, he had in reality, when rendering assistance to those who were escaping, fallen overboard, and must either have perished, or made an effort to save himself, as return to the ship was impossible. When they got on shore, they had to go upwards of a mile over sharp stones and mud, and, after a toilsome walk, found their way to Mr. Dillon's hospitable mansion.

On the morrow Miss Bosville was unable to leave her bed. Her health had been previously impaired, by the domestic trials which she had borne, and the perils of her disastrous voyage; and she now was suffering considerable pain, occasioned by the rope with which they attempted to save her, being pulled too tight by the sailors who were to drag her ashore. And its pressure upon her chest, when she was let down by the side of the ship, almost deprived her of sensation, and she was sinking in the waves, when

the stranger, who seemed to take a particular charge of her, jumped overboard, and, at the peril of his own life, bore her in safety to land.

When Mr. Dillon gave to his guests, in the morning, the report of her state of health, as he had it from his brother-in-law, whose peculiar calling gave him the privilege of admission to her presence, it seemed to drive this stranger almost to desperation. He at length, in the course of the day, commissioned Miss Collins with a message to Miss Bosville, requesting permission to see her. But Dr. Collins prohibited her from delivering it, and begged of her to inform the gentleman, that if he regarded her life he would not ask to see her, and that she must be kept in the utmost quietness.

The poor shipwrecked creatures had saved their lives only to be miserable. The Captain's anxiety about the fate of the vessel, and his consciousness that he would be subject to reproach, and perhaps to penalty, for apparent breach of duty in abandoning her and saving his own life, made him so wretched that he could not rest, but set out early next morning to try and get intelligence of her fate. The pale youth, a native of Edinburgh, was going out to a situation in Barbadoes. His friends had, with difficulty, mustered his passage-money, and now he was cast, a pennyless stranger, in a strange land. Nothing remained for him but to return to his native place, if he had the means, and these were generously and liberally furnished him by Mr. Osbourne, the remaining unhappy individual whom we have described. The young man having recovered from his fatigues,

set out upon his journey, taking with him the poor little boy, who never ceased to lament for his mother. The sailors went to Galway, to see and find some other vessel to take them, in the meantime, into employment.

Mr. Osbourne, who remained at Mr. Dillen's house, entreated, day after day, to be allowed to see Miss Bosville. She was gradually recovering; and at length he prevailed on Miss Collins to deliver a message, expressive of his wish. His time would not allow of delays. He required to be in Barbadoes early in the season; and he proposed proceeding immediately to Greenock, to secure his passage in another vessel. Miss Bosville was now able to leave her bed. When Miss Collins informed her of Mr. Osbourne's wish, she did not object to see him, but sent him word that she would see him next morning. Accordingly, soon after breakfast, she being led into a small sitting-room, which overlooked the sea, sent Miss Collins for Mr. Osbourne.

He had a long interview with her; and immediately after it, he equipped himself for his departure. But ere he left the house, he rushed up stairs, and again entered the apartment where Mary was, with Miss Collins by her side.

"Miss Bosville," said he, "I have something more to say."

Miss Collins took this as a hint that he wished to be left alone, and she withdrew. Mary extended her hand to Mr. Osbourne, which he raised to his lips.

"Mary," said he, "I have a strong presentiment that you will deceive me."

The colour rose in Mary's face, and she gave him no answer.

"If it were possible," continued he, "that a clergyman could be got before I go, I would rather. It would be an inexpressible relief to my mind to have the solemn knot tied, and that I could, in the face of heaven and earth, call you mine. Could it be, Mary?"

"Do not agitate me at present with these wild and hurried schemes," replied Mary, while she put her hand to her breast, as if she felt pain there. "You wrong me with your distrust. Have I not given you my word, which, while my reason lasts, is as sure as if all the earth were called to witness, as I know it is already witnessed by Heaven."

"Then," said Mr. Osbourne, "let me hear it once more from your lips that you will be mine, and I am satisfied."

She held out her hand frankly to him, and repeated solemnly, "I will, I will."

He took not the proffered hand, but folded her in his arms, and his whole frame trembled with emotion, while her gentle heart almost ceased to beat.

Poor Mary Bosville was driven by stern necessity to a fate to which too many women are driven. She was left friendless and destitute, and forced to leave her native land for a country and a climate from which her heart revolted; and worst of all, she was now reduced to the miserable necessity of dependence upon relatives. The share which she should have had of the proceeds of the estate, which had been the joint property of her father and his two brothers

was embezzled or misapplied; and she could have no redress, and had no alternative but to obey the wish of her uncle and his wife, to go and reside with them.

Mr. Osbourne was one of the principal and most respected proprietors in the island, and she was directed by her uncle to come out under his care. Mr. Osbourne had had in early life an attachment (and his attachments were of the strongest kind) to a person who had disappointed and deceived him, and ever afterward he eyed the whole sex with distrust if not with dislike, and he never loved again till he saw Mary Bosville a few days before they sailed from Leith; and from the moment he saw her, he conceived for her that violent, ungovernable passion which death alone could subdue.

To appear in Barbadoes as his wife — the wife of a man not unworthy of her, and almost the object of his idolatry — or to go to be a poor dependant on friends, who she had little reason to believe would treat her kindly — was an alternative which, perhaps, not many women would have hesitated about. But *she* did hesitate, and during the long dismal six weeks of their perilous tossing on the waves, she withstood all his entreaties, till in a luckless moment — the last and the fatal one, when all their dangers were at an end. In the dismal hour of the wreck, after Mary had been dragged from the ship, and he, at the risk of his own life, plunged after her and saved her — during their walk over rocks and sharp stones, when her feet were lacerated and bleeding at every step, and he, almost fainting, could scarcely support her

longer, he extorted from her the promise that she would marry him—and the words once uttered, could not be retracted. And not an hour after, she had Francis Collins by her side, pouring into her ear the impassioned vows which he ought to have made long, long before, and which were now too late for either her or his happiness; for by one irrevocable little sentence she had put a barrier to her union with him who was, in reality, her first and only love. Mary opened her mind to Miss Collins, and told her how she was situated; and as soon as Mr. Osbourne had left the house, she begged of her to carry a message to her brother, saying that she could not see him again. Miss Collins delivered the message, but brought one back, entreating to see her only once more, to take farewell of her for ever. But to this she would not listen. And Collins, on the same day of Mr. Osbourne's departure, began to retrace his steps to Belfast.

When Mr. Osbourne arrived at Greenock, he secured a passage for himself and Mary in the *Richard Brown*, which was to sail for St. Vincent in a fortnight or three weeks from that time — it being the first vessel that was to sail from that port to the Windward islands. After this arrangement, and having ordered outfits for himself and Mary, nothing having been saved from the fated brig, which was cast a complete wreck upon one of the islands of Arran, and plundered by the rapacious inhabitants, who threatened to murder the unhappy crew if they attempted to retain anything, even for their own immediate necessities, Mr. Osbourne returned with all expedition

to the hospitable Mr. Dillon's house, to have his marriage solemnised there in a private manner. The kindness of Mr. Dillon, whose house, since the reception of the unfortunate strangers, was made like an inn, could not be repaid by gifts; but Mr. Osbourne, whose liberal heart wished to give some proof of his sense of obligation, brought with him a munificent present in silver plate for Mr. Dillon, and some ornaments, not less costly, for his wife and Miss Collins. And there was not a person about the place that was forgotten or overlooked; for every one that was capable of being made happy on that occasion was made happy by his gifts; and his magnificent spirit would have spared no cost on the beautiful creature, whom he now could gaze upon with some peace and with a cheerful countenance, when that odious Dr. Collins was at a distance.

Mary seemed to have recovered her spirits as well as her health in some degree.

"Now," said she, with something of the cheerfulness she used to have, as Mr. Osbourne presented her one day with some ornaments, "see that you have not bought these for the fishes to admire at the bottom of the sea, where they may not be much accustomed to see polished gems."

Mr. Osbourne did not seem to like the remark, as it suggested the idea, that if such was the fate of the jewels, something more precious would share it with them. His countenance became clouded, and he said, seriously—"Mary, I am a shipwrecked man, shipwrecked oftener than once, and now that I have arrived at a haven of rest, I am determined that no

evil forebodings shall disturb me, though storms more dreadful than I have yet experienced may await me."

"I hope all your storms are over, as well as my own," said Mary, with a smile which soothed him, and brought back a pleased expression to his countenance. "But," continued she, "you must not insist upon me wearing at present all the ornaments and finery you would bestow upon me; I must keep them till I go out among the negroes, that I may gain their admiration and favour when I am decked out in them; they are the only people whose acquaintance I mean to cultivate, for, you know, I have no good will to West India society."

"And you shall not be long doomed to it," rejoined Mr. Osbourne. "As soon as I have placed the property under the management of persons whom I can trust, you may then choose any spot in all the wide earth for your future residence; and if you be wayward and whimsical, as I have heard that women are, and should make choice of the bleakest, barest desert under the skies, it will lack no charms to me, because *you* are there."

"I fear," said Mary, "if you find me whimsical and wayward, that many of the perfections which you fancy me to possess will vanish; so that, in order to make the illusion last with you as long as possible, it will require some skill, and it is a good reason why I should reserve all personal adornments to aid my charms, when you discover that I am a very ordinary person; for I suppose every man soon finds out his mistake in having imagined his wife to be otherwise."

"And that time shall never, never arrive," exclaimed Mr. Osbourne, clasping her to his throbbing heart; and the madly happy man felt, while he imprinted on her lips his burning kisses, that she did not shrink from him, nor merely permit them with passive endurance, but returned them with something of his own fervour.

Mrs. Dillon had been almost forgotten in the more interesting case of the young stranger, and she herself became so interested in Mary, that she wished, if possible, to leave her room, and be present at the celebration of the nuptials.

The day appointed came. Miss Collins and a maid decorated the passive bride as they pleased. After the toilet was over, and the servant had withdrawn, Mary sat down in an elbow-chair to rest, while Miss Collins was arranging her own head-dress at a mirror.

"Dear Jane," said Mary, while she drew a long breath, "will you pray for me?—for I have need of strength, and I feel as if I had none left in me."

"My dearest creature," said Miss Collins, turning towards her, "do not fear; you will yet be well and happy. This is always a trying scene. I remember my own sister, on her marriage-day, who is as happy as it is possible to be, was a great deal worse than you are ——"

But as she spoke, Miss Bosville gave only a vacant stare, and with a sudden start, as if from a momentary sensation of pain, she stretched out her arms, and sank back in the chair; while an effusion of

blood gushed from her mouth and nostrils, and flowed down upon her bridal dress.

Miss Collins screamed, and rang, and gave such an alarm, that the whole house came rushing up — and the bridegroom was foremost. But haste or help was vain — Dear Mary was at her rest !

About nine o'clock the same evening, a traveller, in a post chaise, arrived at a solitary inn, twenty miles distant from Mr. Dillon's house, and took up his quarters for the night. Noon of next day arrived, and he had not made his appearance, nor ordered breakfast. The landlord ventured up, to inquire if his guest were well. He was lying in bed, ghastly and drenched in blood, and a pistol by his side. The unfortunate Mr. Osbourne's delirious dream of joy was now over.

Francis Collins is still alive, in the patient endurance of an existence which might have been to him one of happiness, if he had taken the right road. And he looks back with bitter remorse on his unpardonable fickleness and folly, which had been the cause of so much misery to others, as well as to himself.

He continues his profession, but confines his practice exclusively to the poor and destitute ; and he takes a melancholy pleasure in sitting by the beds of the sick and dying, and there learning lessons to prepare him for the attainment of a better world, which, when it is too late, he has discovered he might have attained without forfeiting his happiness in this.

M A N,
IN HIS SOCIAL CHARACTER,
CONSIDERED AS
A MORAL AND RESPONSIBLE BEING.

**" THE SOUL, IN TRUE RESIGNATION UNDER GOD'S
SPIRIT, IS AS AN INSTRUMENT OF GOD'S HARMONY —
A TUNED INSTRUMENT OF DIVINE JOYFULNESS, FOR
THE SPIRIT OF GOD TO STRIKE UPON."**

JACOB BEHMEN.

M A N,
IN HIS SOCIAL CHARACTER,
CONSIDERED AS
A MORAL AND RESPONSIBLE BEING.

“ Ἐπὶ τὴν τελειότητα φερώμεθα.”

I.

A TRULY philosophical mind is an unprejudiced one. Inquiry into the natural and moral world, as far as the limits of human observation may extend, is not only a right and privilege, which we possess as free, intelligent creatures, but becomes a duty, the neglect of which incurs a correspondent culpability, when its utility to ourselves and our fellow-men is so connected with it, and general improvement and happiness so dependent upon it.

Whenever we feel in ourselves a repugnance to the investigation of any particular subject which it is of importance for us to know, and to have distinct and decided notions upon, and an inquiry into which

has been pressed upon us by many circumstances — the concurrent advice and example of other men, events in life which tend to urge the necessity of it, and other concomitants — we may be assured that there is lying in the way some prejudice, to which we secretly cling, and are unwilling or afraid to have removed. And if we farther investigate what this prejudice may be, that seems to impede every stimulant to inquiry on that particular head, we shall find that it is a prejudice affecting the whole of our conduct, and paralyzing the whole of our moral energies. And the removal of it, if we could bring ourselves to part with it, would make way for such an influx of new ideas, and new principles, that, if once let in, must so change the whole moral man, that he will find himself actuated by motives, the propriety and expediency of which he hardly could have admitted before.

Now, wherever there exists such a prejudice, indicated by an indisposedness to pursue a particular train of inquiry, pointed out and pressed upon the attention as of importance — whether merely moral indolence, or whether the obvious necessity of abandoning a particular line of conduct, if such a subject were fully investigated, and the inferences resulting from such an investigation adopted ; or whether a determined hardihood of purpose to abide the consequence of ignorance deter a man from becoming an inquirer into that subject from which his mind is averse ; whether any or all of these causes conspire to deter him, that man cannot, in the true sense of the term, be called a man of a philosophical mind.

A true philosopher, whether his mind is directed to physical or moral subjects, will follow and search out the truth wherever it is to be found. Neither daunted by difficulties, nor beaten back by opposition, nor damped in his energies by humbling discoveries of his own mistakes and miscalculations and misconceptions, which may have led him out of the way and drawn him into by-paths and wildernesses, where he has fruitlessly, and sometimes almost despairingly, toiled after the object of his search; but with unwearied zeal he turns back, if he must retrace his steps, to seek it out wherever it may be, though in the most opposite corner of the universe to where he expected that it was to be found.

If we view man in the primitive state of nature, he is actuated by little beyond the mere impulses of animal instinct. Scarcely a trace of intellect is discoverable in him. He neither takes a retrospect of his past existence, nor yet does he look forward to what his destination may be.

He has no notion of the community of interest that binds him to his fellow-men. If he secures his own personal ease and safety for the present, he feels he has nothing more to do. And if convulsions in nature may have disturbed his repose, and terrified his imagination, he will give tokens, at times, of superstitious fear for some supernatural agency; and the act of homage which he pays to some uncouth object, set up in representation of the invisible power which he dreads, is the solitary indication of intellect about him.

But place this savage in the midst of enlightened

300 MAN IN HIS SOCIAL CHARACTER.

and civilized men, where, in the course of time, by tuition and example, he is led to perceive that they are actuated by motives to which he was a stranger ; and if they have succeeded in any the least degree in making him to understand that he ought to endeavour after the same state of improvement as they have attained — that they are endowed with faculties in nowise different from his, except in so far as they have put them in exercise while his have lain dormant — that they are actuated by no other principles than what certainly ought, and as certainly may, actuate him as a moral being, — that man is in a new position. He has seen exercised all the charities of life ; he has seen the wonders of science and of art, and all the various achievements of genius ; and he has incurred a responsibility he had not before, and consequently a culpability, if he does not follow up that line of improvement, the benefits of which he has had such demonstrations of, and pursue the train of inquiry which has been opened up to his mind.

Each of us may consider himself to have made this egress from barbarism, and to be placed in those circumstances that incur a heavy responsibility if he do not fill up that station in the scale of existence which nature intended ; — if he do not avail himself of the light of a thousand generations which pours its concentrated effulgence on the present day, but chooses rather, even in regard to matters of the last importance, to remain in slothful ignorance, or to grope about in darkness and uncertainty, though the moral atmosphere is so bright, too bright, indeed, for some minds, who would feel more at ease if it were

somewhat tempered by the density of morning mists. It must be the inquiry of every thinking man — “ For what was I created ? ” But the solution of the question is not so easily given. It must be again and again revolved in the mind, before it can be satisfactorily answered. But if once the inquiry presses itself seriously upon the conscience, it must be answered — it must not, it cannot be evaded.

If you met an individual wandering upon a solitary road, and you accosted him with the inquiry, Whither was he going ? If he told you he did not know, or at least was not sure, you would instantly be disposed to pity him as deficient in intellect. And yet there are thousands who are going on in their moral pilgrimage without any distinct notion of their destination, or the motives which impel them forward. And are these men wise ? The world may call them so ; and they may be wise, in a limited sense of the term. — They may be wise in drawing into their own coffers what other men are weak and unwary enough to let them extract from theirs ; — they may be skilled in all the wonders of the material world ; they may have searched out the laws of nature, and drawn largely from that store of knowledge, delightful as it is inexhaustible ; for, though the present system of things should last through eternity, there would still be found in it new subjects of wonder and inquiry for the successive generations of men ; — they may have travelled to the planets, and measured their magnitudes and distances ; they may have ransacked the whole habitable earth, and discovered the properties of every thing that sea and land produce ; —

and the meaner crowd may have gazed upon them with wonder. But these master-spirits, glorious though they be for their indefatigable energy, if in one point, *i. e.* that which concerns the ends for which they were created, and their own individual welfare as moral, consequently immortal beings, they are ignorant, they may be ranked as beneath the thousands and millions of the unphilosophic crowd, who enjoy the heat of the sun and see its light, but who know nothing of the theories of light and heat — who never dreamt of inquiring whether his rays were emanations, or merely vibrations of the particles of which he is composed — and who, probably, could not comprehend the different theories, though elaborately explained to them.

How joyfully might we anticipate an end to many of the miseries of which mankind have to complain, if each individual could be brought to consider himself as destined by nature to fill up a particular place in existence — not as a part merely of the material world, but as one of an infinite class of moral agents, liable to a responsibility apportioned to the powers with which he is endued ; that it is the great end of his being to bring honour to the Author of it, and that that is best to be done by aiding and forwarding His scheme of infinite benevolence towards the human race ; that he is to cast his mite of usefulness into the great treasury of moral good which has been accumulating since creation began ; that the designs of the Omniscient — perfect in his own infinite mind from all eternity, and developed in his works

and in the actings of his will — are one stupendous scheme to diffuse happiness, wherever, throughout the limitless bounds of creation, there is a capability to receive it; and that he, as an agent, feeble and of small account though he be in this great moral work, is to co-operate with the Creator, with all the energies of a mind interested for himself and for his fellow-men, in the perfecting of the great and glorious design.

Now, for this purpose, it is useful to examine into our own moral history — to trace, from our first consciousness, what have been the great actuating principles of our life. That many have no fixed motives of action, and are incapable of any, is too true: they grow up and decay, like mere vegetables. But we would say, that no one is safe to pass, harmlessly though it be, in this crowd, if he have capacity to rise above it. Is it a light thing to let the energies of an immortal mind lie dormant, when there is so much need for their exertion? And if many would examine, they should find that it is a moral torpor, rather than a moral incapacity, which makes them mere dead weights upon society. Is it a light thing to say, God assigned me such and such a task, and I have not done it? Others may do what I ought to have done, but I have incurred the guilt.

Now, there are two reasons which men assign as deterring them from this investigation. The one is, that it seems so very formidable an undertaking to sit in judgment upon their past conduct, and to inquire into the whole line of their duty, consequently

to follow it up, that they shrink from the task, though they do not doubt that it is incumbent on them. The other is, and it is a very numerous class who seem to think it an unanswerable excuse for living a life completely inert, that their sphere of action is so very circumscribed, that it is hardly worth while, for all the good they could do, to rouse themselves to do it; that their item of usefulness in society will not be missed, although withheld from the general stock; that things will go on as well without their exertions. What things? The whole course of nature — the sun will shine and the seasons will revolve, and the gales will sweep around the globe to fan and refresh the whole extent of vegetable and animal life. So they will. But is it the same with regard to the aid they should have lent to the impetus of the vast moral machine? Let them not speak of the feebleness of energy they could have put forth. Its motion is kept up, not by the gigantic moral strength of one, but by the combined and simultaneous efforts of an infinite number of agents; and the weakest of them dares not, with impunity, withhold his hand from assisting to give the mighty impulse.* It is sufficiently obvious to reason what the result would be, if every one was disposed to lie thus wrapt up in a state of moral lethargy. And experience equally shews, that when men sink into this inglorious listlessness, it is a difficulty, almost amounting to an impossibility, to rouse them from it.

* The illustration given of such characters in the words of Divine Wisdom, in the case of the man who hid his talent in the earth, will here occur to the reader.

Perhaps there may be something, too, of sloth discoverable in those who are afraid to make the investigation alluded to, from its appearing formidable. But it is a sloth which may and ought to be conquered by the following consideration. The great Parent of the universe, wherever he has created an intelligence, designs that a communication be kept up between that being and himself, the self-existent, great, living principle.

Now that mind, in order to bring into proper action the powers with which it has originally been endowed by the Creator, and to keep up their vigour, must have continual recourse to him, to draw, as from a fountain, constant supplies of life and energy, to fit it for all the allotments of its sphere. Without this there is an incapacity to perform any thing essentially good. The men who, as savages, are in a state of total ignorance with regard to a first-living-principle, are in the very lowest scale of moral feebleness and degradation. And those who have not ignorance as a plea for their perversity — who acknowledge the great Author of their existence, while they would live and act independently of him, are in that state of reckless rebellion and guilt which unfits them for their destination, and hurries them on in a self-destroying and destructive career. But the man who is conscious of his high origin and destination, will not, and feels, as he values his happiness, that he dares not forego his exalted privilege of communion with the Author of Life. With the conviction that he is thus sustained, he will not shrink from any task as formidable, when there is such an instructor

and strengthener, enlightener and co-operator, in the work. Who that has such a conviction, would not manfully as a favoured, though humbly as a dependent being, set himself to inquire into the whole range of his motives and his duty, that he may act to the very uttermost of his capabilities, in the way most conducive to the honour of his Maker and the good of his fellow-men. And if he sometimes be disposed to complain that he is constantly impeded by a constitutional inability to do as he would do — that from the very union of mind and matter there are propensities in his nature which would continually lead him out of the way, and deter him from his purpose — is he still so unphilosophical as to think that there exists one evil without its antidote, whether men have discovered it or not?

His endeavours, his resolutions, reason itself, with all its arguments, have not been sufficient for the counteraction. Then let him have recourse to the Great Rectifier of all his principles, the potent strengthener of all his weakness. *His* influence is undoubtedly the specific, and the only one, for the evil of which he complains.

It is not to be denied, that the external circumstances of a man's life have great influence upon his character and pursuits. He may have spent the best of his days in the bustle of business, or in the rounds of pleasure, before he begin to consider whether he has been living to all the purposes of existence. Every thing has its influence more or less upon him — the particular associates he has chosen or been cast among — the books he has read — the conver-

sations he has listened to — the examples he has witnessed — any, or all of these circumstances may make a man, whatever his natural powers may be, quite a different member of society to what nature intended him. Now, when a man feels himself roused to serious inquiry, he must shake himself free of the influences of all these extraneous circumstances, and he must place himself in the position of a being that has just received new birth from his Creator, and as ready to start afresh upon the journey of life. He must consider what he is to leave behind him, and what he is to take as conveniences and helps by the way ; and he must make the selection judiciously and cautiously, lest he should carry with him any one thing that would incumber or retard him.

It is of great consequence that every rational being should feel that he has a part to act, however subordinate that part may be ; that the whole family of mankind are bound to act in unison for their mutual improvement, and the diffusion of universal happiness ; that our Maker and our fellow-men demand this of us ; and that though myriads of the vast household prove but refractory and incorrigible members, it is nothing to us but a matter of regret ; and so far from seeming to slacken the bonds of obligation which subsist between us, or make it excusable for us to break from them, it ought rather to be a new incentive to activity and zeal in the exercise of all the social and relative duties, and that universal benevolence, which, like an active principle of new life, changes, wherever it diffuses itself, the unsightly

mass of moral deformity into the most perfect conformation of symmetry and beauty.

Human nature has much from within and from without to contend with. But if we would candidly view it, nature does not throw so many impediments in our way to usefulness as we are apt to throw around ourselves.

Those barriers which seem fortuitously cast in the way, a vigorous mind overleaps, and an industrious, indefatigable man breaks them down, and clears the way before him. But we are sometimes hemmed in by some net, flimsy though it be, that we weave around ourselves; and whilst we lie entangled in its meshes, there must be an almost entire prostration of all our energies—we can perform nothing worthy of ourselves.

There are three impediments to all moral vigour. The love of bodily ease, — the indulgence of any one evil habit, — and the ceding of our right of independence of thinking and acting, by allowing any one to have an undue ascendancy over our mind. The persuasives and counsel which one virtuous mind may interchange with another, or even the influence which the more vigorous mind may and must exercise over the weaker but congenial soul, is not what we mean; for these are helps, not hindrances; but it is the allowing of our minds to become enslaved by the artifices of designing persons, who perhaps flatter us in our propensities, or lull us in our inactivity. This is no uncommon case. From the monarch to the humble individual in private life, there are multiplied instances of it. It is the sway

which, by artful insinuation, little minds exert over greater ones.

Some persons are reflective from their earliest years, and seem placed by nature in those circumstances most favourable for the cultivating of those habits of deep thought and inquiry, and the putting forth of all those physical and moral energies which are to benefit the world. Others, again, are roused to a state of reflection by some adventitious circumstance — sometimes a great event in life, or a combination of occurrences, trivial in themselves, but of importance in the aggregate, when concurring to alter the mind and character — sometimes the reminiscences of conversations held with persons now beyond the reach of human intercourse — and sometimes the languishing on a sick-bed.

Now, it is obvious that what is meant by a man's being excited to reflection, is not to a mere inquiry into opinions, but when a man begins to be in earnest about his responsibility as a moral being, issuing in all those practical effects in his future life and conduct, which mark the commencement of a new and happy era in his moral history.

It might be thought, that of all the circumstances calculated to make a man think, the most powerful would be any signal escape from death and destruction. Experience, however, proves that this is not always so; for the man who has stood untouched in the midst of pestilence, and seen his friends and fellow-men swept away around him — or the soldier, who, unhurt, has returned over slaughtered thousands to

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the ease and security of his camp—has as recklessly and unthinkingly as ever lived out the rest of his life, and even in more hardihood of depravity than he had lived before. But still there are numberless instances of persons who, from some moment of signal preservation, may date the beginning of a new life.

Though a man had lived for a long term of years, without his ever seriously having asked himself—Why was I created?—it might be thought that, in such a case, the question would press itself with double force—Why was I preserved? It was a mere matter of chance, and for no particular end. That will not do. Chance is a word which suits not the vulgar. They are never satisfied with it as a solution of any thing remarkable. They will rather have recourse to the marvellous, than allow it to pass. And the philosopher will tell you, that nothing happens by chance, and for no general or definite end. Not a leaf springs or fades by chance. He will tell you of the laws of vegetation of which the one is the result, and of the counteracting influences, which suspend those principles which sustained its sap and vigour, being the cause of its decay. The propitious gale that springs up to the prayers and wishes of the sailors, to waft the vessel to its destined haven, is no adventitious help, but proceeds from the very laws fixed from the first ordering of the elements.

And from these same laws, invariable in themselves, though so diversified in their effects, the desolating tempest rises, and the billows swell, and the

solitary sail is drifted along — the mariner's exertions are baffled — the navigator's skill is laughed at by the storm, while the bark is driven a miserable wreck on the shores of a desert.

And if, from among the numbers that are engulfed in the waves, one solitary being despoiled of all but life, is flung upon the land, why was he saved rather than another? Can he forbear to make this inquiry at himself, and endeavour to answer it to his conscience? Can he, after the bitter feelings of wretchedness and destitution have subsided — and the emotions of compassion for the fate of those perished — and the shudder of horror at the recollection of his own jeopardy — can he return to the comforts of life and the pleasures of society, unimpressed with the conviction that he had not filled up all the purposes of his existence, otherwise this new grant of life would not have been given him, but, with his fated companions, he should have been swept away into eternity?

It has been said — “There is much to be discovered between the utmost limits of human observation and the outgoings of the divine will.” In that vast unexplored and not-to-be explored region, are to be made all those mighty discoveries — how events and revolutions in nature are made to coalesce with, and answer the purposes of God's moral government of the world. It is there to be discovered how purposes of judgment or of mercy are executed by their agency, without subverting, or at all infringing upon the pre-established laws of nature. How, for instance, the evolutions of the globe, and other influences acting

upon the watery element, caused that tremendous overwhelming tide to swell, and sweep away the inhabitants of the earth like forest leaves, just at the time when their wickedness had risen to that intolerable height that they were pronounced no longer fit to retain the place assigned them in the visible creation.

From the general belief of supernatural agency in the ordering of nature, mankind, in their infant state of knowledge, filled the whole elements, and every department of nature, with presiding deities.

These imaginary powers were continually thwarting each other, as they were actuated by the wildest human passions; and storm or sunshine was the effect of their caprice — till philosophy, confirmed by revelation partially communicated, and previously to that progressive development of the reasoning powers of man which enabled him to rise to that sublime truth, came to the certainty of the one great incomprehensible Being, the sole disposer and ruler of the universe.

Then, though comparatively but a very small portion of His limitless dominion and government lies within the compass of human observation, yet the enlightened mind, from the contemplation of that small portion, is enabled, in some measure, to conceive of the harmonious order and arrangement which regulate the whole.

And from this recognition of the Supreme Being's infinite perfections, manifested — magnificently and gloriously manifested, in all his works and ways, there

will be an earnest — an increasingly earnest desire, to serve and honour him; and no means of ascertaining how that is best and most acceptably to be done will be thought too laborious to the soul thus impressed with a sense of the Almighty's unbounded goodness, and with the certainty that its own chief happiness consists in conformity to Him and communion with Him.

Superstition, from dread of invisible agency, has more or less governed all the nations and tribes of the earth. Every religious system that inthralls men's minds — whatever name it bears, or may assume — whatever would force men's consciences, and deprive them of their natural right of thinking for themselves, or keep them ignorant of that right, by avoiding to present to them any stimulant to inquiry, is superstition and imposture, and proves a complete stagnation to all the energies of the mind.

Christianity, though the sublimest scheme of divine benevolence to the human race, is the simplest worship that ever was instituted to maintain an intercourse between earth and heaven. Every departure from simplicity is a departure from Christianity.

But, through the perversity of men, the worldly selfishness of some, and deadness to the real interests of the human race, and the fanaticism and folly of others, there have been more adjuncts and inventions put to it, than, perhaps, to any other religious system.

And all that unseemly mass of extraneous matter with which it has been loaded, has so disgusted the minds of men who would assert their right of judging

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for themselves, that, in the heat of indignation, when they would shake off that weight of oppression with which imposture and rapacity would load them, they reject the whole scheme, in their eagerness to burst from the trammels.

They are suspicious of every thing called Christianity, because so many execrable deeds have been committed in its name. Indignant at the tyranny which has, in the name of Heaven, been exercised with a high hand over the generations of mankind, they call to mind the furious proselytizing zeal, and the horrible and unparalleled cruelties that have depopulated the earth; they call to mind the civil broils and bloodshed — the massacres which, in the face of the sun, have with shameless and diabolical fury been perpetrated — and the debaucheries unfit for the page of history, which but alludes to them, and passes them by as too horrible to record. And from all the scenes of open outrage and rapine and devastation, they turn their thoughts to the countless acts of undisclosed guilt — the assassinations and deeds of darkness which have been carried on in its name; they call to mind the vile fables, destitute even of the allegorical beauty of heathen fiction to recommend them, that have been palmed upon the multitude, and all the abominations and absurdities, insulting to common sense and debasing to humanity, that have been practised — and they loath the very name of a system under whose sanction such enormities have been committed; and they look around them on the world, and they add to the sum of evils already enumerated, every folly and delinquency and

eccentricity and crime of men called Christians, and they exult in their own ideal liberty.

The true philosopher can always separate the pure substance from all excrescences and extraneous matter : but disingenuous men cannot. They confound in one, things distinct from each other, and altogether opposite, both in their nature and operation — like the inhabitants of the new world, who, on beholding the horse and his rider, supposed them to be one being, not recognising the organization of their own species separate from the conformation of the brute.

But the true philosopher — the unprejudiced inquirer after truth, the lover of the human race — after his burst of indignation at all the evil deeds which sacrilegiously in Heaven's name have been done, has evaporated, will go to the fountain-head — to the record whence the system is derived — and he will go to his God — and he will beg for *his* light, for men have deceived him. And it is impossible that this enlightened, humble inquirer will be left in darkness, or go away dissatisfied.

He will find, in this search, this sincere search, that he will be enabled, with wonderful clearness, to comprehend the mighty plan. And all that appeared dark — inconsistent — unnecessary — nay foolish — will present itself to him in a completely new point of view.

And the man thus enlightened upon what so much concerns himself, can say, that it is not from what any one man, or body of men, have said upon such and such subjects, that he has taken the truth of their

opinions for granted ; but having exercised his own right of judgment, he can joyfully say — I am a Christian, not because I was born on a particular spot of earth, which is no reason at all, any more than, if my parent had brought me forth in some eastern clime, I should have been bound to do homage to the Arabian prophet, or prostrate my rational powers still farther in doing reverence to the waters of the Ganges, or casting myself beneath the wheels of the car of Juggernaut. Nor, because my parents were Christian, do I feel myself constrained to be so too ; for if that were a right mode of reasoning, had they been athiests and savages I should have been bound to remain in the self-same state of impiety and ignorance, whatever means and motives were afforded me of emerging out of it. Nor because it is the law of the land, am I a Christian, which is no moral reason at all, however good a political one it may be. But am I a Christian by God's grace, from free will, and choice, and conviction. I have examined revelation, and I have found it to be the specific remedy for all the moral evils that exist, and a compensation for all the natural evils wherewith mankind are afflicted. I have found its suitability to all my own wants and wishes. It is the rectifier of every evil principle of which human nature has to complain. In all its practical effects, it tends to soothe and soften the miseries of the human race, and to promote their temporal happiness and comfort. And in all its purity and simplicity, I would embrace it without a single adjunct with which men would incumber it, and in all its genuine practical results

I would disclaim every thing at which the worst or the wisest man could take exception.

And, as I look to Christianity as the grand specific for all the ills of life — that for which, for so many thousand years, men have been searching, I look to its Author as the model, the only model of what men professing it should be. He, though invested with that holy sublimity of character to which every mind must bow, yet in his deportment was the simplest of all simple human beings; and it is impossible not to love him for his very virtues' sake, though we knew nothing of all the benefits which his life and death have conferred upon mankind.

The humane heart may be touched at the miseries incident to human life, and may utter a hopeless wish that men were happier and better; but it is the man who has attained to these convictions — the Christian philosopher and philanthropist — that feels within him the earnest, the intensely-earnest desire for his fellow-men's best interests. God alone knows how affectionately solicitous he is on their behalf. Men may see indications of it in his life and deportment, but God alone knows the intensity of that brotherly love which glows in his heart. To his Almighty care he has a thousand times committed, with unutterable earnestness of application, those united and endeared to him by the ties of nature and of friendship — for whose welfare his soul yearns with all the tenderness of an affection of which God alone knows the depth. And not for them alone is his heart interested — the circle of his attachment widens till it embraces the whole human race. Those whom

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he never saw, and who know not that he exists, are oftentimes the subjects of his prayers and of his exertions ; and if any good is done through his means, to himself he would not draw any attention, nor claim any merit nor gratitude. If God be honoured — if any, even the meanest of his brethren of mankind, be made wiser and happier — the desire of his heart is accomplished.

II.

MEN, in the primitive stages of society, being capable of few abstract notions, or rather of none, receive all their ideas through the medium of the senses. For this reason, the invisible powers which they worship must be presented to their minds under symbolical representations. When those of a community, who have made some advancement in knowledge beyond the multitude, may wish, for purposes of power and rapacity, to maintain a sway over them, they put an interdict, as it were, upon the expansion of their reasoning faculties, which, if allowed to unfold themselves, would by degrees naturally bring men to abstract thought, and consequently to a more spiritual worship. And in that case, there would not be that perpetuity of superstition, in all its varied forms, among nations and people, in other respects in a state of advancement and civilization. They would come to see that devotion is an act of the mind, not a mere prostration of the body.

Among a Christian people, the enlightened man hears with pity the multitude talk of imposing sights and ceremonies in religion; and so far from viewing them as marks of a refined people's worship, he looks upon all such as the very relics of barbarism — the indications of men being still in that state in which

they make but very little use of their rational powers, and are unconscious of any new idea but what is presented to them in a tangible form.

There is no real connection between glittering pomp and grand moral subjects. The mind may take its flight of high devotional feeling without any aid from the senses. Though the eye be quenched in darkness, and the ear impenetrable to sound, the soul may rise in its sublimest mood of holy contemplation. No doubt, our ideas are expanded and elevated by the vast and the sublime in nature, and there we catch a glimpse of the Creator's glory. But the glitter of gaudy ceremonies, and the exhibition of vain forms, cannot inspire one notion of his high attributes. The mob may be attracted by such, but the enlightened man, if his reflective and rational powers be not addressed, can feel nothing but disgust. His eyes are satiated, his heart is sickened, and he feels that his understanding is insulted, and God Almighty dishonoured.

The men who would uphold such forms, may appeal to the Jewish ceremonies and restrictions as a precedent, being the institution of immediate revelation. But the Christian philosopher, in examining the record of these institutions, can trace the condescension of the Almighty in dealing with men according to their different stages of society and advancement. The Jewish dispensation was one suited to men in their primitive state; and, besides the typical character of the ceremonial ordinances themselves, which shewed they were never intended to be permanent, there were many prohibitions and obser-

vances, merely on account of constitution, climate, and various local circumstances. The patriarchal families were singled out from among the nations, which as yet, even the most enlightened of them, had made but little progress in knowledge. The Egyptians and Chaldeans, though then celebrated for their learning, were but blind idolators and polytheists. According to this early stage of the development of men's reasoning powers, a set of ceremonies were instituted, to attach the simple unlettered Hebrew shepherds to their worship, from which there would constantly have been a tendency to draw them away by the surrounding heathen idolatries, more attractive, and more consonant to man in the earliest stages of intellect, than a pure worship, while the first great truth, of one only God, was imparted to them—a truth to which the reasoning and philosophy of mankind at that time could not attain. It was not the wisest of the then nations of the earth that was chosen as the depository of this great truth, but an insignificant, wandering, pastoral tribe.

But amongst all the accumulated observances which were enjoined them, the most severe penalty was attached to any thing like a transferring of homage from the invisible Creator to any visible object, or the making of any symbolical representation of him.

The Jewish dispensation being for a special purpose, and its institutions evidently suited to the circumstances of the people to whom they were given, were never intended for general adoption at the time, far less for imitation now. When God's purposes with that people were completed, their constitution

was broken up, and Christianity came, in all its sublime spirituality, as a formal abrogation of every thing like ceremony. With its few sacred ordinances, it was altogether a spiritual worship, without formal display, but that reverence of deportment which nature itself would dictate to us in our approaches to a Divine Being. And when it was promulgated, the world was in a very different state of illumination to what it was when the law was given to Moses. It was in every way fitted to receive a spiritual worship. Mankind had arrived at that high state of intellect, that they seemed to have ascertained to the full their exalted rank in the scale of intelligences. Greece and Rome had made all their mighty and immortal achievements of genius. Science and philosophy shed out upon the world unsurpassed glory; and when that light of human wisdom was shining in all its brightness, God revealed himself. And we may still perceive the same characteristic, if we may so speak, of the Divine Being in this second dispensation. Emmanuel came not with his store of divine wisdom to the imperial city, to impart it to the wise and learned there; but he chose, as the depositaries of it, the humblest individuals, out of a despised and insignificant province of the mighty empire.

The purity of the Christian worship obtained, till the secular power and prosperity of its professors robbed it of its characteristic simplicity. Its doctrines, too, were corrupted by the subtleties of a false philosophy — the jargon of the schools. Voluptuousness and sloth, and every evil principle which

wordly prosperity generates, had sunk men into vice. The lights of philosophy and science were allowed to die out, while the Roman world was gradually sinking back into a state of worse than pristine ignorance. Christianity, as the religion of the state, was received by men, who thought nothing at all about its faith or practice. Avarice seized the favourable juncture to feed its insatiate rapacity, and priestcraft soon invented a means to put the people — slaves already to their own passions, into double bondage. The barbarous nations, which came in like an overwhelming tide, when Rome, enervated by luxury and vice, proved herself too weak to repel them, embraced a religion which, from the corrupt form it had then assumed, was the more suited to the ideas of those rude invaders than a purer one. It is easier for a man, in the early stages of intellect, to transfer his attachment from one superstition to another, than to give up superstition altogether for a pure and spiritual worship. Christianity (it is desecrating the name to call it so) appeared to these barbarians the more attractive, the more absurd it was. And the convert might graft his own rude ceremonies upon the general stock, and if it brought but an item of additional revenue to the hierarchy, it was applauded as an embellishment to the system.

Now the disingenuous mind, looking only upon the results which must necessarily have sprung from a religion so corrupted, throws them all into his scale of arguments that Christianity is false ; while the candid man, the lover of the truth, places them among his proofs that it is true. Nothing but a system

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founded in truth could have survived such corruptions, and sprung up again in its original purity. For the enormous mass of superstition which had buried it for ages could not extinguish the divine light. The oppressive system became weakened by the putting forth of excessive power. Streaks of light began to break through the gross darkness of the moral atmosphere. Again Reason struggled for her emancipation, and, aided by that Divine Power which must always be interested and effectual in the promotion of its own cause, an extrication was effected of genuine Christianity, from the accumulated rubbish which had concealed it for centuries. Men burst out of the great prison-house wherein they had been so long enthralled, leaving the huge fabric dilapidated and broken down by their energetic and effectual efforts to escape.

In despite of human weakness and perversity, which still must continue to retard every scheme for the benefit of mankind, the Christian philosopher, inspired with universal love, and the ardent desire that every man should understand for himself, and enjoy his own proper privileges as an intelligent being, devoutly looks forward to the time when the rudest heathen race, as well as the intelligent minds of his own enlightened country, will endeavour to live to the honour of their Maker, and act in unison, in their separate spheres, as benefactors of the human race.

Some men talk as if enlightened nations had a right to keep among themselves the knowledge reaped

from the experience of past ages, and seem to be unconscious of any responsibility being incurred in not diffusing it or any other attainment beneficial to mankind. They will tell you, that to dispense knowledge among uncivilized men, is not only an impracticable undertaking, but an unnecessary one. And to convince you, perhaps, that this opinion of theirs proceeds from no indifference to the welfare of the human race, they will argue that these uncultivated men are more truly happy in their state of ignorance, than the imparting of knowledge could make them — that, in fact, to attempt to enlighten them, is but to break in upon their happiness. They will tell you, that a simple savage, who forages for his food like a beast of the forest, and wraps himself up in a skin, to sleep till the calls of hunger again urge him forth, is far happier than if he were awakened to a sense of his rational powers.

The man who argues in this way has made very little progress out of barbarism himself.

But if it be as he says, we should like to see him put his theory in practice. What is good for one is good for another; that is to say, what is essentially good in itself, can never lose its intrinsic value under any circumstances. If he can prove, that to be in a state of profound ignorance is good for one, it must be good for all. Let him shew his candour and sincerity by proving the experiment on his own family. He can (it will be easier, and cheaper too) let his children grow up savages, instead of educating them as social, civilized men. The species born at this advanced period of time is, in all respects, the same

as the immediate descendants of our first progenitors ; and man, in every country, is the same, debarred from the benefits of that knowledge which the experience of countless generations has poured upon the world. And if any thinks, that leaving men in the very state of nature be a happy one, he may surely let his children remain in the enjoyment of that state which is theirs by inheritance.

He will sometimes even tell you, that a colonial slave, sweating under the heat of a tropical sky, and crouching beneath the lash, is in a state of happiness almost enviable. He will enlarge upon the kindness of his masters, and assure you that he enjoys many privileges that we know nothing about. I trust we may never know them by experience at least. May God Almighty defend us from these "tender mercies of the wicked," and deliver, in his own good time and way, those poor, debased, miserable creatures, from their state of degradation and oppression.*

It is but too true, that enlightened nations, where they have opened up an intercourse with uncivilized men, have done it but to tyrannize over them ; and if they have taught them aught, it is but the vile usages which invariably spring up in communities and states, where the love of power, avarice, and selfishness, are the ruling passions. If they have imparted any knowledge, it is but of the luxuries of

* The Emancipation Bill having passed, this wish may seem to be already fulfilled ; but it will not have its full completion, until those for whom it is expressed attain to a more perfect freedom, even to the glorious liberty of the sons of God.

life, and all their attendant vices. In a word, they have but demoralized and degraded them ; and many a one among those injured tribes of men, may wish a thousand and a thousand times, in the bitterness of his heart, that he never had seen the face of a man more enlightened than himself.

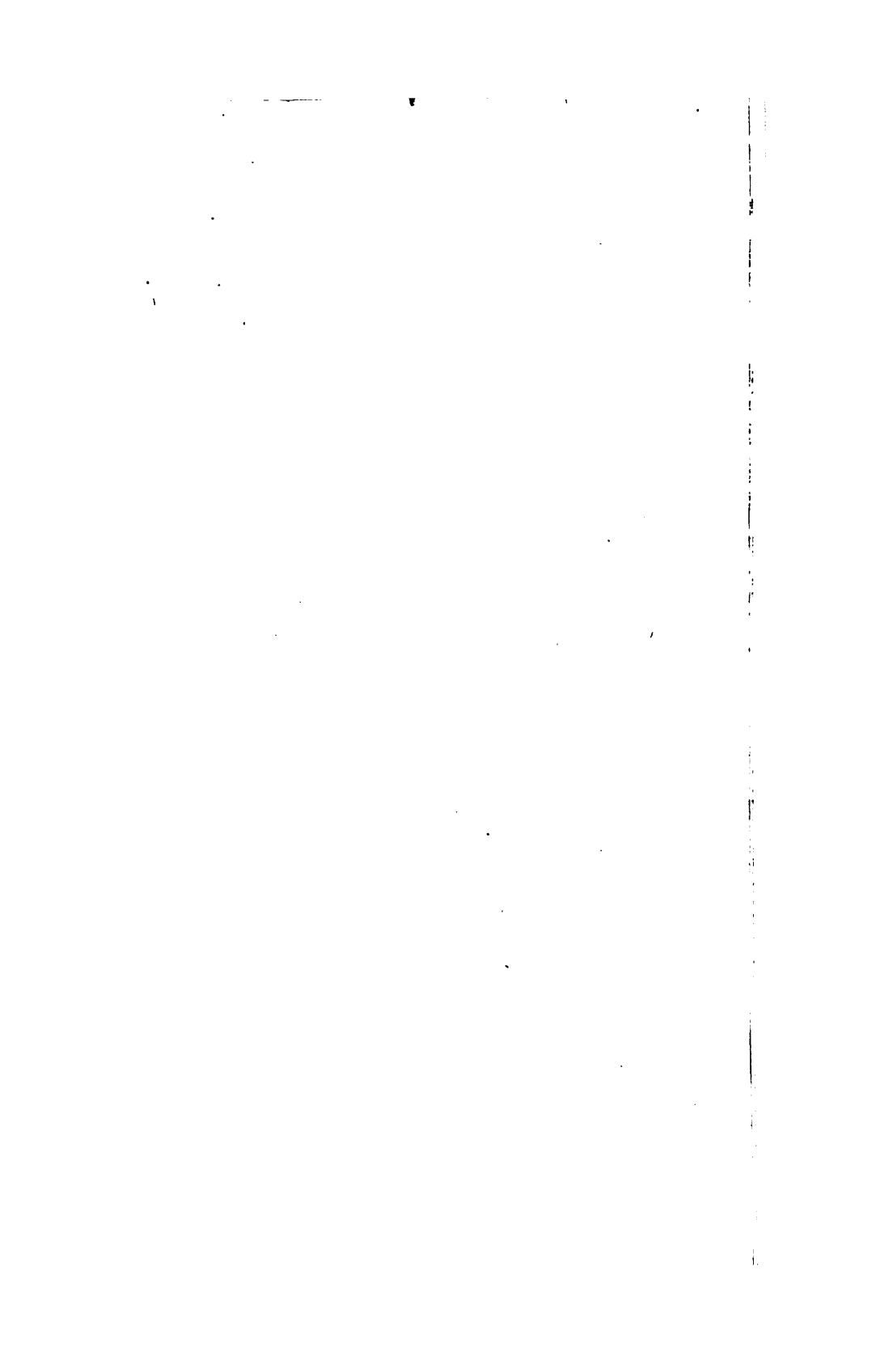
But the Christian philosopher and philanthropist looks to that over-ruling power which is directing all things towards a great end. He rejoices, with a brother's love, in the contemplation of the guileless savage transferring the homage of his simple but affectionate heart from his idolatrized tree or river, to the only legitimate object of worship ; and his heart glows within him at the anticipation of the time when, while the pompous bigot is left alone to perform in solitary state his heartless services, congregated multitudes, in all parts of the earth, of every kindred and nation and tongue, shall flock together to celebrate their Maker's praise, and hear themselves addressed as rational beings. And the man who thus feels, lives in the exercise of all those social and active virtues and charities of life that lie within his sphere, having conscientiously considered what God and man require of him ; and at last, though Heaven's plan of infinite benevolence to the human race have not its completion for a thousand generations, he dreads no failure of the Almighty's purpose, but lays down his head, and yields up his spirit, breathing out the patriotic desire, that the earth, which is his birth-place and his country, may yet exhibit that scene of peace and virtue, which he, in his humble department, so earnestly endeavoured to promote.

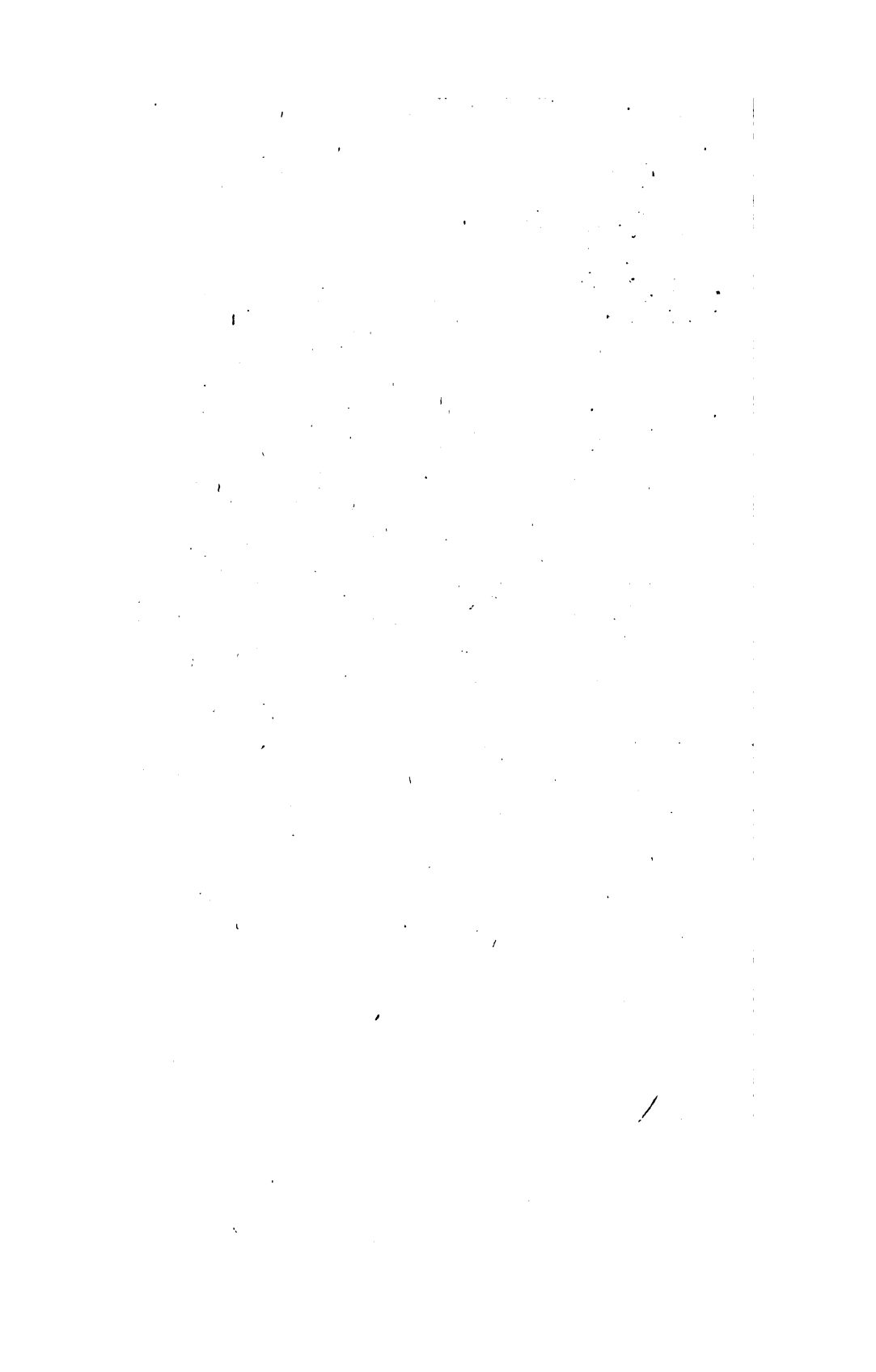
320 MAN IN HIS SOCIAL CHARACTER.

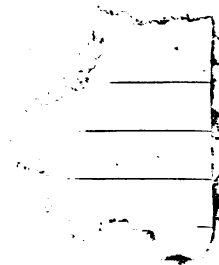
To the mere man of the world, whose views are as contracted as is the sphere of all his perishable hopes and desires, this appears but the fervour of an amiable enthusiasm. And so it would be, if there was no warrant from a record, whose divine sanction he has not the courage to deny, though he may have the hardihood to live regardless of it. But there are no reasonings, however specious, about the inadequacy of means, and all the difficulties, seen and unforeseen, which may lie in the way, and seem insurmountable, that shall hinder the man, who puts implicit faith in God's word, from rejoicing in the certainty that all "the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdoms of our Lord." And it is the ardent prayer of him who thus believes; yea, with all the energy of his soul he desires it, and with all the tenderness of his heart's best affections — that He who subdues his enemies to himself, not as the "battle of the warrior is, with confused noise and garments rolled in blood," but with the mightier and more resistless power of love and kindness, — that He, in his divine compassion, and in all the gentleness of His dealings, whereby he melts the heart, may bring many who oppose, or are indifferent to his cause, to long for the time when that splendid chorus shall swell throughout creation — "Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!"

THE END.

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